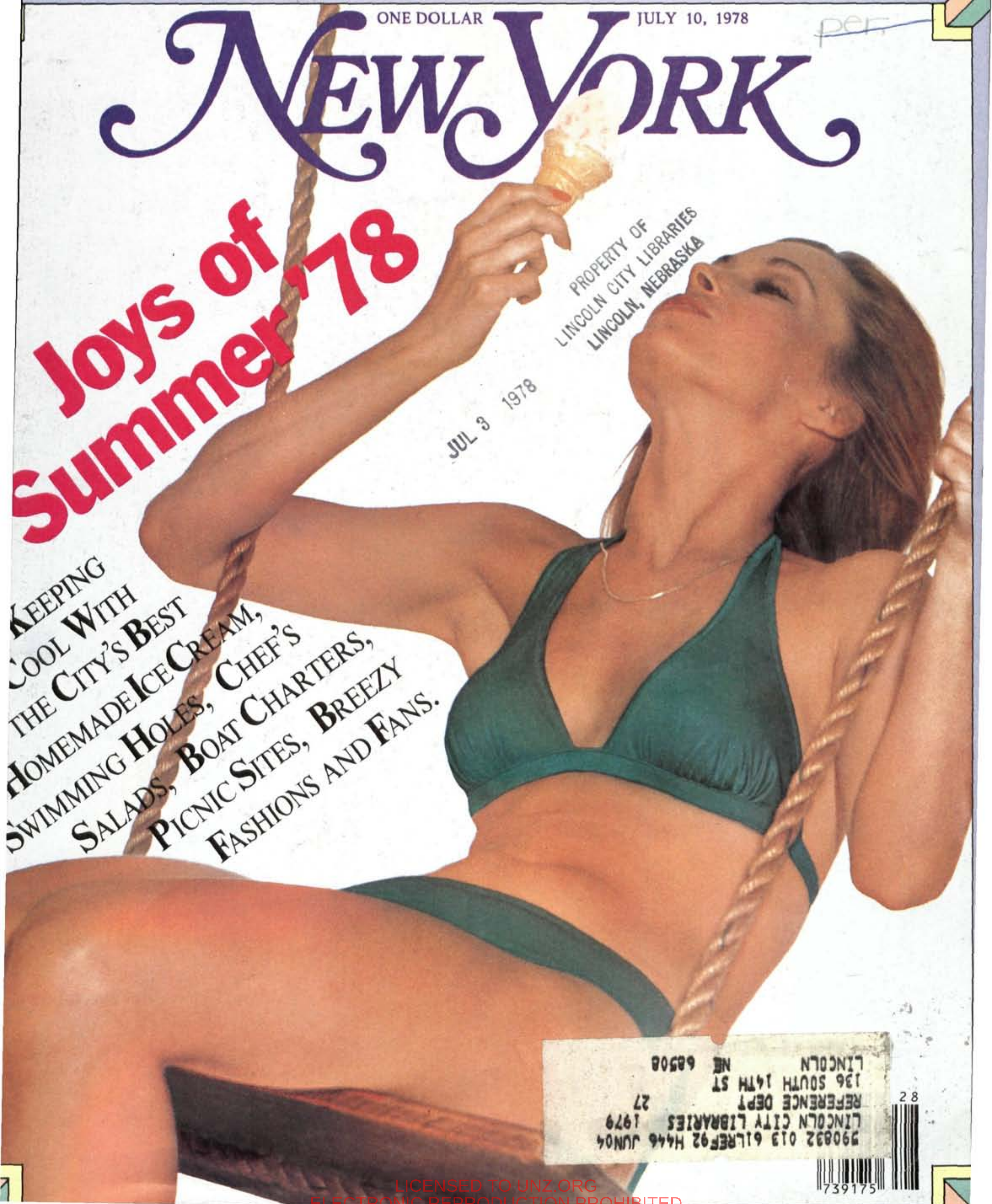
ow Cops Retire
n Stolen Money

Giscard and Me in Paris, By Eldridge Cleaver

ONE DOLLAR JULY 10, 1978

NEW YORK

per



Joys of Summer '78

Keeping Cool With the City's Best Homemade Ice Cream, Swimming Holes, Chef's Salads, Boat Charters, Picnic Sites, Breezy Fashions and Fans.

PROPERTY OF
LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

JUL 3 1978

590832 013 61LREF92 H446 JUN04
LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES 1979
REFERENCE DEPT 27
136 SOUTH 14TH ST
LINCOLN NE 68508

12 YEARS OLD
THE GLENLIVET
SCOTCH WHISKY

150 years ago, it sealed the world's finest Scotch. It still does.

In 1824, when The Glenlivet was born, there was but one way to seal a bottle. With a cork.

And there was but one Scotch with flavor readily recognized as the standard by which other Scotches could always be judged.

Many bottle caps and many Scotches have followed.

But The Glenlivet, The Father of all Scotch, remains unchanged. Still made in Scotland's oldest licensed distillery, it is still the world's most expensive premium 12 year old Scotch.

And it is still sealed with a cork.

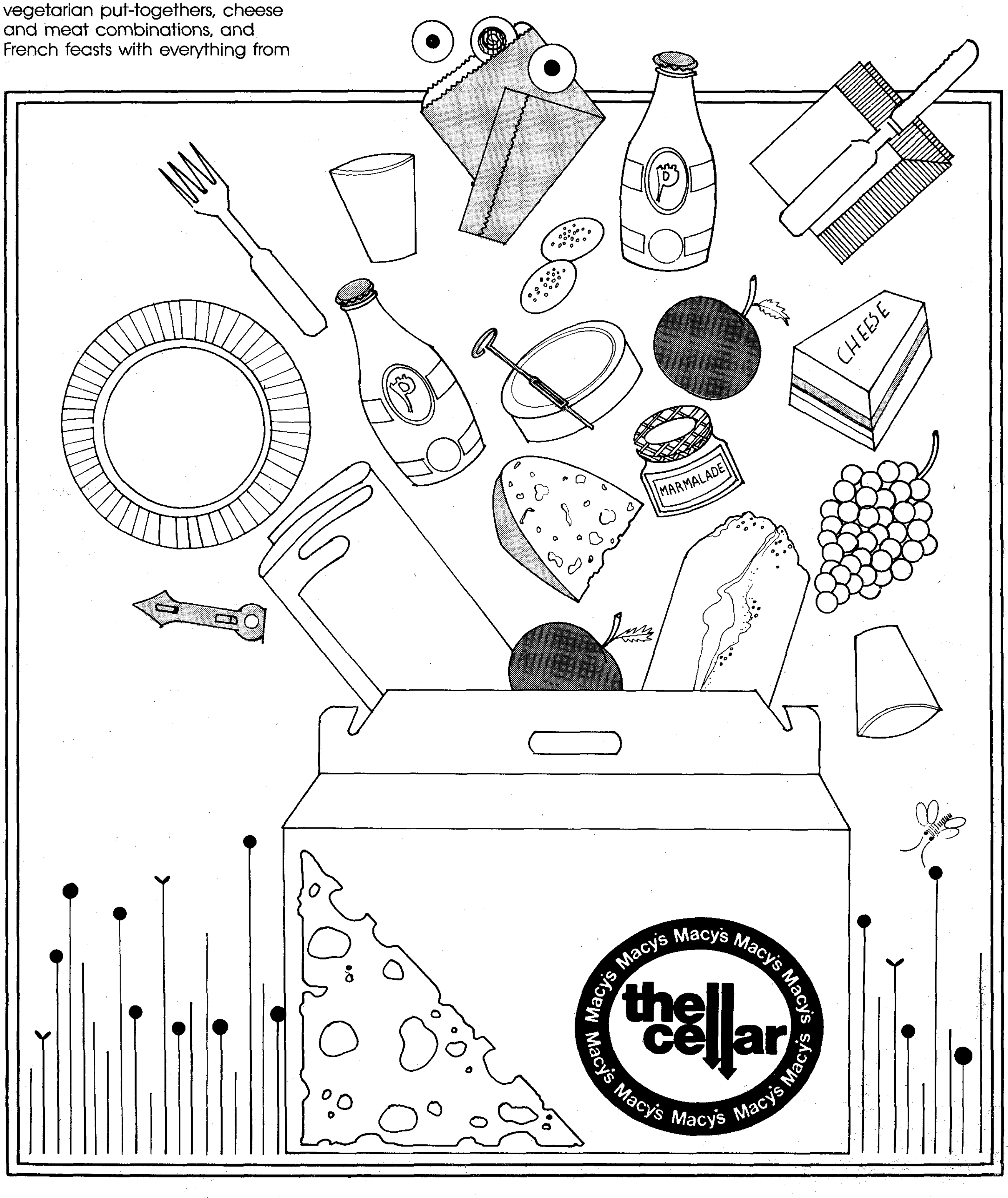
The Glenlivet
The father of all Scotch.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. 86 proof.

The GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
GEORGE & J. G. SMITH LIMITED
The GLENLIVET

fast foods with class. macy's pick-ups for very posh picnics.

All you do is supply the bosky dell. Macy's does all the rest. And royally, too! With four fabulous picnic menus ready and waiting whenever alfresco fever hits you. Such portable pleasures as vegetarian put-togethers, cheese and meat combinations, and French feasts with everything from Perrier to pâté. Each in its own cardboard carrier fitted out with plates, flatware, napkins . . . the works! $5 to 13.50. Stop by the Marketplace in The Cellar, or call OX-5-4400, ext. 2138. Orders filled tout de suite. The Marketplace (D.033), The Cellar, Herald Square only. Macy's welcomes the American Express Card.


CHEESE
MARMALADE
Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's
the cellar

The easiest part of making home improvements is getting the loan from Citibank.

It takes a lot of work to make a house a home. Gathering estimates. Living in chaos. Haggling with contractors, plumbers, painters and electricians.

Fortunately, Citibank has made the most important part of the job the easiest. Getting your loan.

In one quick phone call, you can apply for up to $15,000. We'll fill out all the forms for you. And we'll call you back with a decision. Usually within 24 hours.

And since we're here 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, you can call us anytime. So before you turn your house over to an army of carpenters and plumbers, call Citibank. It may be the last peaceful moment you have to yourself.

The 24-hour Loan Phone®

You can pick up your loan at any Citibank branch in the New York area.

For Manhattan call: **(212) 221-3333**	For the Bronx call: **(212) 920-1313**
For Brooklyn and Staten Island: **(212) 851-4444**	For Westchester, Rockland, Orange: **(914) 682-4040**
For Queens: **(212) 476-6500**	For Long Island: **(516) 538-6666**

Call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

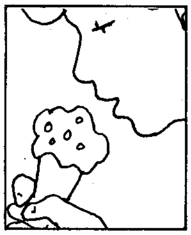
CITIBANK

THE CITI NEVER SLEEPS

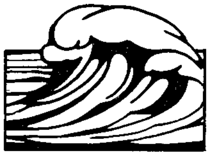
CITIBANK, N.A. MEMBER F.D.I.C.

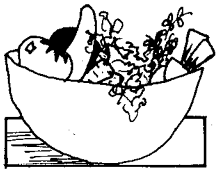
CONTENTS

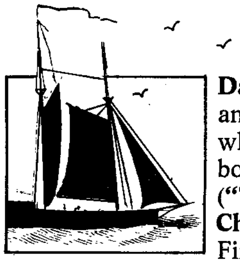
SUMMER PLEASURES

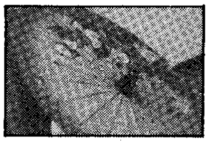


A rise in the THI needn't mean a collapse of the spirit; herewith, a chronicle of summer pleasures, urban and nearby. Janet Spencer King lists city parks ideal for picnicking (**"Where the Grass Is Greener,"** page 36); Florence Fabricant describes the offerings of some exotic ice cream emporiums (**"The Best Scoops in Town,"** page 38); France-Michèle Adler suggests cotton and color for cool (**"Easy, Breezy Looks,"** page 40). Then, for some nostalgic euphoria, Stephen Dingman tells where to find some old-fashioned swimming holes not too far afield (**"God's Little Pools,"** page 42); Patricia Volk Blitzer and Stephanie Pierson check out that gastronomic omnium-gatherum known as the chef's salad (**"Salad Days,"** page 48); and Ned Steele tells where to charter a boat, with crew (**"The Magna Charters,"** page 56). Finally, Alice Turner pores over the latest in what's known as "light summer reading" (**"26 Reports for Bookish Sorts,"** page 59), and Veronica McNiff checks the latest in fans and other cooling devices (**"A High Wind in New York,"** page 62). Keep cool!









25

Finders Keepers

By Rinker Buck

The world's biggest collection of stolen property isn't sunken in private galleons; it's locked up in the office of the Manhattan property clerk. And if something in there belongs to you, getting it back could be very difficult. What's more, under the provisions of a nineteenth-century law, most of the loot actually ends up in the policemen's pension fund.

29

True or False

By Randy Cohen

Some facts are indisputably true and others are indubitably false. But which are which? Luckily, soothsayer Randy Cohen is on hand to provide answers for the confused.

31

The Last Time I Saw Paris

By Eldridge Cleaver

In 1974, the Black Panther sought political asylum in France, a difficult process, since he had arrived in that country—more than a year before—without papers. His savior was Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, then a high minister in the French government. In this excerpt from his forthcoming *Soul on Fire*, Cleaver describes his meetings with Giscard d'Estaing.

DEPARTMENTS

8

The City Politic: The Bus Stops Here

By Rinker Buck

Those handsome glass bus-stop shelters dotting our streets are the subject of a political battle royal.

64

Brief Lives: The Case of the Well-Read Eye

By Lawrence Block

Tony Spiesman is one of the city's real-life private detectives. How does he stack up against his fictional counterparts? A detective-story writer checks him out.

66

Theater: French Without Tears

By John Simon

At the Public: Yale by two touchdowns.

68

Music: To Cool the Mind and Raise the Spirit

By Alan Rich

Add to our summer pleasures: the entirely joyous Mostly Mozart.

70

Jazz: Cool Catalyst

By Gary Giddins

At 59, Jimmy Rowles is still great.

74

Movies: He's No Angel

By Molly Haskell

Here comes Mr. Beatty.

78

Rock: You'll Lose the Blues With Chenango

By John Gabree

Worth attention: some new rock groups.

88

Page of Lists: Notes From the Underground

By Terry Clifford

From securities to ships, you won't believe what's below street level in this city!

MISCELLANY

5 **Letters**
6 **New York Intelligencer,** *by Neal Travis*
11 **In and Around Town**
73 **London Sunday Times Crossword**
76 **Sales & Bargains,** *by Leonore Fleischer*
79 **New York Classified**
84 **Travel Services**
85 **Town & Country Properties**

Cover: Photographed by Ishimuro; inset, Sygma and Pictorial Parade.

"The Last Time I Saw Paris" is excerpted from Soul on Fire, *to be published by Word Books. Copyright © 1978 by Eldridge Cleaver.*

JULY 10, 1978—VOL. 11 NO. 28

The following are registered trademarks and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: The Artful Lodger, Best Bets, Best Bits, The Bottom Line, The Capitol Letter, The City Politic, Cityscape, The Global Village, In and Around Town, Love Times, New York Intelligencer, The Passionate Shopper, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist. *New York* is published weekly (except for a combined issue the last two weeks in December) by the New York Magazine Company, Inc., 755 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017. **Copyright © 1978 by the New York Magazine Company, Inc. All rights reserved.** Reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. Joseph Gravitt Armstrong, President; Raymond R. Dittrich, Vice-President and Secretary; Richard A. Sarazen, Vice-President and Treasurer; George Viles, Vice-President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212 YU 6-4600. Send form 3579 to *New York*, Box 2979, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscription rates in United States and possessions: one year, $18; two years, $32.

For subscription information, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 2979, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

PIEDMONT
PIEDMONT
N738N

Save a super 30-40% roundtrip with Piedmont's new Super Savers.

Add the satisfaction of saving to the fun of getting away. Make reservations and purchase your roundtrip ticket 30 days in advance, stay at least 7 days, and save 30-40%. Children 2-11 accompanied by an adult save 50% roundtrip. There are a limited number of Super Saver seats on each flight, so plan now. Super Saver Fares can take you where the fun is on many airlines that connect with Piedmont and all over Piedmont's own route system.

From La Guardia to: **Norfolk,* Richmond,* Roanoke,* Bristol/Kingsport,/Johnson City,* The Greenbrier and Homestead, Asheville, Myrtle Beach, Winston-Salem and other cities.**

For details, call Piedmont Airlines in New York, 489-1460, in Newark, 624-8311, or your travel agent. Major credit cards accepted.

*also service from Newark.

JET PIEDMONT

78-CM-64

NEW YORK

Publisher and Editor in Chief
Joe Armstrong

Editor
John Berendt

Managing Editor
Laurie Jones

Executive Editors
Elizabeth Crow
John Van Doorn

Senior Editors
Susana Duncan, Deborah Harkins, Rhoda Koenig
Maureen Orth, Alan Rich, David Rosenthal
Ellen Stern, Alice K. Turner
Contributing Editors
John Ashbery, Claire Berman, Alexis Bespaloff
Seymour Britchky, Robert Brown
Nik Cohn, Orde Coombs, Delia Ephron
Edward Jay Epstein, Leonore Fleischer, Paul Gardner
Gael Greene, Anthony Haden-Guest, T George Harris
Molly Haskell, Denis Hamill, Michael Kramer
Mary Ann Madden, Philip Nobile, Nicholas Pileggi
Dotson Rader, Ron Rosenbaum, Blair Sabol, John Simon
Neal Travis, Chris Welles, Linda Wolfe, Sidney Zion
Around Town Editor
Ruth Gilbert
Assistant Editors
Frederick Allen, Peter W. Devine (Copy)
Quita McMath, Sandra Morehouse
Editorial Assistants
Florence Fletcher, David Frankel
Gerard Kavanagh, Carolyn Marsh
Rick Minicucci, Corky Pollan
Staff: **Kim Brown, Suzanne Eagle**
Eileen Maguire

Design Director
Jean-Claude Suarès

Associate Art Directors:
Ellen Blissman, Ken Kendrick
Art Staff: **Amy de Neergaard, Judy Fendelman (Illustration Editor), Carol E. Sandgren, Norman Steck**
Geoff Stevens, Nina Subin (Photo Editor)
Jan Taborelli, Tom Tarnowsky

Associate Publisher
Cathleen Black

Circulation Director: **Mary Clark Zogott**
Circulation Manager: **Barbara Gutman**
Circulation Staff: **Mary Ann Allison, Robert Brodeur**
Deede Dickson, Arthur King, Marsha McKechnie
Minnette Reid, Shaila Small, Kathleen Tully

Production Manager: **Frank Sullivan**
Asst. Production Manager: **Richard Muehleman**
Production Assistants: **Robin Berliner, Dee Dee Richardson**

Associate Publisher, Finance
Anthony F. Morgano
Controller: **John D. Frantino**
Credit Manager: **Shawn Norton**
Office Manager: **Amalia Ferrante**
Staff Accountants: **Conrado Perez, Carmine Tiero**
Advertising Coordinator: **Suzzanne Anderson**
Computer Operations: **Nancy Clare**

Advertising Manager, Branch Relations: **Dianne Wallace**
Marketing Director: **William Abbott**
Corporate Research Director: **Eckart L. Guethe**
Research Manager: **Paul Black**
Advertising Promotion Director: **Wallis Lawrence**
Merchandising Manager: **Patricia Munzer**
Advertising Sales Representatives
Joel A. Berger, Diane Cardozo, William Duke
Karen Ekberg, Michael L. Fulford, Sandy Godfrey
Joe Griggs, Suzy Hubbell
Bob Jacobssen, Charles F. Lind
Roger A. Steckler, Mary Jane Stephens

Chicago Office: M. R. (Bo) Macdonald, 500 N. Michigan Ave., Room 512, Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312) 467-0588
Los Angeles Office: T Swift Lockard, 9665 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Ca. 90212 (213) 273-7516
New England Office: Alec W. Hay, Box 448, North Scituate, Mass. 02060 (617) 545-2123
San Francisco Office: Thomas Martz, 325 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Ca. 94111 (415) 986-5196
Classified Advertising Manager: **Ellen Aronoff**
Staff: **Pat Mazalatis**
New York Information Services: **Harriet Krivit**
Staff: **Andy Balee, Jill Bokor, Joan Cheda**
Elaine Crossland, Louise Dickson, Catherine Doyle
Myra Gray, Paula Horowitz, Anthony Irving, Robert Kassell
Deborah Kopech, Victoria Kupski, Dorothy Loffman
Donna Maher, Ben Mansor, Mary Ann McCarthy
Marlene Oliver, Nancy Pollock, Anna Preato
Annmarie Savery, Carol Vogel, Margaret Williams

BUCKWHEAT!

New York Magazine
755 Second Avenue
New York, New York 10017
212-986-4600

LETTERS

In Black and White

While I have great admiration and respect for Orde Coombs, I'm afraid that I must disagree with his final assessment in "Mulatto Pride" [June 26]. I feel he may be letting old hurts and prejudices get the better of his understanding of a new concept.

The old-fashioned mulatto "hauteur" was most certainly based on the totally superficial concept of degrees of external physical differences between people of color (skin tones, hair textures, shapes of noses and lips). It was the last refuge of a pathetically isolated and self-conscious people who, Mr. Coombs correctly states, were accepted by neither blacks nor whites. The old-fashioned mulattoes withdrew into the fantasy world of racial myth because true racial pride was, by definition, denied them. American mulattoes were the result of the exploitation of black women by their white male masters. How could racial pride develop from rape? Since mulattoes were not recognized by either extreme of color and American racism is obsessively based on color, the mulatto took refuge in an esoteric isolation which said, "Our color is more 'beautiful' than our black brother's or our white father's."

This new mulatto pride is something else. It is first of all a sign that mulattoes are beginning to liberate themselves from their own racially created psychological hang-ups. It is also the natural and healthy result of political and social consciousness-raising. It follows the self-identification and self-assertion of other oppressed people—blacks, women, old people, Indians, gays, poor people, you name it. The concept of mulatto pride/power also reflects the geopolitical emergence of the Third World and the solidarity of black, brown, red, and yellow. It is not simply an exotic offshoot of black pride (although black pride engendered it), because black pride has always been ambivalent about the mulatto—he had to fight for the right to be black. It's another version of "Power to the People," and as we are discovering more and more that powerlessness corrupts as absolutely as its opposite, Mr. Coombs should be gratified rather than wary. As Black Is Beautiful, Hybrid Is Vigorous.

Gail Lumet
Manhattan

The Paolozzi Perplex

The story of how Christina Paolozzi Bellin broke the iron grip of a despair known only by those forced to lie idle in the Hamptons and fought her way back to the city's discos ["Rock Keeps You Young," June 26] makes me think a series could be developed.

Consider:

"Literature Keeps You Young"—The story of a college student who feels that Introduction to Philosophy 101 has laid bare life's mysteries and left her little to explore. Then, happenchance, she reads a review extolling "the new women's books" and realizes puberty can be revisited.

Or

"Squash Keeps You Young"—The story of a once great hockey star who feels that it is only his commercial endorsement of and his part shares in a national doughnut chain that are keeping him alive. Then, one day, he wanders into the New York Racquet Club.

Or

"Psychoanalysis Keeps You Young"—The story of another woman, not so young, who after many years of intense analysis finally gets to face herself, warts and all. She chooses to read Mickey Mouse comics instead.

I realize there may be a problem with a continuing series in that not many writers have CPB's ability to make the merely vapid vacuous.

Sherryl Connelly
Manhattan

House Calls

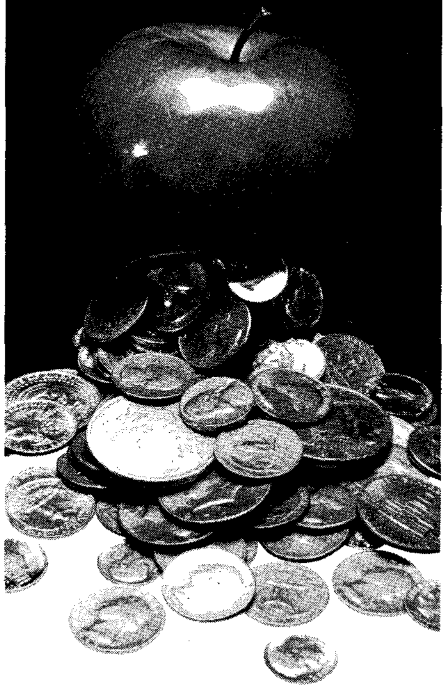
Please refer to your article on medical services in the June 19 issue of *New York* Magazine ["All-Night New York"].

Although our company is represented in this listing, we would like to make a complaint regarding the statement that a doctor's house call "costs a bundle."

If you think about a patient's having to wait four to five hours before being seen in an emergency room of any hospital, with a minimum cost of $40 to $60 for this initial examination, I am sure you will agree that our doctor's-house-call fee of $25 to $35, depending on the house-call location, is not an expensive means of obtaining medical care.

David Hitzig
President, Doctors on Call
Brooklyn

New York City
Means
Business



**A Special Advertising Section
to be Published in
Business Week October 30, 1978.**

The Business Renaissance of New York City has begun. That message will be told to Business Week's four million-plus readers through text and advertising messages in a special section called "New York City Means Business".

Advertisers in this section will not only help build a larger market for their products and services but will directly help to strengthen New York City's economy.

And advertisers will get added support: 1) a postage-paid reader service card enables readers to request additional information. These cards will be forwarded by Business Week to the appropriate advertiser. 2) free reprints of the section will be provided to each advertiser.

Closing for all ads is September 18, 1978. Contact your Business Week representative or Earl Moore, Jr., Business Week, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020, (212) 997-6868, for further information.

BusinessWeek
The smart place to advertise.

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Critical Times For Critics

Brustein: Looking for aisle seat.

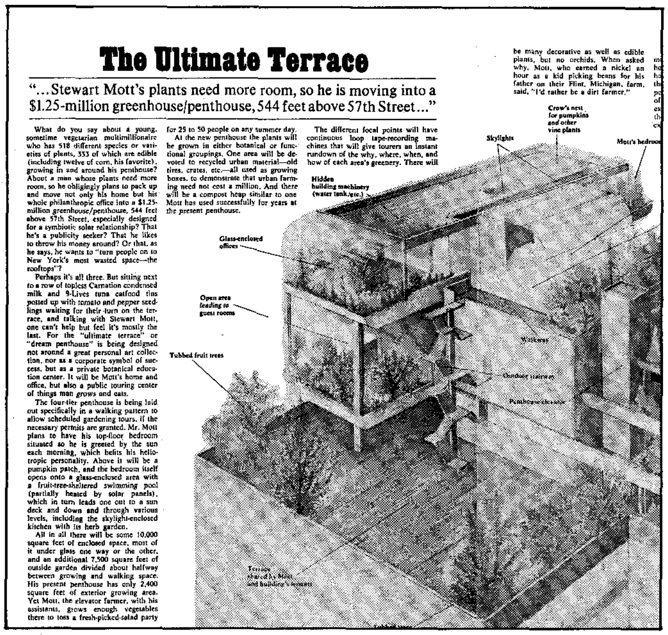
Twelve years ago, Clifton Daniel went to Robert Brustein and offered him the post of drama critic for the New York *Times*. Brustein refused, citing the deadline pressure that goes with the powerful position. He recommended Stanley Kauffmann for the job. Now Broadway is wondering whether a similar offer from Daniel's successors will be made to Brustein, who is leaving as head of Yale Drama School next year. If he's still averse to daily deadlines, maybe he could take Walter Kerr's Sunday drama seat. (Kerr has a contract but might be persuaded to step down if that was what the *Times* wanted.) Any such plans are angrily denied by *Times* executives, but then the *Times* never did like outsiders talking about its internal affairs. The most likely scenario has Brustein being rapidly groomed to replace Richard Eder next year. Eder, who has none of the clout of *his* predecessor, Clive Barnes, would be found a prestigious foreign post—like London.

King Sees Crown in the Garden

Big Don King was in Elaine's the other night buying drinks for the house and announcing to all within earshot (they could even hear him way back in "Siberia") that Larry Holmes is bound for Madison Square Garden and a bout with Leon Spinks or Muhammad Ali. "I think it will be Ali and I think it will be in January or February," the ebullient promoter told us. "The Garden is where world-heavyweight-title fights belong," he added. "Now that a smart man like Sonny Werblin is running the show, we can do business." Holmes just sat and smiled gently but did say he didn't mind whether it was Spinks or Ali he fought for undisputed possession of the title. "Ali's the better fighter, but he's getting old," he said of the man he used to spar with. King beamed through all this, then resumed his shouted invitation to the literary crowd to "come meet the new heavyweight champeen of the world."

Mott's Penthouse Finds a Buyer

Even multi-millionaires don't always get what they want, and Stewart Mott has finally failed in his bid to own New York's most fabulous apartment. It's that triplex penthouse atop the Galleria on East 57th Street, on which Mott placed a $300,000 deposit back in 1973. Then, the finished price was supposed to be $1.6 million. When it soared to $2.7 million, Mott (who has an annual income of more than $1 million, thanks to his late father's huge chunk of General Motors) pulled out. He has since gone on negotiating with the owners, putting his own price ceiling at $2 million. Now, we learn, the owners have swung a deal for the full asking price of $2.7 million. The buyer is a rich (obviously) Italian who lives in Caracas and wants the penthouse for a *pied-à-terre*. For all that money he gets the usual conveniences plus a swimming pool and a three-level garden planted with vegetables, fruits, and flowers.



The Ultimate Terrace

"...Stewart Mott's plants need more room, so he is moving into a $1.25-million greenhouse/penthouse, 544 feet above 57th Street..."

What do you say about a young, sometime vegetarian multimillionaire who has 518 different species or varieties of plants, 333 of which are edible (including twelve of corn, his favorite), growing in and around his penthouse? About a man whose plants need more room, so he obligingly plans to pack up and move not only his home but his whole philanthropic office into a $1.25-million greenhouse/penthouse, 544 feet above 57th Street, especially designed for a symbiotic solar relationship? That he's a publicity seeker? That he likes to throw his money around? Or that, as he says, he wants to "turn people on to New York's most wasted space—the rooftops"?

Perhaps it's all three. But sitting next to a row of topless Carnation condensed milk and 9-Lives tuna catfood tins potted up with tomato and pepper seedlings waiting for their turn on the terrace, and talking with Stewart Mott, one can't help but feel it's mostly the last. For the "ultimate terrace" or "dream penthouse" is being designed not around a great personal art collection, nor as a corporate symbol of success, but as a private botanical education center. It will be Mott's home and office, but also a public touring center of things man *grows* and eats.

The four-tier penthouse is being laid out specifically in a walking pattern to allow scheduled gardening tours. If the necessary permits are granted, Mr. Mott plans to have his top-floor bedroom situated so he is greeted by the sun each morning, which befits his heliotropic personality. Above it will be a pumpkin patch, and the bedroom itself opens onto a glass-enclosed area with a fruit-tree-sheltered swimming pool (partially heated by solar panels), which in turn leads one out to a sun deck and down and through various levels, including the skylight-enclosed kitchen with its herb garden.

All in all there will be some 10,000 square feet of enclosed space, most of it under glass one way or the other, and an additional 7,500 square feet of outside garden divided about halfway between growing and walking space. His present penthouse has only 2,400 square feet of exterior growing area. Yet Mott, the elevator farmer, with his assistants, grows enough vegetables there to toss a fresh-picked-salad party for 25 to 50 people on any summer day.

At the new penthouse the plants will be grown in either botanical or functional groupings. One area will be devoted to recycled urban material—old tires, crates, etc.—all used as growing boxes, to demonstrate that urban farming need not cost a million. And there will be a compost heap similar to one Mott has used successfully for years at the present penthouse.

The different focal points will have continuous loop tape-recording machines that will give tourers an instant rundown of the why, where, when, and how of each area's greenery. There will be many decorative as well as edible plants, but no orchids. When asked why, Mott, who earned a nickel an hour as a kid picking beans for his father on their Flint, Michigan, farm, said, "I'd rather be a dirt farmer."

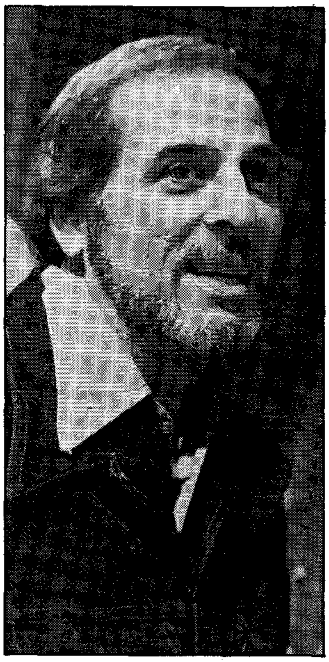
Hidden building machinery (water tank, etc.)
Skylights
Crow's nest for pumpkins and other vine plants
Mott's bedroo
Glass-enclosed offices
Open area leading to guest rooms
Tubbed fruit trees
Walkway
Outdoor stairway
Penthouse elevator
Terrace shared by Mott and building's tenants

Pie in the sky: A rendering (1974) of Mott's dream penthouse.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

The Setup

It's being billed as fiction to stave off libel suits, but Sonny Grosso's new book will still cause a lot of embarrassment (and maybe even shame) in high law-enforcement echelons. One ex-cop who has a book of his own out will be particularly upset by Grosso's tale—*Point Blank* (written with Philip Rosenberg and published by Grosset & Dunlap). It's the true story of how a tough and honest narcotics detective was set up by a friend and brother officer, at the behest of federal drug-enforcement chiefs. The good cop apparently killed himself. "I didn't want to do this book at first," Grosso told us from Boston, where he's presently working on the film *Brinks*. "It was too painful for me. The cop they set up was my best pal. Then I thought I should do it so his widow and his kids would at least get some money from the royalties." Grosso also shows the manner in which the feds entrap local cops to "turn them around" and make them inform on brother officers. "It's a filthy system," says Sonny.



Sonny: One for railroaded pal.

Photo credit: top left— Eugene Cook

Eat, Eat—Later You'll Dance

Ivan Nagy, considered the world's greatest dance partner, won't be moving far from his former colleagues in the world of ballet after he retires this fall. As soon as Nagy gets back from a farewell tour of Australia, he'll set in motion a dream project he's long cherished. Nagy will open a Hungarian restaurant in the Lincoln Center area. His wife, dancer Marilyn Burr, and their two children are all going to help around the place.

Society Editor Dates a Subject

The rewards of journalism are many. Take the case of Wanda McDaniel, a pretty Texas gal who is society editor of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. Wanda's now dating the film colony's most eligible bachelor, Cary Grant. Cary took her to the opening of the MGM Grand in Reno, and the two have been seen together at the racetrack. It's the first time Cary's been serious about anyone since he dumped (or was dumped by) Maureen Donaldson, who is also a journalist.

O My God

Andy Warhol is Bianca Jagger's best friend. Jerri Hall is the Texas-tall model who moved in with Bianca's husband, Mick. Jerri just showed up as the cover girl on Andy's magazine, *Interview*. Bianca's teed off.

Jerri: Big buildup in Andy's mag.

Carter Keeping Tabs on Carey

Center of attention at Roy Cohn's Connecticut house party the other night was Meade Esposito. The Brooklyn Democratic leader had just gotten off the phone with Jimmy Carter. Our president, it seems, is taking an intense interest in the New York gubernatorial race (if the Dems lose this state, Carter will certainly do the same in 1980), and he called his pal Meade for a rundown. While Esposito wouldn't talk about his presidential conversation, he did volunteer that Hugh Carey was in trouble. "I've told him the death-penalty thing could cost him 30, 40 percent of the vote," rasped Meade. "I told him the only way out of it is to have a death-penalty referendum on the ballot in November." Did Carey accept the advice? Meade just shrugged. Abe Beame shrugged, too, when we asked the former mayor whom he'd support. The word at the party was that Beame would work for Mary Anne Krupsak. But who knows? Carey is working so hard to mend his fences that he recently suggested to Jerry Finkelstein that it was time they sat down for a talk. If the governor and the Manhattan borough president's father could make up, anything is possible.

Late Catering to Carriage Trade

One sign of the growing influence of rich Europeans and South Americans in Manhattan is up at Robert Pascal's chic Le Premier restaurant. Pascal just decided to cut out the lunch trade and keep his kitchen open until 1 A.M. or 2 A.M. instead. "The patrons all complain there is nowhere good to eat late in the European manner," says Pascal. "The other night we had a Saudi drop in at 11 P.M. He was so grateful to find the place open he tipped the staff $400 on a $100 check."

Romance in New York Tradition

Hillie, David: Romantic meeting.

A lot of this city's women are still wondering how David Mahoney, our most eligible bachelor, got away. Mahoney, the rich and powerful chief of Norton Simon, Inc., just upped and married Hillie Merrill in Haiti (she in a Halston; Norton Simon owns the label). They're now honeymooning in Europe but will spend the late summer in Mahoney's Bridgehampton mansion. They're both handsome (she was Miss Rheingold of 1956), active people; each has two children from first marriages, and they share a love of the good life. All this jelled when the couple first met at MOMA, the place where all the best New York romances start.

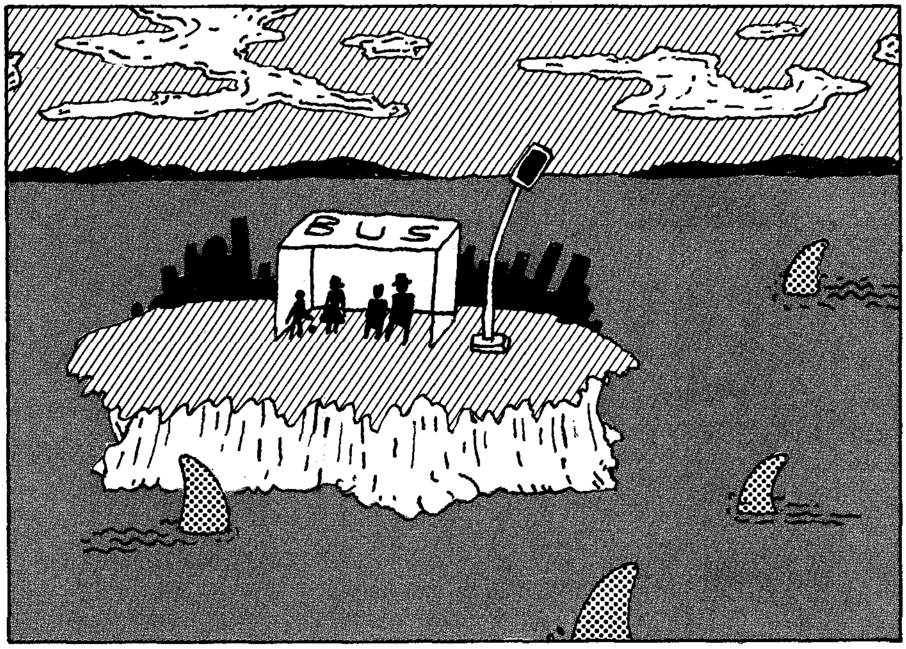
Television Notes From All Over

Fred (that's how he likes it) Silverman is getting NBC into a "think live" frame of mind. First there's the ambitious daily talk-and-entertainment show *America Alive!*, which will be beamed out of New York from noon to 1 P.M. Guiding this bold experiment are producers Woody Fraser and Ken Greengrass, who came over from ABC, where they had good success with *Good Morning America.* Pretty Janet Langhart, Art Linkletter's son Jack, and critic David Sheehan will be the regulars, along with such experts as sexologists Masters and Johnson. Another live one that Fred is backing is the new Dick Clark rock show from the Coast. *Post* pop writer Lou O'Neill just signed to fly there every Wednesday to do a segment. . . . Television's most successful magazine show, *60 Minutes*, is going under —down under that is: A while back, the show's guiding genius, Don Hewitt, got a call from Channel 9 in Australia asking if it could send a couple of men over to pick his brains for its planned local version of *60 Minutes.* "Why send two guys here?" asked Don. "I'll come see you." So on July 21 Don and his best friend, Marilyn Berger, are winging off to Sydney with a side trip to Bali. . . . Carl Bernstein isn't complaining about the one that got away. Carl and Bob Hughes both auditioned for the job of co-host of ABC's *20/20.* Hughes, of course, won and was canned after the first episode. . . . *Midnight Blue,* the raunchy cable-TV show, is going national via cable outlets in every major market. It will cause a sensation (and a new censorship debate) in the more conservative areas. Incidentally, composer Cy Coleman got a little surprise when he tuned into *Blue* the other midnight. The voice singing "If My Friends Could See Me Now" over the credits was his own, from a record he cut a while back. . . . Barry Manilow is busting out all over. His personal manager, Miles Lourie, is negotiating a Home Box Office show and also readying Barry's third ABC network special. "Everyone wants Barry," says Lourie. . . . Pete Hamill just finished a TV adaptation of his earlier memoir, *The Gift,* a touching story of family and first love. CBS thinks it has the potential to be a series (the way *The Homecoming* spawned *The Waltons*) or at least an annual holiday offering. CBS also just okayed the script for the mini-series to be done from Pete's novel, *Flesh and Blood.*

Photo credit: bottom left— Sonia Moskowitz

The City Politic/Rinker Buck

THE BUS STOPS HERE



A Sheltered Deal

Competitive bidding for city contracts—long an article of faith among "good government" reformers—is one of those ostensibly laudable measures that few bother to question. In theory, the practice guarantees efficiency, public accountability, and the best possible financial return for the city for everything from paving contracts to hot-dog concessions.

But in practice, this reform has often produced one result that always seems to arrive hand in hand with "good government": more government. Competitive bids require more complicated bid specifications, more budget analysts, more hearings, more review committees, and generally more acrimony all around.

In the political free-for-all that follows, no one seems capable of truly prospering—including perhaps New York City itself.

There's no better example of this than the current rivalry among four city-based companies to secure a lucrative, ten-year franchise to build and maintain those attractive aluminum-and-plate-glass bus stops that have sprouted up along city streets over the last two years. The list of contestants who will be submitting bids this summer to the city's director of franchises—who, in turn, will advise the Board of Estimate on how best to divvy up the bus-stop-shelter business—reads like a Who's Who of the city's business and political elite.

William and Catherine Bouchara, owners of Bustop Shelters, Inc., have already built over 450 shelters in Manhattan and the Bronx under an interim three-year contract that expires in September. After a difficult year during which they endured an unfavorable performance audit by Comptroller Goldin's office, which said they'd largely failed to build shelters in ghetto neighborhoods, they're fighting to win a renewal of their contract. To represent them before the city and the public, the Boucharas have hired former Mayor Robert Wagner, well-connected Brooklyn lawyer Abraham "Bunny" Lindenbaum, and the phenomenally successful P.R. man Howard Rubenstein, whose most visible recent job was serving as strategist for Abe Beame.

The Boucharas particularly resent the money and power behind their most serious competitor, Convenience & Safety Corporation. That company's principals, the Boucharas say, threatened to "destroy our business in New York" after they refused to sell out to them last fall.

Actually, swallowing up a company the size of Bustop Shelters would have been small-time for one of Convenience's principals, Saul P. Steinberg, chairman of the board of Reliance Group, Inc., which controls one of the largest insurance-and-investment-capital conglomerates in the country. (He is best remembered for attempting a takeover of Chemical Bank in 1969.) Steinberg's two partners in Convenience are Hyatt Hotel chain chairman Jay Pritzker and Park Avenue venture capitalist Henry Silverman. And Convenience has hired attorney David B. Simpson of Stein, Rosen and Ohrenstein—the Ohrenstein is Manfred, the minority leader of the State Senate—while also trading on the name and influence of former city Transportation Commissioner Alex Mautner, whom they have signed as a "consultant" to work for the company outside of New York.

Kevin McGrath, a member of the politically attuned firm of Shea, Gould, Climenko & Casey who has represented several contractors before the Board of Estimate in the past and whose brother, Chris, just stepped down as Manhattan deputy borough president, is representing a third competitor. They are Street Facilities of New York, a subsidiary of Decaux, S.A., a French company that pioneered bus shelters in Europe and now operates over 20,000 shelters in four countries. Stuart Scheftel, the company's principal American investor, is a member of the Board of Higher Education.

The fourth competitor is Winston Network, Inc., a nationwide transit advertising company which operates the advertising clocks in the city's subways. They are represented in New York by another attorney who has concentrated heavily on Board of Estimate business, Bernard Shatzkin.

What are they all after? Bouchara, who may be on the verge of losing a going business that has just begun to break into the black—and a personal investment of over $1 million—laments, "The sharks are coming to eat us alive. When we started this business three years ago, no one else was interested. Even the city discouraged us. Companies were fleeing the city, which was in a fiscal crisis, and everyone told us our shelters would be vandalized and destroyed. But now that we've proven there's money to be made, everyone wants to cut in."

And what they want to cut in on, specifically, is the revenue generated by the two large advertising panels on each shelter, which, according to Bouchara's figures, can produce average

Illustrated by Ben Chase

"More ways to make money
from Central Savings Bank...
here's the long and the short of it."

Evelyn C. Walsh, Senior Vice President, Central Savings Bank

Long-Term Plan: We call it Easy Eights. Just deposit $1000 or more in an 8-year savings certificate and you'll earn an annual interest rate of 8%. With daily compounding, the effective annual yield is 8.45%. No bank pays more and you shouldn't settle for less.

Short-Term Plan: Deposit $10,000 or more in a six-month savings certificate and you'll earn an interest rate that's ¼% higher than the six-month Treasury Bill auction rate current at the time the certificate is issued. And daily compounding increases your earnings even more. Now your money can work harder in six months than it has in years.

All Your Money Works for You: You pay no handling charge, no fee, no commission. And we'll provide you with a convenient record of all transactions and all interest earned on your savings certificate, just as we do on a passbook account. Your money's safe, too, because each certificate in a different legal ownership capacity is insured to $40,000 through the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC).

We also offer a variety of savings certificates with intermediate rates and terms. You can open these certificates as easily as any savings account. Just stop by one of our branches, or call our savings specialists at (212) 787-4500.

CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK A Mutual Savings Bank Member FDIC

73rd St. & Broadway • 53rd St. & Ave. of the Americas • 34th St. & Broadway • 14th St. & 4th Avenue • Maiden Lane & Water Street • Syosset (L.I.) Jericho Tpke. & So. Oyster Bay Road • Smithtown (L.I.) Rt. 111 (Hillside Village Shopping Center)

Your savings earn the effective annual yield when principal and interest remain in your account for a year.

FDIC regulations permit premature withdrawal from savings certificates provided that the rate of interest on the amount withdrawn is reduced to passbook rate and 90 days' interest is forfeited.

CONTINENTAL CUISINE 879-7080

Wm Hogarths

DINNER 7 DAYS
SERVED 5 30-12:30

1611 SECOND AVE
between 83rd & 84th

BAGATELLE
BRASSERIE
FRANÇAISE
1373 First Avenue
(Near 74th St.) New York, N.Y.
734-8318 10021

★★ THE NEW YORK TIMES
Considering the discouraging ratio of bad restaurants to good, one is delighted to find even a single good Italian restaurant *in one week*." 12/24/76 ...... Mimi Sheraton

foro~Italico
Italian Restaurant

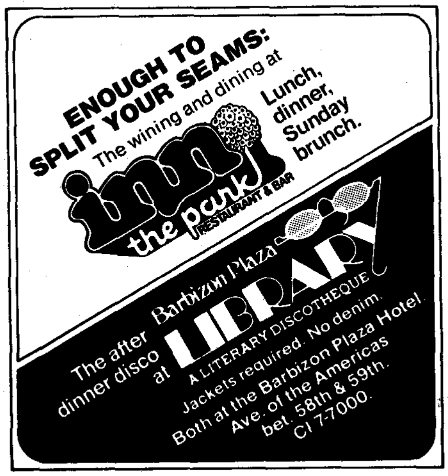
FREE VALET
PARKING FOR
DINNER

MON-FRI 12-10
SAT 5-11

455 West 34th St.
(bet. 9th & 10th Ave.)
564-6619

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

FAMOUS FOR
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON
DINNER
LATE SNACKS
HOME CATERING OFFICE
AND CHEESECAKE
"#1-NEW YORK MAGAZINE"
Open Daily & Sun from 6:30 AM til 1:30 AM;
FRI to 3 AM; SAT to 4 AM
Junior's
BROOKLYN'S MOST FABULOUS
RESTAURANT
Flatbush Ave. Ext. at DeKalb Ave. • 852-5257


ENOUGH TO SPLIT YOUR SEAMS:
The wining and dining at
inn the park
RESTAURANT & BAR
Lunch, dinner, Sunday brunch.
The after dinner disco at
Barbizon Plaza
LIBRARY
A LITERARY DISCOTHEQUE
Jackets required. No denim.
Both at the Barbizon Plaza Hotel
Ave. of the Americas
bet. 58th & 59th.
CI 7-7000.

gross receipts of $340 per shelter each month. Project that across the 2,000 to 3,000 shelters (Convenience has proposed building 4,000 citywide) that are likely to be built in the city over the next few years, and you're talking about anywhere from $8 million to $15 million in annual operating revenues.

Under the minimum terms promulgated by the Board of Estimate in May, at least 12 percent of these annual revenues plus a one-time franchise fee for each shelter will be paid to the city. The company or, as is still possible, the companies awarded contracts will have to build and maintain the shelters with their own capital and post performance and payment bonds in the event they fall behind on their contracts. All design, insurance, and liability costs are absorbed by the contractor. Altogether it's a fine deal for the city, which stands to earn anywhere from $2 million to $3 million annually just for the privilege of awarding the contracts.

But there are problems with this approach. To encourage competition and appease as many of the contractors as possible, the city is asking each one to submit its bid in three separate forms: citywide, borough by borough, and according to the so-called "zone approach," which would divide the lucrative Manhattan advertising market into three pieces while requiring contractors to build additional shelters in less desirable locations in the four boroughs. (Zone 1, for instance, would include Manhattan south of 34th Street and parts of Brooklyn.) And there are any number of ways the director of franchises and the Board of Estimate can decide to award the contracts once the bids are in. Second Deputy City Comptroller Walter Prawzinsky and Director of Franchises Morris Tarshis say it's just as likely that one contractor will win the entire city as it is that two or three of the current contestants will carve up separate shares of the pie. "It all depends on how the bids come in," says Prawzinsky, "and which company or combination will produce the best results for the city. Any way we do it, we *can't* lose. These guys will all be bonded, and the city isn't investing a cent of its own money."

This sounds fair enough, until you begin asking each company whether it will be able to do business in New York after the city has decided just how the market will be cut up. Silverman, president and chief operating officer of Convenience, says the zone approach is "a political solution to a business problem. From both a financial and a management viewpoint, the way the city is approaching this contract could hurt the business for anyone who gets the franchise. You can't go to a national advertiser and say, 'We're going to give you lower Manhattan for a month and then Staten Island and Brooklyn.' It's awfully hard for me to imagine this working unless someone gets all of Manhattan."

In an April 28 memo to the Board of Estimate, Silverman went even further, asking for an exclusive contract for each city area that eventually would be awarded to each contractor. "A prospective franchisee should not be expected to invest the substantial sums required to comply with the contract unless protected against competition from subsequently designated franchisees."

Bouchara, though he is willing to sign a non-exclusive contract for Manhattan, believes he has to be guaranteed a sufficient number of Manhattan locations—as many as 500—to keep his business attractive to advertisers. "In other words," Silverman says, "he'll take the cream, and we'll get all the junk left over."

Pascal Rey, Decaux, S.A.'s representative in New York, agrees with his competitors on the importance of cornering the Manhattan market. "There's no way to make a fair split in the city. We feel we have to have an *exclusive* contract in all five boroughs."

No one is willing to predict, just yet, where all this will leave the city—but it is clear by now that competitive bidding by no means guarantees effective competition. Bouchara and Silverman say they will have to accept whatever solution the city comes up with, but they also strongly indicate that they'll tailor their bids to winning an exclusive Manhattan franchise. If one company is awarded all of Manhattan, it's likely that the other four boroughs will be divided up according to exclusive contracts barring any competition from other bus-stop shelter companies over the ten-year life of the contracts.

Thus, however contentious, and however "competitive" the bidding process itself has become, it's still very likely that a few companies will be awarded uncontested footholds in their awarded boroughs for a very, very long time. None of them will be competing with anyone else anymore—which makes all of this sound an awful lot like a city-sanctioned monopoly.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa there," says Prawzinsky. "Monopoly? I wouldn't call it that. But call it what you like—it's all the product of competitive bidding. The city is getting a great deal, and so are the contractors, but we are going to arrive at it competitively."

Call it what you will—so long as it's all in the name of "good government." ■

OPENING THIS WEEK

Faces of Love, *Michel Soutter's Swiss film about three actresses and their relationship with a film director, opens July 7th at Cinema Studio.*

Three By Two, *a showcase of three sketches for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, starring Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg, opening July 5th at the Cubiculo.*

Replay, *starring* **Marie Jose Nat,** *opening July 10th at the 68th Street Playhouse.*

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

July 4 through 11

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 7/4, *Joseph Andrews; Tom Jones.* From 7/5, *Klute; Coming Home.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *A Different Story.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Grease.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 7/4, *Yojimbo; The Burmese Harp.* 7/5, *Seven Beauties; General Della Rovere.* 7/6, *Horsefeathers; She Done Him Wrong.* 7/7, 8, *Viridiana; The Exterminating Angel.* 7/9, 10, *The Music Lovers; Lisztomania.* 7/11, *Clouds at Sunset; Sunjuro.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 7/4, *Yankee Doodle Dandy; The Phantom President.* 7/5, *The Mark of Zorro; Sinbad the Sailor.* 7/6, *Idi Amin Dada; Maitresse.* 7/7, *To Be Or Not To Be; Once Upon a Honeymoon.* 7/8, *Fellini's Satyricon; A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.* 7/9, *Alicia; Giselle.* 7/10, *The Seventh Seal; Day of Wrath.* 7/11, *Andrei Roublev; My Name is Ivan.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). Thru 7/8, *Bonjour Amour;* from 7/9, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). Thru 7/6, *Aquirre, the Wrath of God; Stroszek.* From 7/7, *The Faces of Love.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 7/4, *Patton.* 7/5, 6, *Carnal Knowledge; Candy.* 7/7, 8, *Renaldo and Clara;* 7/9, 10, *Billy Jack; The Trial of Billy Jack.* 7/11, *Sweet Charity; Nights of Cabiria.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Cheap Detective.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Servant and Mistress.*

8th St Playhouse, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *The Grateful Dead.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *Convoy.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *House Calls; The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Pretty Baby.*

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750). *House Calls.*

Gemini II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Convoy.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Julia.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Convoy.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 7/6, *The Goodbye Girl;* 7/7-13, *A Mouse and the Child;* 7/14-18, *The Bad News Bears Go to Japan;* from 7/19, *International Velvet.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Cheap Detective.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Damien-Omen II.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Grease.*

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Grease.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Closed. II. Thru 7/6, *The Edge;* from 7/7, *A Mouse and the Child.* III. *Convoy.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Jaws II.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 7/4, noon, *A Berger To Go* and *Ain't City Music;* 2:30, *A Face in the Crowd;* 6 p.m. *Tol'able David.* 7/6, 2:30, *Over the Hill;* 6 p.m. *Hell Harbor;* 8:30, *The Winning of Barbara Worth.* 7/7, 2:30, *The White Sister;* 6 p.m. *A Face in the Crowd.* 7/8, noon, *Stanley and Livingstone;* 2:30, *Merely Mary Ann;* 5 p.m. *Lightin'.* 7/10, noon, *Stanley and Livingstone;* 2:30, Hell Harbor; 5 p.m. *The Southerner.* 7/10, noon, *Devil's Bait;* 2:30, *Marie Galante;* 6 p.m. *Stella Dallas.* 7/11, noon, *Devil's Bait;* 2:30, *Hondoo Ann;* 6 p.m. *Over the Hill.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Pretty Baby.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 7/4, *House Calls; The Last Remake of Beau Geste.* From 7/5, *Coming Home; Jabberwocky.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). Thru 7/18, *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). Thru 7/8, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands;* from 7/9, *Viva Italia!*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 7/4, *House Calls.* From 7/5, *Coming Home.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *High Anxiety.* II. Thru 7/4, *Red River; Misfits.* From 7/5-8, *Streetcar Named Desire; The Fugitive Kind.* 7/9-13, *A Place in the Sun; The Wild One.* III. Thru 7/4, *The End.* From 7/5, *The First Time.* IV. *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Lacemaker.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). *Matilda.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 7/2-4, *The Wizard of Oz; Lili.* 7/5-8, *The Philadelphia Story; Adam's Rib.* 7/9-11, *Broadway Melody of 1938,*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Jaws II.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 7/4, *F.I.S.T.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). Thru 7/9, *A Woman at Her Window.* From 7/10, *Replay.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 7/4, *House Calls.* From 7/5, *Coming Home.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Dear Inspector.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 7/4, theater closed. 7/5, 6, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town; Here Comes the Groom.* 7/7, 8, *Take the Money and Run; What's New Pussycat?* 7/9, 10, *The Man Who Loved Women; Stolen Kisses.* 7/11, *Breathless; My Life to Live.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 7/3, 4, *Sabrina; Funny Face.* 7/5, *Captains Courageous; Treasure Island.* 7/6, *Cobra Woman; Sudan.* 7/7, *The Third Man; The Trail.* 7/8, 9, *Charlie Chan in Paris; Charlie Chan Murder Over New York.* 7/10, *Born to Dance; Rosalie.* 7/11, *The Divorcee; Strange Interlude.*

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255). *Damien-Omen II.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). To be announced.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Cat From Outer Space.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Pretty Baby.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Last Waltz.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Alicia–Victor Casaus's documentary on the famous ballerina, Alicia Alonso, with scenes from her early life and excerpts from various ballets. We witness her triumph over blindness, and the worldwide acclaim she has received. 7/9, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Bonjour Amour–Story of a first love—all its joys, sorrow, and discoveries, directed by Roger Andrieux, starring Pascal Meynier and Guilhaine Dubos. Thru 7/8, Cinema II.

Capricorn One–Directed by Peter Hyams, film deals with conspiracy involving the U.S. Space Agency. With Elliott Gould, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O.J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook. Rivoli.

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema I.

The Cheap Detective–Neil Simon's comedy starring Peter Falk is not so much written for the screen as assembled from old-movie cliches patched up and fitted to a new line of stars. It is a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop the relationships of Peter Falk and Louise Fletcher as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor

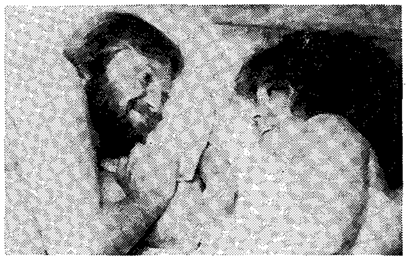
Illustrated by Jacqueline Chwa

that provides the film with its funniest and most resonant moments. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietnam that is true to neither individual nor political realities. From 7/5, Art; Playboy, Olympia; St Marks Cinema.

Convoy–Ali MacGraw, Kris Kristofferson, and Ernest Borgnine in a film about a truck driver's protest. Directed by Sam Peckinpah. 86th Street East; Greenwich; Gemini II; Loews Triplex III.

WELCOME HOME, DEAR



Jane Fonda, as a hospital volunteer, and **Jon Voight,** who plays a disabled war veteran, become romantically involved in **Coming Home,** at the Art. Its co-feature is *Klute,* this time starring Jane Fonda with Donald Sutherland. From July 5th.

Damien-Omen II–William Holden and Lee Grant star, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor is introduced as the Antichrist Child, now in his teens. Directed by Don Taylor, the film features Lew Ayres and Sylvia Sidney. 34th Street East, and Loews Cine.

Dear Inspector–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Sutton.

A Different Story–The old gay meets gal, gay and gal become roommates (gal is lesbian) story given a surprisingly fresh face by the empathetic acting of Meg Foster and Perry King. But when the sparkle of friendship surrenders to the steam of sex, the film goes rapidly downhill and finally derails. First film by director Paul Aaron. Baronet.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Thru 7/8, Paris; from 7/9, Cinema II.

The End–This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners *seem* more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavior of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting roles. Quad.

Faces of Love–Michel Soutter's new Swiss film about three actresses and their relationship with a film director while shooting on location a film of Chekhov's *Three Sisters.* It stars Jean-Louis Trintignant, Delphine Seyrig, Lea Massari, and Valerie Mairesse. From 7/7, Cinema Studio.

Fellini Satyricon–An adaptation of Petronius's unfinished novel into a film that just about finishes it off. An eclectic, tasteless jumble of steals from various classical sources crossed with Fellini's own circusy predilection for the bizarre, uncouth, misshapen. A grandiose nightmare shuttling between pointlessness and tastelessness with here and there a striking or poignant image stranded among monstrosities. 7/8, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

F.I.S.T.–Norman Jewison's drama of criminal infiltration in a teamster-style union only skims the surface of this fascinating subject, but it has charm and vitality. Sylvester Stallone as the charismatic, silver-tongued Johnny Kovak is always interesting, but the film lacks textural authenticity, and it hasn't the power drive to lift it off the ground. 72nd St E.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Thru 7/6, Guild.

Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Loews Orpheum; Bay Cinema; Loews State I.

Heaven Can Wait–Warren Beatty, as a star quarterback, isn't meant to die in a near-fatal accident, but a heavenly functionary plucks him to paradise prematurely. He is then permitted to return to earth in the body of another. Beatty's version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 per cent funnier. Loews State II; Loews Tower East.

House Calls–Howard Zieff's furious and funny comedy is a middle-aged romance starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson as the cautious, one-step-at-a-time lovers. Matthau and Jackson have never been more charming. They bring out in each other a quality of shy vulnerability that is downright erotic. Art Carney is hilarious as the beacon of incompetence of a Los Angeles hospital that is a monument to malpractice. Embassy 72nd; Olympia; St Marks Cinema; Playboy; 59th St E.

Idi Amin Dada–Wholeheartedly recommended is Barbet Schroeder's documentary about the Ugandan dictator. The general is an odd mixture of monstrousness and charm, shrewdness and stupidity, arrogance and eagerness to captivate. He is both a liar and a visionary, sordid and grandiosely unhinged, murderous, and hilarious. This man is a scary, horrible illustration of what happens when a primitive mentality acquires absolute power. 7/6, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? Yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I & II; RKO 86th St I & II; Murray Hill; D.W. Griffith.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Gramercy.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Quad.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste–There is something mildly repulsive about the idea of parodying *Beau Geste,* either the novel by Wren or the movie by Wellman. Marty Feldman's film is very much a graduation piece from the Mel Brooks school of farce. In this version we have Feldman and Michael York as identical twins, orphans whom Trevor Howard, lord of Geste Manor, adopts and names Beau and Digby. The result is mirthless straining. Olympia; Embassy 72nd.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Ziegfeld.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, now old and puffy whore. Plaza.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. 7/9, 10, Thalia.

Matilda–Elliot Gould, Robert Mitchum, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, and Karen Carlson are in the cast of a comedy celebrating the misadventures of a boxing kangaroo. Daniel Mann directed. Radio City Music Hall.

Maitresse–Barbet Schroeder has directed a grisly and unabsorbing tale about a professional domina and her well-to-do clients who come to her to be subjected to bondage and torture, and with whom she lives in a peculiar symbiosis. Sensationalism cannot afford to be lackluster. The film fails both as serious filmmaking and as pornography. 7/6, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Pretty Baby–Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. Festival; New Yorker; Waverly.

Replay–Michel Drach's romantic thriller about an amnesiac victim of an automobile accident and her seemingly devoted husband. As he attempts to help her reconstruct the details of her life, and their marriage, she becomes increasingly aware of half truths and deliberate deceptions. Marie Jose Nat and Victor Lanoux star. From 7/10, 68th St Playhouse.

Servant and Mistress–Inside this film, there's a funny little one dying to get out, but there's little room for humor in this drama of depravity about a servant (Andrea Ferreol) left everything by her rich employer, who then lords it over the disinherited nephew (Victor Lanoux), forcing him to pay for his past liberties with ever greater lessons in servitude. The plot is absurd on the face of it, but the actors themselves are mesmerizing. Eastside.

The Seventh Seal–A medieval knight and his squire pit themselves against the plague, evil men, and Death himself. Ingmar Bergman's most famous film is not necessarily his best; its metaphysics get out of hand. But there are marvelous episodes, exquisite performances, powerful visual effects, and scenes simply oozing the spirit of the Middle Ages. 7/10, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001.* But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

Stolen Kisses–Perhaps the nearest Truffaut ever came to recapturing the more lighthearted and ingenious aspects of his first three (and still best) films. Jean-Pierre continues playing Antoine Doinel, Truffaut's semiautobiographical hero first seen in *The 400 Blows,* and takes him through random, sometimes sloppy but sometimes quite funny, misadventures to the verge of marriage with pleasant Claude Jade. Lovely supporting performances, especially from Michel Lonsdale and Delphine Seyrig. 7/9, 10, Thalia.

Take the Money and Run–Woody Allen's comedy in the classic tradition is quintessential Allen, beautifully compact and simply rib-cracking fun. 7/7, 8, Thalia.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Cinema III.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance, under the guidance of Murray Horwitz and Richard Maltby jr. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

VEIN HOPES

Frank Langella, who received a Tony Award nomination for his performance in the Broadway hit **Dracula,** has agreed to extend his engagement in the show at the Martin Beck Theatre through October 1st. He was originally scheduled to leave the show on July 2nd. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. 302 W 45th St (246-6363).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Jessica Tandy and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!–A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés,* she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/31. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat, Wed & Thurs at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Once in a Lifetime–This George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart revival has no more than five or six honest laughs. It involves a New York playwright having a nervous breakdown in Hollywood from underwork. The rest is just shabby one-upmanship, or half-upmanship, middlebrows winking at one another across the footlights. The best work in the large cast comes from John Lithgow as the simpleton who, in Hollywood, is crowned philosopher-king. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet,* which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon *is extremely clever and likable, which is as* unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound,* thru 7/23. Tim Kelly's *Frankenstein,* thru 7/23, Knott's *Dial M for Murder,* thru 7/27. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

All's Well That Ends Well–First of the Shakespeare-in-the-park season. Directed by Wilford Leach, Shakespeare's comedy features Mark Linn Baker, Remak Ramsay, Pamela Reed, Deborah Rush, Barbara Williams, and Elizabeth Wilson. Delacorte Theater in Central Park. From 7/5. Free, but come early for tickets.

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable *moments in Broadway's musical history,* directed by Lee Theodore, with Helen Gallagher, Barry Preston, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Sun at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

Baal–Bertolt Brecht's first play. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m.; 7/6 thru 7/23. $3. Random Theater, 124 E 12th St. (541-7600).

Catsplay–Istvan Orkeny's play is artistically accomplished, meltingly humane, and cries out for the biggest and best exposure. It is the best new play of the season, wonderfully old-fashioned and deals with such antique commodities as sympathy for all its characters, and is about life that refuses to capitulate to any sort of betrayal—by friends, family, lovers, or even common sense. The acting is excellent for the most part, and Lynne Meadow has directed with economy and purposefulness in John Lee Beatty's modest but apt set. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Crimes Against Nature–New play in which nine gay male performers each relates his story of how he has survived in an oppressive society. Tues thru Thurs at 10; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 8 p.m. Actors Plyhse, Seventh Ave So at Sheridan Sq (989-6311).

Drama Committee Repertory–GBS's *Man of Destiny,* Wed & Thurs at 8; Sun at 2:30, thru 7/27. *Crane's Way,* Mon thru Thurs at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. thru 7/6. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

A Family Blanket–Carolyn Pines's play, directed by Alan Dibona. 7/6, at 8:30 p.m.; 7/7, 8, 9, 13, 14 at 8:00 p.m. $2.50. Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

A Fierce Longing–*Play based on the life and works* of the Japanese author Yukio Mishima. Wed thru Sat at 7 p.m. thru 7/8. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3652).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, *amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little* urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. *Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to* be too fast, too manifold, too clever. From 7/4, Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Thru 9/2. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Frankenstein–Dramatized by Tim Kelly from the classic by Mary Shelley, directed by Roy Doliner. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30 p.m.; Fri thru Sat at 9:30 p.m. thru 7/23. $4. Academy Arts Theatre, 330 E 56 St (763-8183).

Godspell–A revival of the award-winning musical, with songs by Stephen Schwartz, and directed by Michael Pappalardo. Thurs thru Sun, thru 7/16, eve at 7 p.m.; Sat mat at 1 p.m. $6.50. Foundation Faith Auditorium, 1147 1st Ave at 63rd (354-5834).

Heartaches–James Bierman's play, directed by Douglas Johnson. 7/5-9, 11-16, at 8 p.m. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. She is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and it is to be recommended that you memorize her. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

International Stud–Harvey Fierstein's play about a Brooklyn Jewish boy who makes his living as a drag performer and stud. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 5 & 8. Players Theater, 115 MacDougal (254-5076).

The Irish Experience in Three Acts–Directed by Kevin MacSweeney. 7/7-9, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m.; Sun mat at 3 p.m. $3. An Claidheamh Soluis, 553 West 51st St (757-3318).

Just the Immediate Family–Play by Grace Kimmins, directed by Richard Russell Ramos. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3. $6. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (242-2695).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and *off-stage relationships, he gives away the* show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. José Ferrer stars. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

A Little Wine With Lunch–Comedy revue by John Von Hartz, with music by William Shimmel, directed by Norman Marshall. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m., thru 9/3. No Smoking Plyhse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Man-Wo-Man–Ed Bullins's *Michael,* and Neil Harris's *Passion Without Reason.* Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Free. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Mary Rose–Sir James M. Barrie's ghost story, directed by Larry Carpenter. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. $4. Lion Theatre, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

Mermaids–Deborah Fortson directed this play about women growing up. Thru 7/16, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Moliere in Spite of Himself–Mikhail Bulgakov's not very good *A Cabal of Hypocrites* adapted into a much worse and unendurably longer play by Michael Lessac, who also directed the cast into what he must have taken to be stylization, but is mostly palsied delivery further overwhelmed by unmeaningful pauses. Tues thru Sat at 7:40 p.m. thru July. Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

The Note–Robert Somerfeld's play, directed by Bill Lentsch. 7/3-7 at 1:15 p.m. $1.50. Quaigh Theatre, 108 W 43rd St. (221-9088).

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally *new version of the Count's adventures* (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry *Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St* (YU 9-2020).

Piano Bar–A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Price of Genius–A new play by Betty Neustat, based on the life of a 17th century Mexican nun. Susan Stevens has the title role. Directed by Susan Lehman. 7/6-9, all at 8 p.m. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (246-6569).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Royal Court Repertory–*It's Too Hot in July and Other Adult Fables,* by Henri, Hart, Kranish and Wahl, 7/3-6, 10-13, at 8 p.m. Harriet Bigus's *And the Furies Scream,* 7/3-6 at 6 p.m. Milli Janz's *An Evening with George Sand,* 7/11-13, at 6:30 p.m. Toby Handman's *Housewife Ad Nauseum,* 7/10, 13, at 10:30 p.m. Royal Court, 301 W 55th (997-9582).

The Show Off–George Kelly's *1920s* comedy, starring Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 7/16. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Spanish Theater Repertory–Plays by Lorca, Carbal*lido, Raznovich; Calderon, and Lope de Vega, in* Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru July. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

Spring Awakening–An adaptation by Edward Bond of Wedekind's play written in 1891. Directed by Liviu Ciulei. 7/7 thru 7/23 at 8:00 p.m.; mat Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)

Street Corner Time–A new musical starring Rhetta Hughes. From July 7. Grand Finale II, 210 W 70th St. (595-9052, 759-3033).

Taudshow–A play for one actor from the life and work of Antonin Artaud, starring Jerry Mayer, directed by John Pynchon Holms. Tues, Wed, Thurs, at 8 p.m. $3. Little Theater, 425 Lafayette (677-6350).

Three By Two–A showcase for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, stars Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg. From 7/5 at 8 p.m. Thurs thru Mon at 8; late shows Fri & Sat at 10:30; mat Sun at 5:30. Cubiculo Theatre, 414 West 51st St (265-2138).

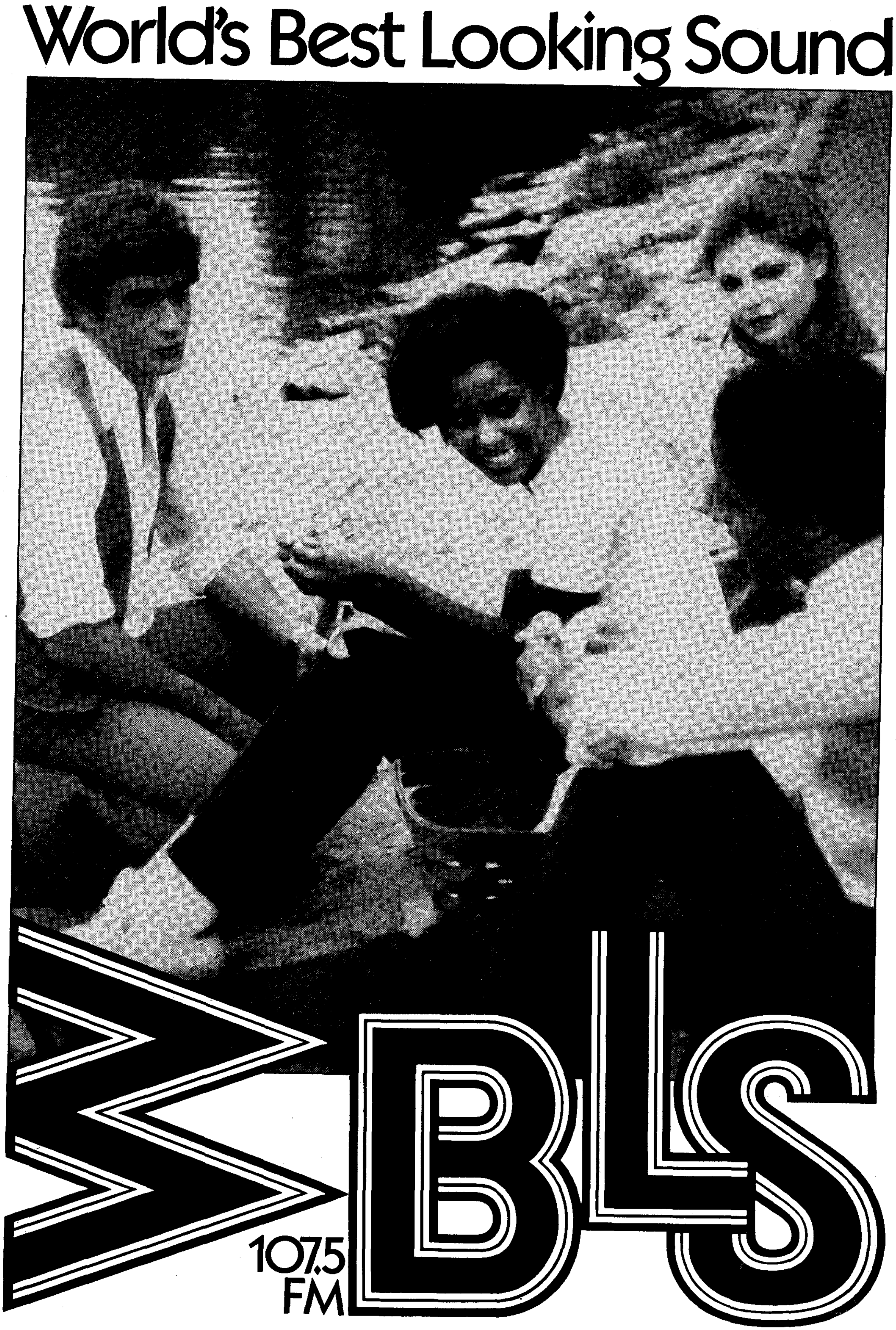
Until The Real Thing Comes Along–A sentimental hour of comedy, written by and starring Phil Stein and Mike Badalucco. Thru 7/9, Wed-Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 8 p.m. $3. *Westbeth Theatre Center,* 151 Bank St. (691-2272).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.), but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a* three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Which Way to Nirvana?–Written and directed by *Pascal Vaquer. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m.* From July 6. The Play Factor, 692 Greenwich St (243-3035).

Wilma Project Repertory–*Lives of the Saints,* by Barbara Duffy, 7/3-6, 10-13, at 10 p.m. Mon thru Thurs. Gary Grissom's *I Was Thinking* and *So Bored with the U.S. of A.,* 7/7-9, 14-16 at 10 p.m.; Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. The Performing Garage, 33-35 Wooster St (966-3651).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).


World's Best Looking Sound
WBLS
107.5
FM

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave. Rita Dimitri entertains every Tues thru Sat. Mondays, Trudy Richards Moreau, once Charlie Barnet's vocalist, sings with sparkle and wit (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Spanish revue, "Latinisima," Mon thru Fri, 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a new revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club with a revue reminiscent of the 30s. Thru 7/10, Earl "Fatha" Hines and his trio, with vocalist Marva Josie. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 7/29, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio; thru 7/30, Kitt and Mike Moran, nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. 7/3-15, jazz singer Dakota Staton in Lainie's Room (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorusboys, directed by Peter Jackson. (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays). (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd—Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. 7/3-22, Hi Lads and A Lass entertain three times nightly. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with Pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. The Irving Fields Trio supplies dance music Mon thru Fri 8 til midnight. Sat til 1 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, Madison at 43rd (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Singer-pianist Theresa Kelly here for four weeks, Mon thru Fri, 7 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Bobby Short is here with Beverly Peer on bass, and Gene Gammage on drums, thru 7/14.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** From 7/4 thru Labor Day, Tony Gorody plays the piano and sings Tues thru Sat 9:30-12:30.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano. Mon thru Fri, and Earl Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.
Call for latest information as to
when and where They're playing.

Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Ted Daniel has the big band on Monday nights (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Singer Tony Azio here thru 7/8, with songs from the 20's, 30's, and 40's (473-9367).

Barbara's–78 West 3rd St. 7/7 & 8, saxist Gerard Badini & the "Swing Machine" (473-9326).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 7/5-8, Nina Sheldon and Jerome Steig Trio (675-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 7/5, Little River Band; 7/6 only, two of the legends of the electric guitar, Les Paul and Chet Atkins, will make a rare appearance in these parts. 7/7-8, Son Seals, the very exciting bluesman from Chicago, will share the bill with John Hammond, who does Robert Johnson impressions. 7/10, 11, John Prine. (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

GENTLEMEN PREFER

Bobbi Baird is one of a series of lady singers to be paired with Ellis Larkens in **Carnegie Tavern** for the summer. She will do three sets a night with Ellis, beginning around 8 p.m. Monday thru Saturday. 165 W. 56th Street, and the telephone number is PL 7-9522.

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. This is the city's bastion for traditional jazz. The house band is led by clubowner-bassist Red Balaban and includes the majestic veteran trombonist Vic Dickenson. 7/4, trumpeter Benny Ventura sits in. 7/9, the Scott Hamilton Quartet (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. From 7/3 Joe Turner, the last of the stride pianists and a long time citizen of France, is making one of his exceedingly rare and joyful appearances in this country, until further notice. Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30 and Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy–45th & Vanderbilt. From 7/5, tenor saxist Scott Hamilton and his trio perform at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (687-1860).

Le Farfalle–209 W 48th. Split-level disco with large dance floors and extra special effects. Wed thru Sun from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. (582-0352).

Fortune Garden–1160 Third at 67th. Chinese restaurant-club with Hungarian-born pianist, John Kuna, mixing a czardas beat with his popular melodies, thru 7/22, Mon thru Fri 5-9 p.m. and Sat 5-7 p.m. (744-1212).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Pianist Hod O'Brian's trio with guitarist Joe Puma has most of the week (Wed thru Sun) and virtuoso bebop guitarist Chuck Wayne has a trio on Tuesday. But the best is reserved for Monday nights, when Al Haig brings his inimitable finesse to the keyboard (371-2220).

Hopper's–6th Ave. at 11th St. From 7/10, Bob Brookmeyer and group, 9:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m., Mon thru Sat; 1 a.m. shows Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Irish Pavilion–130 E 57th. Pat Conway trio with Pat Mahon on accordion and Pete Cannata on bass guitar playing and singing country, Irish, light rock (759-9041).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Guitarist-singer Luis Meyers here Fri & Sat from 6 to 9 p.m. (582-3193).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–7/4-15, Jonathan Schwartz sings the songs of his father Arthur Schwartz, thrice nightly from 9:15 (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Art Syms band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 7/7-9, Etta James (573-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Thru 7/8, singer Helen Forrest, she of the Benny Goodman Orchestra and still an ingratiating interpeter of good pop songs, backed by a jazz trio; from 7/11, Anita O'Day nightly at 9 & 11:30 p.m. Tues thru Sun (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 7/4-8, Bob Brookmeyer quartet (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Diana Macris. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Top of the Gate–Bleeker at Thompson. Performances from 10:30 p.m. til 3 a.m. Excellent food and drink (GR 5-5120).

Le Vert-Galant–109 W 46th. Maurice's handsome French place, convenient for excellent dining in the theater district; Marcy Morton sings in the lounge, and there is piano entertainment nightly. Closed Sunday (JU 2-7989).

Village Gate–160 Bleecker. Richiardi and his "Incredible World of Magic and Illusion," with five other magicians. 7/4 only, the Chicago blues band of Otis Rush, an electrifying performer and guitarist, will heat up the upstairs room (473-7270).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Dexter Gordon brings his fine quartet and billowing, smoky lyricism to this legendary subterranean music hall thru 7/9 (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Big Apple Circus, Big Apple Park, Eighth Ave. at 60th St. (581-9186). A one-ring tent circus, featuring acrobats, trapeze artists, clowns, and gymnasts; 7/4 at 1 & 4, 7/5 at 11:15 & 2:15, 7/6-8 at 2:15 & 7:30, 7/9 at 1 & 4.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues at 8, Wed-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2.

Pat & Debby Boone/Norm Crosby, Westbury Music Fair (516-333-0533); 7/4-7 at 8:30, 7/8 at 7 & 10:30, 7/9 at 7:30.

All-American Dance Marathon: A dancing party in the streets of lower Manhattan—Chase Manhattan Plaza, Jeanette Park, William & Beaver Sts., Federal Hall, and Battery Park—July 4 from 2 to 6 p.m. (269-0320).

Concerts

Tuesday, July 4

Robb Goldstein, songs of the American Revolution, Fraunces Tavern, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776), at 2.

Carillon Recital, Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. (749-7000), at 2.

An American Dream Revisited, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0818), at 4.

Wednesday, July 5

Summer Sings: Village Singers, NYU Catholic Center, 58 Washington Sq. South (254-9703), at 7:30.

Tom Paxton, McGraw-Hill Park, 49th St. between Sixth & Seventh Aves. (582-2424), at 4:30.

National Theater of Japan, Beacon Theater, Bdwy at 74th St. (874-1717), at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Sea Breeze Ave. at West 5th St., Bklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts works of Mendelssohn, Bartok, and Boieldieu, at 8.

Frankie Valli, Wollman Theater, at 7.

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.

Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

Thursday, July 6

Whitestone Run, bluegrass, South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. (427-1488), at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Melrose Drug Center, 470 E 161st St., Bronx (784-3812), at 3.

Goldman Band, Christopher Morley Park in Roslyn (838-7262), at 8.

La Rocque Bey Drummers & Dancers, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), at 7.

Friday, July 7

Billy Taylor, piano, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.

David Eyges, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Fort Tryon Park at Riverside Dr. (784-3812), at 2.

Al DiMeola, Wollman Theater, at 6:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Kissena Park, Oak Ave. at 164th St., Flushing (682-6567). Same program as 7/5, at 8.

Kansas, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.

Sea Chanteys, South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020), at 7:30.

Summer Sings, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 7.

CAFE San Martin
"Now Open Sunday Brunch 12-4 p.m."
1458 First Avenue (at 76th St.)
New York, NY 10021 288-0470

JACK KAPLAN IS IN A PICKLE ...
in corned beef & lox, in all the great deli-cuisine he serves for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day!!
Kaplan's
59 E 59/N.Y.
PL 5-5959
at the delmonico

MIDTOWN
Torremolinos
SPANISH RESTAURANT
230 E. 51 St.
(Bet. 2nd & 3rd)
755-1862
LUNCH & DINNER/COCKTAILS
STROLLING GUITARIST & SINGER
CLOSED SUNDAYS
Pamplona
SPANISH RESTAURANT
822 6th Ave.
(Bet. 28 & 29 Sts.)
683-4242
DOWNTOWN

PETE'S TAVERN
ITALIAN & AMERICAN CUISINE
"Oldest Standing Bar in NYC Since 1864"
Sidewalk Cafe
Now Open
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
"The Tavern O'Henry Made Famous"
129 East 18th St. (Cor. Irving Place) GR 3-7676

SUMMER IS HERE
with all the newest styles
that create the mood.

SKIRTS in all flowery prints, TROUSERS pleated & comfortable, BLOUSES tapered yet unconstructed, DRESSES that flow as you move, T-SHIRTS to go anywhere, JEANS that fit better than ever
All geared to the working girl's pocketbook.

Brief Encounter
a unique female haberdashery
1594 2nd Avenue (bet. 82 & 83 sts.)
Mon-Fri 11:30-8, Sat 10-6

knickers
688-9488
Lunch Dinner Brunch
928 Second Ave
at 49 Street New York

RICHARD MEI'S
KING DRAGON
"The House of Quality Food for the Epicurean"
Open for LUNCHEON, COCKTAILS & DINNER—Major Credit Cards
1273 3rd AVE. (73rd St.) • YU 8-3433—8-3496

LA TOJA
"DELICIOUS CUISINE
FROM SPAIN"
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
CREDIT CARDS • 7 DAYS
519 2nd AVE. (COR. 29th St.)
TEL: 889-1909 — 889-1910

Pier 29
Seafood Specialty House Since 1916
★★★ "Excellent"—N.Y. Times
LUNCH • DINNER
COCKTAILS • CREDIT CARDS
200 East 29th St., NYC (Near 3rd Ave.)
Tel. 889-6590 • MU 4-9877

Owner FUMIKO HOSODA
welcomes you...
"Dining at Shinbashi
is spending an evening
in Japan"

Luncheon-Cocktails
Complete Dinners
And A La Carte
Party Facilities,
Credit Cards - Closed Sun.
Shinbashi
280 PARK AVE. (On 48th St.)
NEW YORK CITY-TEL: 661-3915
(bet. Park & Madison)

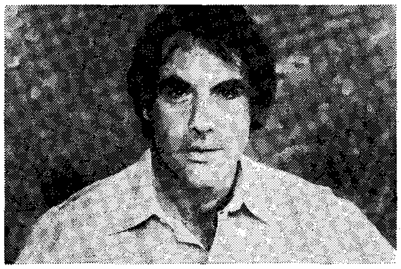
Chef of the Year Award
Le Périgord Park
Park at 63rd. St., N.Y.C.
(212) 752-0050
Le Périgord
OPEN 5PM FOR
PRE THEATER DINNER
405 E. 52nd. St., N.Y.C.
(212) PL5-6244
PRIVATE PARTY FACILITIES

Dial Our Two
Great Services:
★ Dial•a•Dinner
Lobster, Steak,
Chicken, Fish, Etc.
Working late? Don't want to cook? Get piping hot meals — lunch or dinner — to home or office. Enjoy O. Henry's famous food.
★ Free Limousine
Service
Want a touch of elegance? Ask for Free Limousine Pick-up. (With your reservation). In Manhattan only, Wall St. to 86th St., River to River. Fine food and service.
*All major credit cards.
O. HENRY'S
Famous Steak and Seafood House
West 4th St. & 6th Ave., N.Y.C.
242-2002

AROUND TOWN

Saturday, July 8

ONE-NIGHT STAND-UP COMIC



The marvelous funnyman **Robert Klein** returns to his roots on Saturday, July 8 for a concert at the annual Dr. Pepper Music Festival in Central Park. Appearing with him will be Dion (remember him?). At the Wollman Theater (Fifth Ave. at 59th St.) at 6:30 (249-8870).

David Eyges, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Goldman Band, Seaside Park, Ocean Pkwy at Sea Breeze Ave., Bklyn (838-7262), at 8.

Rakish Paddy, Irish music, South Street Seaport Pier 15, South St. at East River (766-9020), at 7:30.

So What, jazz, Central Park Bandshell, at 72nd St. (866-2045), at 2:30.

Sunday, July 9

Martha Bixler, harpsichord/**Collete Harris,** viola da gamba/**Paul Jacobson,** recorder, Gustavus Adolphus Church, 155 E 22nd St. (674-0739), at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, The Muse, 1530 Bedford Ave., Bklyn (784-3812), at 6.

Jane Adler, mime/**Andrew Bolotwosky,** flute, Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 E 91st St. (860-6868), at 3.

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.

Kenny Loggins, Calderone Concert Hall, 145 North Franklin St., Hempstead (516-481-4400), at 8.

Monday, July 10

Kenny Loggins/Kate Taylor, Wollman Theater, at 6:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op city, Bronx (682-6567). Same program as 7/5, at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Battery Park (784-3812), at 1.

Tuesday, July 11

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Bronx Park East, at Lydig Ave. (682-6567). Same program as 7/5, at 8.

Phil Bennett Society Orchestra/Linea Dance Co., Fort Tryon Park Playground, Bdwy at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: *Alice* Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).

Nassau Coliseum, *Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.* (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Wollman Theater in Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste,* 7/5 at 2 & 8:30, 7/6-7 at 8:30, 7/8 at 4 & 8:30, 7/9 at 4.

Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. (674-5243). *Tosca,* 7/7 at 7:30, 7/9 at 2:30.

Dance

BERLIN OPERA BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

WELCOME

Galina and **Valery Panov** will be making their New York debut on July 6 when, as guest artists with the Berlin Opera Ballet, they dance the principal roles in *Cinderella,* Valery Panov's new staging of the Prokofiev classic. The occasion also marks the first American appearance of the Berlin Opera Ballet. July 6-16 at the New York State Theater (877-4727).

Thurs, 7/6 at 7: *Cinderella.* Fri, 7/7 at 7: *Giselle.* Sat, 7/8 at 2 & 8: *Giselle.* Sun, 7/9 at 3 & 8: *Cinderella.* Tues, 7/11 at 8: *Cinderella.*

PERFORMING ARTS ENSEMBLE OF THE PEOPLE'S
REPUBLIC OF CHINA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Wed, 7/5 at 7:30: *Lotus Dance; Suona Solo; Laundry Song; Soprano Solo; San Cha Kou; Pipa Solo; Red Silk Dance; Red Detachment of Women; Chinese National Instrumental Music; Bowl Dance; Piano Solo; Monkey Makes Havoc in Heaven.* Thurs, 7/6 & Fri, 7/7 at 8: *Peacock Dance; Chinese National Instrumental Music; Long Drum Dance; Soprano Solo; Autumn River; Erhus Solo; Militiawomen of the Grasslands; White-Haired Girl; Tenor Solo; Picking Grapes; Bamboo Flute; Bow Dance; Ching Solo; Yentang Mountain.* Sat, 7/8 at 2: Same program as 7/6. Sat, 7/8 at 8: Same program as 7/5. Tues, 7/11 at 8: Same program as 7/5.

OTHER

Clark Center Dance Festival, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (246-4818): New Choreographers Concert '78, 7/5-6, 8-9 at 8; Dances by Susan Dibble, 7/7 at 8; Asian American Dance Theater, 7/11 at 8.

Fournier-Grego Dance Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, 7/8 at 8.

Linea Dance Co., Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. (362-0673), 7/9 at 2:30.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Lee Adler**–Machine-inspired paintings and prints from the 70s, thru 7/21. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

A taste of life Italian style

VITTORIO GASSMAN

ALBERTO SORDI

UGO TOGNAZZI

ORNELLA MUTI

VIVA ITALIA!

Directed by MARIO MONICELLI • DINO RISI • ETTORE SCOLA • FROM CINEMA 5

AMERICAN PREMIERE SUNDAY, JULY 9 AT THE PARIS THEATRE

the Lion's Head
drinks
noon-4 am
dinner
at 5 pm
929-0670
59 Christopher Street

Le Palais
Haute Cuisine Française
RESORTS INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
On The Boardwalk ● Atlantic City
Reservations: 609 344-6000

Le Madrigal
Restaurant
IS PLEASED TO
ANNOUNCE THAT
GERARD MELOU
HAS JOINED OUR
RESTAURANT AS A
PARTNER & EXECUTIVE
CHEF
216 East 53rd Street, N.Y.C.
Reservations: 355-0322

RENO
SWEENEY
"THE LITTLE CLUB
WITH THE BIG NAME"
126 WEST 13/691.0900

le Farfalle
DISCOTHEQUE
New York's newest discotheque
Where lights and sounds embrace you
with clusters of fluttering butterflies,
amidst elegant mirrored reflections
209 West 48th Street
582-0352

PLACE FOR STEAK
Formerly Bum Steer
NY's newest "in Place" with an
extensive menu specializing in Steak,
Prime Ribs, Lobster & Stone Crabs.
Entertainment nightly in our new intimate lounge.
334 E. 73rd ST. NYC-879-1040
Dinner From 6PM All Major Credit Cards

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Elaine Apteker–Plastic sculpture, thru 7/7. Findlay, 984 Mad at 77th (249-2909). Mon-Fri 10-5.

Tom Dubicanac–Ecological and socio-cultural collages, *thru 7/22. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).* Tues-Sat 12-5.

***Egon Schiele**(1890-1918)–Self-portraits in paintings, drawings, and watercolors, thru 8/31. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Pierre Soulages–Tightly structured works with chiaroscuro effects of the 50s and the darker compositions of the 60s and 70s, thru 7/14. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897). Mon-Fri 10-5.

SoHo

Bonnie Hirschhorn–Paintings & drawings, thru 7/8. Wells Design, 135 Greene (982-8532). Thurs-Sat 1-6.

Owen Morrel–Asylum, thru 9/30. Roof Top, 260 W Bdwy (966-0644). Mon-Fri 9-6, Sat 12-6.

OTHER

Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Philip Pearlstein–Recent prints of the nude/Graphic portfolios by Abrahams, Acconci, Arneson, others, thru 9/1. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006). Tues-Fri 11-5.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***de Nagy**–29 W 57th (421-3780). Shape and field in abstractions by Mueller, Purcell, Saito, and Youkilis, thru 7/13.

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5. *Gallery artists Dove, Sheeler, Gwathmey, Leaf,* others, 7/5-8/18.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Genesis–41 E 57th (751-7220). New talent by Lewis, Roosevelt, others, thru 7/15.

Kornblee–20 W 57th (586-1178). Different approaches to scale by Gnoli, Hollweg, Kurt, others, thru 7/14.

Pearl–29 W 57th (838-6310). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Painters on paper, including Greene, Loew, Lytle, Phillips, and Chaet, thru 7/28.

Portnoy–56 W 57th (757-0461). Mon-Thurs 10-5:30. The back room in ceramics by members, thru 7/30.

Sande–61 E 57th (688-1904). Works by gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Truman–38 E 57th (688-3516). Attitudes about art in the works of Christo, Hackin, Tuttle, thru 7/20.

Zabriskie–29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Sculpture, paintings, and photos, 7/5-29.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Works by J. Dinerstein Girling, Ross, Slone, and Youkilis, thru 7/23.

Blackburn–110 W 30th (868-7459). Small pewter works by Mingo, a granite floor piece by Stark, others, thru 7/15.

Elkon–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Mon-Fri 10-5:45. Arnoldi, Buckley, Delap, Ridenhour, Roth, and Wesley, thru 7/14.

Forum–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Still-life painters, thru 7/31.

Guild–1145 Mad Ave (861-3776). Tues-Sun 11-5. Prints by Bragg, Neiman, Rockwell, thru 7/18.

***L'Ibis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from *Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.*

Ingber–3 E 78th (744-3158). Oils of the street by Day, Jirby, Sherrod, others, thru 8/1.

Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies–8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5. Projects, sets, and arcadias by Cook and Herron, thru 7/20.

***Knoedler**–19 E 70th (988-1304). Treasures of Mexico, thru 7/22.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Mon-Fri 11-5. *Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs* of food and drink by Addams, Arno, Booth, Modell, Stevenson, others, thru 7/15.

Urdane–23 E 74th (BU8-7004). Gouaches by Gluck, installation drawings by Soreff, numerological systems by Shaw, others, thru 7/15.

SoHo

***Caldwell**–383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Monochromatic abstractions, thru 7/8.

Common Ground–Spring (734-3111). South American festival costumes and masks, naïve paintings, and Asian textiles, thru 7/8.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Tues-Sat 12-5. Summer invitational with Applebaum, Feingenbaum, Velenta, others, thru 7/15.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Drawings by seven Frenchmen and clay masks by Ethical Culture School students, thru 7/12.

Milliken–141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Fri 11-5:00. Baynard, Friedberg, Saba, Matt, others, thru 7/27.

Neill–136 Greene (925-8633). Works on paper by Absatz, Cristofaro, Pullen, others, plus sculpture by Simonis, thru 7/15.

***Soho Center**–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Reflective color abstractions by Amann, alternating stained and saturated color-field works by Colman, iconic kinetic constructions by Cooney-Crawford, Gaetano, Mathews, Tavins, thru 7/29.

Sperone Westwater Fischer–142 Greene (431-3685). Mon-Fri 11-4. Gallery artists Andre, Flavin, Venezia, others, thru 7/30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Paintings by Clears, Firshein, Hauptman, and townscapes by Lis, thru 7/13.

OTHER

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning five centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Mon-Fri 12-6. Latin American artists in NYC, including Downey's videos and Urbach's explorative photos, thru 7/28.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Glassmasters–621 Sixth Ave (924-2868). 3-D stained-glass pieces, thru 7/15.

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Members, including Beauchamp, Horowitz, Palermo, Yost, others, thru 7/30.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–*One Times Square (221-*1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

World Trade Center–U.S. Customs Service (247-5340). Mon-Fri 8:30-4. Antique American flags and memorabilia, thru 7/24.

THE HAMPTONS

Benson–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, L.I. (516-537-3233). Constructions by Ajay, collages and paintings by Getz, ceramic sculpture by Ney, coins and antiquities from the Epstein Collection, 7/8-18.

Light–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, L.I. (516-537-3665). Tues-Sat 11-1, 2-5. Color photos of Providence, Rhode Island by Callahan and contemporary views by Miller, 7/8-8/3.

Parrish Museum–Job's Lane, Southhampton (516-283-2118). David Burliuk: Years of Transition, 1910-*1930, including his avant-garde, surrealist works/* Dan Flavin: Light sculpture and waterfront drawings of the Hamptons and Hoboken, thru 7/23.

Tower–3 South Main, Southhampton, L.I. (516-283-3951). Lyrical abstractions by Jaffe, drawings and lithos by Peter Max, 7/8-21.

Photography

***James Abbe**–Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, thru 7/30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

Fredrich Cantor/Jean Philippe Jourdrin–Complex ambiguities out of human existence/Photos, thru 7/8. Foto, 492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Marty Fumo–Manipulated, surreal images, thru 7/14. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-3785). Mon-*Fri 9-5.*

Howard Gross–A series of portraits with closed eyes, thru 7/6. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *Auto Exotica*, thru 7/21.

Light–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Works by Callahan, Newman, Siskind, Strand, others, thru 8/31.

James Marshall–People in places from rural India to urban Italy, thru 7/31. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

Neikrug–224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. Erotic studies by Fox, Mapplethorpe, Tress, Webb, Weegee, others, thru 7/29.

Nikon–620 5th Ave (586-3907). Winners of the "Pictures of the Year," including Conger and Harvey of National Geographic Magazine, 7/6-29.

***Pfeifer**–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Male nude in the 19th & 20th century, thru 7/28.

***Prakapas**–19 E 71st (737-6066). Tues-Fri 11-6. Views of New York after dark, including Times Square in the 20s, 7/5-21.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat & Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Photo-synthesis by Calabrese, faces by Hiss, Fire Island by Watherwax, 7/6-30.

Janna Spark–Details of daily life, thru 7/7. Marcoleo, 1295 1st Ave (UN-1-7600). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 10-4.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 12/31. *The Sport of Birding;* thru 7/16. *Rails of the World:* Paintings by J. Fenwick Landsdowne of this little-known bird family; thru 7/16. **Hayden Planetarium,** CPW at 81st St. (724-8700). Laserium Concert, Fri & Sat at 8:30, 10 & 11:30 p.m., Sun at 8:30 & 10 p.m.

Asia House–112 E 64th (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs til 8:30. Vintage prints made in China during the last 60 years of the Imperial Ch'ing dynasty, 1846-1912, thru 8/20.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by Bronx artists; thru 7/9.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. Prints by West Coast artists; thru 7/16.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages:* Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; thru 9/3. *Celebration of Water:* Water symbolism and water forms—fountains, baths, swimming pools, etc., thru 8/20.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. *Alberto Burri:* A retrospective view, 1948-78; thru 8/27.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. New brick sculptures by John Mason. Photographs by Claire K. Yaffa; thru 7/9.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Photographic Crossroads:* The first retrospective of the Photo League; thru 7/9. *Pierre Boogaerts:* A synthesis of conceptual art and documentary photography; thru 7/9.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Japanese genre screens from the 17th to the 19th centuries, thru 7/14.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Images of Women—Master Drawings of Five Centuries:* Drawings from the 15th to the 20th century, including works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Ingres, Renoir, Matisse, others; 7/5 thru 10/1. *The Arts Under Napoleon:* Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel, the Emperor's death mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Japanese Early Blue and White Export Ware:* Export porcelain of the second half of the 17th century; 7/11 thru 9/3. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *The Collection of Alfred Stieglitz:* Fifty pioneers of modern photography; thru 7/16. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close. *Monet's Years at Giverny—Beyond Impressionism:* Eighty-one paintings done in the immediate environment and the surrounding landscape of his home; thru 7/9.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Spanish Forger:* His works. *Devils, Demons, & Fantastic Creatures:* Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950:* Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American literature. *H.M.S. Pinafore:* Celebrating its centennial. Thru 7/29.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America:* Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Light Years:* Illuminating the development of holography; thru 8/27.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera:* Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund;* thru 9/10. *Designed for Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *A Treasury of Modern Drawing:* Works by American and European artists; thru 7/4. *Artists and Writers:* Drawings and portraits of 20th century American and European painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, novelists and critics; 7/10 thru 9/24. The museum's Summergarden is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10 p.m., thru 9/3.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *New Work/New York:* Works by Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, Jeff Way; thru 7/8.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator:* An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31. *Wish You Were Here:* A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. *The Afternoon of Sail:* A re-creation of 19th century South Street; thru 9/4.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Saul Steinberg Retrospective:* Drawings, watercolors, collages spanning more than 30 years; thru 7/9. *H.C. Westermann:* A retrospective of drawings and sculptures; thru 7/16. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 7/23. *American Art From 1950 to the Present;* thru 9/12. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. *cARToons:* Demonstrating the cartoon's particular suitability for satirical comment; thru 7/5.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300). No home games this week.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. Philadelphia Phillies, 7/3 at 8, 7/4 at 5:35; vs. Chicago Cubs, 7/6-7 at 8, 7/8 at 4:05, 7/9 at 2.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. New England Tea Men, 7/12 at 9.

Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070); vs. Phoenix Racquets, 7/11 at 7:30.

Invitational at Forest Hills, West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills (478-2045); 7/10 at 7:30, 7/11-15 at 1 & 7:30, 7/16 at 1.

The Hawaii vacation.

I understand you really know how to plan a vacation. Please send me your big, beautiful color brochure on Hawaii, with information on what to see, maps, itineraries, hotels, prices, clothing suggestions. The works!

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City__________ State _____ Zip _______

My Travel Agency is ______________

PRINCESS TOURS, THE VACATION COMPANY
P.O. Box 21185, Seattle, WA 98111
NYM 7-10-78

The European vacation.

I understand you really know how to plan a vacation. Please send me your big, beautiful color brochure on P&O sea adventures to Europe, with all the information on your ships, what to see, maps, itineraries, prices, deck plans. The works!

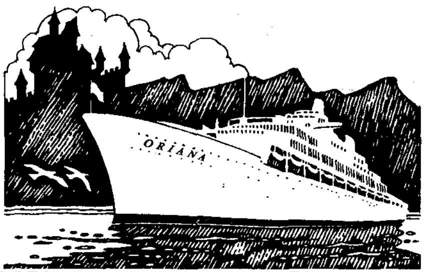
Name ______________________

Address ______________________

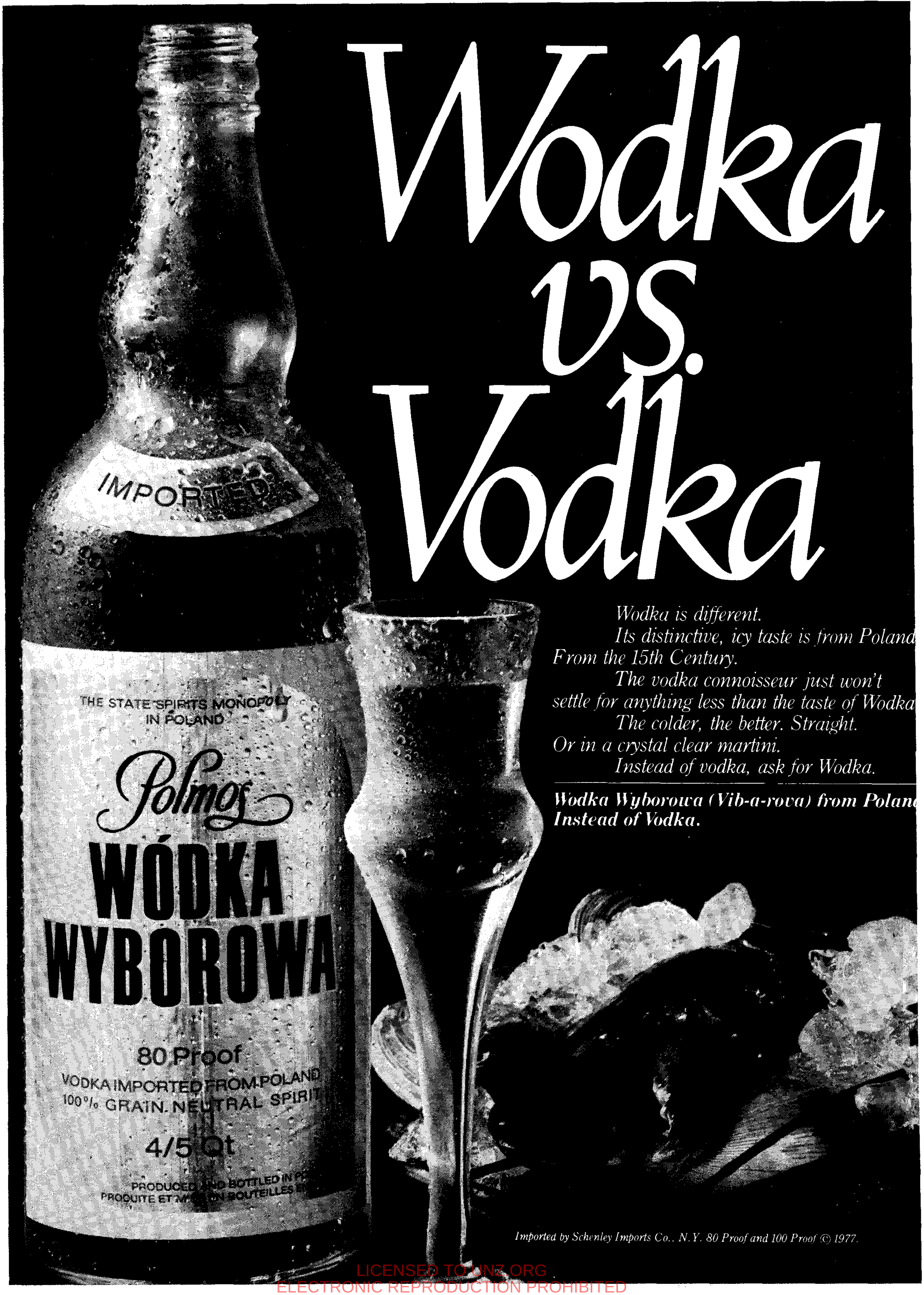
City__________ State _____ Zip _______

My Travel Agency is ______________

PRINCESS TOURS, THE VACATION COMPANY
P.O. Box 21185, Seattle, WA 98111
NYM 7-10-78



Wodka vs. Vodka


IMPORTED
THE STATE SPIRITS MONOPOLY
IN POLAND
Polmos
WÓDKA
WYBOROWA
80 Proof
VODKA IMPORTED FROM POLAND
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRIT
4/5 Qt
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN P
PRODUITE ET MISE EN BOUTEILLES E

Wodka is different.

Its distinctive, icy taste is from Poland From the 15th Century.

The vodka connoisseur just won't settle for anything less than the taste of Wodka

The colder, the better. Straight. Or in a crystal clear martini.

Instead of vodka, ask for Wodka.

Wodka Wyborowa (Vib-a-rova) from Polan Instead of Vodka.

Imported by Schenley Imports Co., N.Y. 80 Proof and 100 Proof © 1977.

NEW YORK

Finders Keepers

By Rinker Buck

"... Anyone attempting to recover his stolen property from the New York police is apt to find red tape surpassing Kafka..."

Fourteen floors below the commissioner's suite at Police Headquarters is a caged-in cellar called the Manhattan Property Clerk's Office. What's inside is the most elaborate, varied, and valuable cache of stolen goods in the world.

In one room, there are 25,000 handguns all neatly wrapped in brown paper cartons and stacked on shelves. An adjoining vault holds about $3 million in cash and enough hard drugs to keep the Turkish economy in the black for years. In a storeroom behind, hundreds of cash registers, cameras, stereos, televisions, small appliances, and designer leather suitcases are strewn out on metal racks half a block long. Six shiny new IBM typewriters are stacked up like heaps in a junkyard.

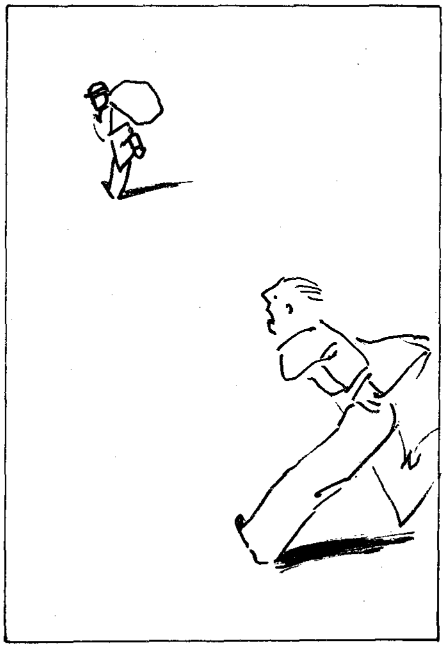
It is of course no secret that burglaries and robberies are as common to New Yorkers as the dawn. But what happens to all the loot—the millions in cash, the row after row of hard goods—is quite another story. No, two stories.

The first is that the victimized New Yorker will encounter a bureaucracy quite beyond belief when he or she tries to recover the stolen goods. Insolence, indifference, and incompetence greet the victim who sets out to assert his rights to his own property; he will find red tape and runarounds surpassing Kafka.

The second is this: By law, after 90 days of holding the property, the police are entitled (1) to deposit it, if it is cash, directly into the police pension fund, or (2) to auction property off and then give the proceeds to the pension fund. A small thing? Hardly. Over the last five years the department's property clerk has managed to deposit $10.1 million in stolen property and cash assigned to his custody in the coffers of the policemen's retirement system.

Alice Morrison's nightmare began April 19, 1977. Alice (whose name, like those of other property owners described here, has been changed for her protection) returned to her apartment on Ocean Avenue in Flatbush to discover that someone had broken into her apartment and taken a rabbit-fur coat and a clock radio. Together, the coat and the radio were worth about $400.

Morrison immediately reported the crime. The same night the police arrested the alleged burglar on another alarm and found the fur coat and the radio in the backseat of his car. It took the police a while to locate Morrison. In the meantime her property was "vouchered in" without her name on it and sent to the huge property-clerk warehouse in Long Island City.



Morrison appeared a month later at a pre-trial hearing to sign an affidavit stating that she was the owner of the coat and radio taken from the defendant's car. "They told me I wasn't needed anymore once I signed that," she recalled later. "They said not to worry about it. I could claim the property once the case was over."

Aware, as all New Yorkers come to be, that These Things Take Time, Morrison waited until the end of last summer before making the first (of dozens, as it turned out) inquiry about her property. "I didn't know what I was supposed to do. It was like feeling my way around in the dark."

In September she began thumbing through the phone book in search of the right number to call. She tried the Brooklyn D.A.'s office and was switched over to the Crime Victim/Witness Assistance Project. "They told me I needed the arresting officer's name. But when I called the precinct, they told me he had been transferred." She finally got the officer's name and called the D.A. back. The D.A. told her to call the property clerk, the property clerk told her to ask the court for a disposition certificate, and the court sent her back to the D.A.

And around and around and around she went. About the only thing she was able to learn, each time she called the Victim/Witness Project back again, was that the case against the defendant had been either postponed or adjourned. "What happened this time?" she would ask. "I don't know," would come the reply.

"That was the theme of it," she says. "'I don't know.' It was terrible. They didn't care about anybody—least of all the public." In all, the case against the

Illustrated by Guy Billout

Guarding the goods: *Officer Ernest Milza protects some of the stolen loot that may end up in the cops' pension fund.*

"...Under a little-known 1883 law, the police wait 90 days, then deposit your stolen cash or goods into their pension fund..."

defendant was adjourned eleven times, finally ending in dismissal the following January after the police caught the defendant on another robbery and he was indicted on a more serious charge.

Learning of this, Morrison called the assistant D.A. in charge of the case and asked him to look it up so that she could receive a release for her property. "The D.A. told me: 'You mean you expect me to look up a case in the files? That takes time.'" He gave her the brushoff, sending her over to criminal court. That court, confusing her case with another one brought against the same defendant, sent her over to supreme court. *That* court sent her back to criminal court, and, to condense matters greatly, back again she went to the D.A., the courts, and the property clerk. One day, after having waited in line at the courthouse for a couple of hours, she reached a clerk whose first question was, "Do you know the birth date of the defendant?"

That was back in February. It is now July of 1978, and Mrs. Morrison finally got her property back last week. In other words, although virtually every agency of the law—the police, the D.A., and the courts—knew exactly where her property was, it still took them fifteen months to accord her the basic property rights to which she is entitled by law.

But in a profound way, it is too late for Alice Morrison. She will never believe anybody again. "The system stinks. The situation has been reversed. I'm the one who has been punished. I have been ignored."

Police Sergeant Julian Lewis, who has been attached to the property division for as long as anyone can remember, like any good bureaucrat, places the blame elsewhere.

He says: "Yeah, the system is lousy, but you can't blame us. We didn't pass the laws, we didn't design the system. Go across the street to the City Council and ask them. Ask the D.A. and the courts why they order us to keep all of this property. We're only doing what they tell us to do; we're only doing what the law says we have to."

And what the law requires, basically, is that the property clerk hold any cash, stolen property, contraband, or personal valuables found on a defendant at the time of his arrest. In the last five years, the property clerk has vouchered in $19.2 million in *cash alone* from defendants arrested for everything from narcotics or gambling violations to burglaries and muggings. And that's only the beginning. During these arrests, other property worth uncounted millions more (there's no accurate estimate) was also seized, to be stored at any one of thirteen locations the property clerk maintains throughout the city.

Theoretically, the property clerk holds this property and cash under the assumption that it is "arrest evidence" needed by the district attorney to convict a defendant in court. This sounds legitimate enough, but it has come to be something of a farce in the real world of our court system.

Actual cash is needed for evidence only for exceptional cases—big drug busts, for instance, or gambling cases—

Photographed by Carroll House Communications

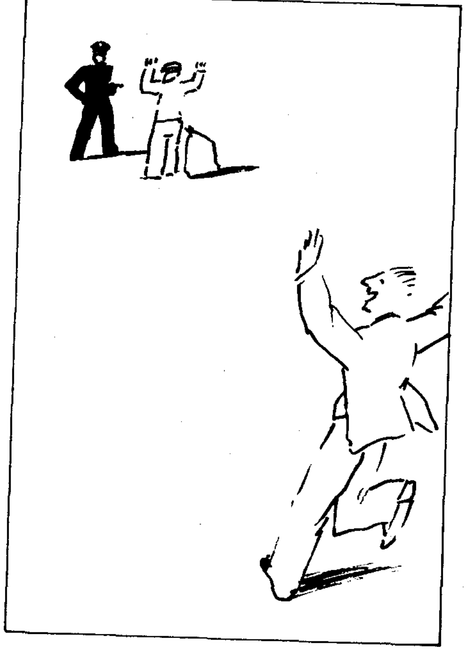
Gone but not forgotten: *Being robbed is only half the trauma; getting back your stolen loot from the police is next to impossible.*

and it almost never happens that confiscated property such as TV sets, typewriters, jewels, clothing, or furniture is produced in court. Judges don't ask for it, and prosecutors don't want to be bothered with locating the property and making arrangements to have it brought to court.

Besides, about 60 percent of the defendants arrested by the police have their cases disposed of at arraignment, and most of the remaining 40 percent plead to lesser charges or manage to have their cases dismissed. "In 90 percent of these cases," says Joe Carbone, a counselor with the Victim/Witness Project, "that property has no value at all for the prosecution. The owner, meanwhile, might desperately need that property just to live on."

So much for "arrest evidence." Once their property has entered the "system," owners can spring it loose only by completing a dizzying paper chase that few want to begin after they've heard what's required.

The first piece of paper a property owner needs is a copy of the receipt the arresting officer drew up before vouchering in the stolen property the day a defendant was arrested. This can usually be obtained, just by asking, down at the precinct house after the arrest or in court when the defendant is to be arraigned. But few property claimants know to ask. If, after disposition of a case, a property owner wants to obtain a receipt for his or her property, the property clerk requires, among other things, the following information: the arresting officer's name, shield number, and precinct house; the date of the crime; the date of arrest (if different); and the defendant's arrest number. Each piece of information might take anywhere from one call to a dozen calls to nail down, as anyone who has ever called a busy police station for information or help can tell you.



Armed with his or her property receipt, a property claimant then must get over the following hurdles (and this is where many give up): To establish that his property is no longer needed by the D.A., an owner must usually obtain a certificate of disposition from the criminal court where the defendant's case was tried or dismissed. This must be presented to the D.A.'s office, which in turn must issue a release certifying that the property is no longer needed. The D.A.'s office may or may not release the property immediately, depending on the mood of the clerk. Often the D.A. will decide to hold the evidence because the defendant has committed another crime and authorities want as strong a case as possible against him.

"Sometimes they'll deliberately hold that property indefinitely," says one D.A. source, "because they want to make sure the owner will come back to appear as a witness. Witnesses tend to lose interest in a case after their prop-

"...When Alice Morrison tried to get back her stolen fur, the clerk said she needed to know the birth date of the burglar..."

erty is released." In other words, the owner is now a pawn.

But let's say that the owner, through the intercession of a lawyer, friendly assistant D.A., or someone like Carbone, gets that release. Can he now present it to the property clerk and collect his goods? Not always.

In many cases, defendants have pleaded to lesser charges, been found innocent, or had charges against them dismissed, and can thus plausibly claim that the TV set or wad of bills found on them when arrested was not stolen property at all. The confusing result is often a claim on the property from both defendant and complaining witness.

Under the terms of a class-action suit brought by the Legal Aid Society in 1970, defendants have 90 days after the termination of legal proceedings to lay claim to property taken from them when arrested. When that happens, the police are placed in what's called a "stakeholder" position. Legally, they're not allowed to release the property until a court hears the contesting claims and issues an order awarding the property to one claimant. "That's ridiculous," says Sergeant Lewis. "You ought to see the look on people's faces when we tell them that. We know we'll never see them again after this—people get lost up there in court and never find their way out."

It's no wonder that thousands of defendants and their victims, after being bounced around between the police, the courts, the D.A., and then back to the police again, decide that the effort to retrieve their property is just too much. They give up, leaving their property behind. What happens next?

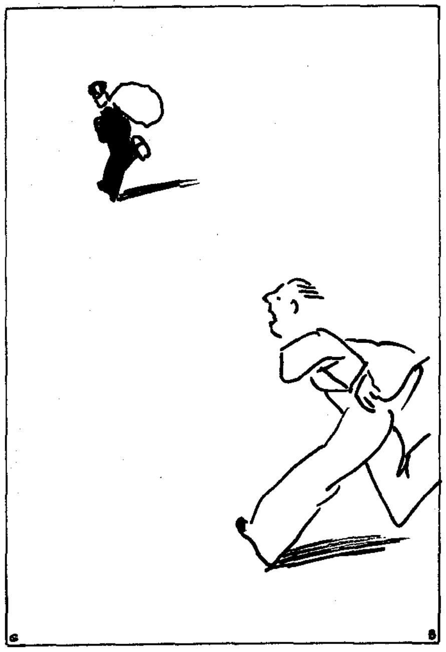
Now here's the real catch. Under the amended provisions of a little-known law first passed by the Legislature in 1883 and inserted into the City Charter in 1897, the police have to wait only 90 days before they're entitled to auction the unclaimed property and deposit the proceeds and all the unclaimed cash in the police pension fund. That's right, the police take the loot and retire on it. And we're not talking about small change. Over the last five years, as noted, the property clerk has taken $10.1 million in property and cash and deposited it in the police pension fund. In the last two years alone, the pension fund has received $2.9 million from the property clerk.

The property clerk runaround began for Juan Mendez one Saturday last December. That day, Mendez decided to take in a movie and dinner in Manhattan. The night before, he had cashed two paychecks and kept a little over $220 in his wallet because his bank was already closed for the weekend.

After leaving a movie in midafternoon, Mendez was walking across 46th Street when he stopped to observe a three-card monte game on the corner of Madison Avenue. He watched as one "gambler" after another got fleeced and was still standing by the game when a tourist from Ohio decided to try his luck. The tourist lost $20, then $40, and finally bowed out after losing a total of $70. He disappeared around the corner, returning a few minutes later with a pair of cops.

"They ripped me off," the tourist shouted, as the police moved in to break up the game. They arrested the two men running the game and also drew Mendez aside to search his pockets. Mendez protested, but once the police found the money in his wallet, they decided to arrest him too. The charge? "Fraudulent accosting." The police had accused Mendez of being the lookout man.

"It was a false charge," says his Legal Aid attorney, and, indeed, it was dismissed in criminal court twenty days later. The next day, Mendez received a D.A.'s release for the $220 the police had taken from him. But when he presented this to the Manhattan property clerk, the clerk refused to release his money on the ground that the voucher listed a second claimant—the tourist from Ohio. "It's a common technique the police use to frustrate defendants," according to a Legal Aid attorney. "They set up an artificial stakeholder situation because they don't want to give that money back to someone they consider guilty. Then they pass the money through to the pension fund."



It took Mendez over three months of persistent calls, visits to the D.A., the police, and the courts before he finally secured a court order, with the help of Legal Aid, for his $220. During those three months, he was deprived of two weeks' pay—money he needed. And the law specifically prohibits the payment of interest.

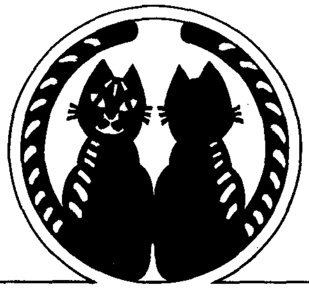
Back under Police Headquarters is the small office of Lieutenant Ben Benardette, the supervising officer of the Manhattan property office. I asked Benardette if he thought there was anything wrong with this system. "I suppose the whole thing does have a bad connotation. That money should probably go directly into the city treasury, and then the city should make up the difference to the pension fund. I don't like telling people, 'Hey, your money went into the pension fund.' It gives them the wrong impression."

Just about everyone else in the criminal-justice system feels the same way. They don't like the appearance of corruption in the current property system, but they don't have any suggestions for reforming the system either.

"Sure the police hassle defendants," says Robert Holmes, deputy chief of the trials division in the Manhattan district attorney's office. "There's no question the police keep money and property deliberately. But I can understand this. Why should the police help some criminal recover stolen property?"

Mary de Bourbon, spokesman for the district attorney, says, "Nobody intended for the system to work like this, but it does. We don't want—and the cops don't want—all this crap piling up. It's insane. It's lousy. But it's the only way we have to do it."

But the D.A., like everyone else, can easily wash his hands of responsibility. Holmes says, "Look, the only thing we have to do is notify the police that a case has been disposed of. Sometimes we fail to do that. But once we do, it's up to the police to do what they want with the property. Who knows where it all goes? But apparently the pension fund is getting wealthy." ■



True or False

By Randy Cohen

The great basic truths we guide our lives by are the common property of mankind. Unfortunately, a lot of them happen to be false.

Many are called, but few are chosen.

True. The telephone direct-marketing industry makes an estimated 2.6 billion sales calls a year. That's about 49-million calls a week, of which 100,000 are made by CCI, one of the largest operations in the field. A spokesman for the company insists that people called are both few and quite carefully chosen to suit the product being sold. "The key word," he says, "is list segmentation." CCI rejects the use of computer systems that indiscriminately call all the numbers in an exchange and play a taped sales pitch.

Home is where the heart is.

True for the rest of the world, false for Cairo, where home is sometimes where the hartebeest is. The new Egyptian minister of agriculture, Dr. Mahmoud Mohammed Daoud, resides in a bungalow just past the crocodiles in the Cairo Zoo. Dr. Daoud did not want to waste time looking for an apartment in the midst of that city's severe housing shortage.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

False. Once upon a time, the hand that rocked the cradle did the dishes, took out the garbage, washed the windows . . . but things have changed. In April, 49.7 percent of all American women, a new high, were in the labor force. In the last decade, according to the Labor Department, 14 million new jobs have been filled in the United States, and women have filled 10 million of them, chiefly in 20 of the 480 job categories listed by the Labor Department: secretaries, bookkeepers, salesclerks, nurses' aides, or waitresses, etc. This cannot be regarded as world rule.

There is nothing like a dame.

False. According to Dr. Dennis Stark of Rockefeller University, a rhesus monkey is a lot like a dame for the purposes of research on the reproductive system. "Actually, any primate is close to humans," says Dr. Stark, "but the rhesus monkey is particularly good because its estrous cycle is about the same as that of a woman."

He also notes that a white rat is a lot like a man: "We use rats for research on the reproductive system of men."

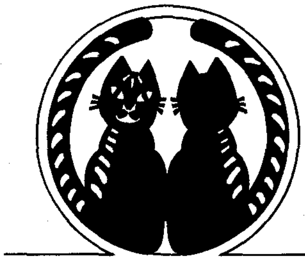
The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

False. On May 11, the State Assembly in Albany passed a bill visiting the sins of the children upon the fathers. And the mothers. Under this bill, still to be approved by the Senate, even diligent parents are liable for vandalism committed by their children and can be made to pay up to $1,000 in damages.

No man who knows aught can be so stupid to deny that all men naturally were born free.

True. At least, they were born almost free. A senior hospital-care investigator with the Health and Hospitals Corporation's central-support group reports that 75 percent of the maternity cases in the city hospitals are billed to Medicaid. Arlene Koretsky, also a hospital-care investigator, notes

Illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast



True or False

The trouble with most people, as Will Rogers observed, is not that they don't know much but that they know so much that isn't true.

that maternity costs at Bellevue are otherwise $300 per day for the mother plus $100 for the baby. The average patient is billed for a three-day stay. "Just about all the patients in the city hospitals either have Medicaid or apply for it," says Ms. Koretsky.

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home.

It may shine bright, but it doesn't shine very often. According to Mort Buchwald of the National Climatic Center in Asheville, Louisville averages only 93 clear days per year. If your old Kentucky home is located near the weather station in Central Park, the sun shines bright an average of 107 days per year. In Phoenix, the sun shines bright 213 days each year.

No man can serve two masters.

False. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, in May of 1977 the number of people holding two or more jobs reached 4.6 million, an all-time high.

Into each life some rain must fall.

True. A man living in New York for the normal life expectancy of 68.2 years can anticipate that 228 feet of rain must fall. Into the life of a New York woman living her allotted 75.9 years 254 feet of rain must fall. Further, into each New York life some snow must fall: 165 feet for him; 183 feet for her.

If these two relocate to Yuma, he will see a mere fifteen feet of rain in his lifetime; she will see sixteen feet ten inches. If they opt for the tropical splendor of Hilo, Hawaii, he will slog through 759 feet of rain, and she will have to deal with 845 feet.

April is the cruelest month.

False. "April is nothing spectacular. It's just one of your ordinary months to us," reports Bruce Cleveland, program-research analyst in the city medical examiner's office. "Suicides come in a lot around the holidays; January is the big month," says Mr. Cleveland. "And homicide is summery. August is the big month for homicide. But April in New York is not that cruel." The medical examiner's office provided 17,300 death certificates in the ten months from July 1977 to April 1978. Of these, 1,584 were issued in April. Of the 493 homicides so far this year, 121 occurred in April.

There's more than one way to skin a cat.

False. "You *can* do it a lot of ways: through the stomach, down the back, from the right, from the left," says Ruben Libraty, owner of Kodiak Taxidermy in Flushing, "but, to a taxidermist, there's only one way—down the middle." Mr. Libraty skins cats, dogs, canaries, parakeets, squirrels, snakes, alligators, baboons, ducks, bears—even a rhinoceros. He then stuffs and mounts them. Recently, he constructed a stuffed fox with a rotating head for an Audi commercial.

Where there's smoke, there's fire.

False. There's either a Captain Kelly smoke detector or a teenage girl. Senator Edward Kennedy presented statistics to a Senate Human Resources subcommittee indicating that from 1968 to 1974 the number of girls aged fifteen and sixteen who smoke more than doubled. William H. Foege, director of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, says, "In the 1960s, about twice as many boys as girls smoked."

Murder will out.

True. But only about half the time. The P.R. office of the New York Police Department reports that there were 1,557 homicides last year. The force had a "clearance rate" of 48.6 percent.

The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones.

True, and it stays there, to such an extent that we now face a worldwide bone shortage. The price of skeletons used in anatomy classes has gone through the ceiling. Two years ago, according to a Reuters report, a well-preserved skeleton cost $190. It now sells for $475. A hand or a foot goes for $26, and a dental skull, teeth intact, can run to $140, up from $85 in 1975. All of this is a bargain compared to the cost of a gorilla skeleton, now worth as much as $5,700.

Money doesn't grow on trees.

True, but it grows *as* trees. Douglas fir and western hemlock, staples of the timber trade, are auctioned off in federal forests for around $400 per 1,000 board feet, up from $25 in the fifties. The rare and exotic Port Orford cedar goes for $1,800 per 1,000 board feet, making a truckload worth more than $10,000.

Since 1976, federal courts have convicted 61 people of heisting federal trees, reports Wallace Turner in the New York *Times*. Dealers suspect that a tree ring specializing in bonsai may be operating on Long Island. The *Times* reports that fifteen bonsai thefts have occurred in the area in the past year. ■

The Last Time I Saw Paris

By Eldridge Cleaver

"...'I know someone who will help you,' Marie-Laure said. 'Who is it?' I asked. 'Giscard d'Estaing'..."

The Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver fled the United States in 1968, lived for a year in Cuba, went to Algiers in 1969, and wound up in Paris in 1972. This article, concerning events in Paris, is adapted from his book Soul on Fire, *to be published in September by Word Books.*

With so much delicate political intrigue in France, the French police were not to be toyed with. They took a very dim view of tampering with travel papers, visas, and passports, so my situation was precarious, to say the least. In spite of my anonymity, I was living in Paris without official clearance.

But I'd gotten lucky, and a mutual friend, Martine, had brought me to Marie-Laure's atelier. Even at that first meeting, I knew that Marie-Laure was something very special—a true angel of mercy.

When I came into the room, I didn't know that Marie-Laure's closest friend had just died. He had been a photographer in Saigon when cancer hit him hard and he had begun to wither away quickly. He was an American, but he had left Saigon and come to Paris to die, not so much to Paris as to Marie-Laure, who was still profoundly shaken. I had just sort of plopped down, collapsed on the floor cushions, and leaned back against the wall. Marie-Laure's eyes widened into huge, white, staring disks. It was almost as if she were trying to hypnotize me, and I wondered what I'd gotten myself into. Martine had said only, "There's someone I want you to meet. I think she can help you."

Help me? With death on her face like that, with those big staring eyes? How could she possibly help me! I found out later why her eyes had widened. When her friend who had died of cancer entered her house for the first time, he had embraced her, even as I had shaken her hand, and then walked over, just as I had done, and plopped down wearily in the same spot. It was like a rerun of the same event, only this time in color. And not cancer but clandestineness was consuming me.

"I know someone who will help you," Marie-Laure said. "Do you want me to talk to him about your problem?"

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Giscard d'Estaing."

"Giscard d'Estaing?"

I didn't turn white with fear, but I scrambled to my feet, torn by the impulse to run out the door and head for the frontier. Why had Martine brought me here, set me up, like this? I pleaded with Marie-Laure to forget it and to please not mention my name to that man.

"Okay," she said. "I won't."

France's president, Georges Pompidou, was dying. The whole world knew that. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, by all accounts an economic and financial genius, had been France's minister of finance and economy on and off (mostly on) for the last fifteen years. He was one of three men most likely to succeed Pompidou as president of France.

Sometime later, Martine contacted me through a third party—very few people knew my real identity or where I lived or how to contact me—sending word that Marie-Laure wanted to see me, that night, at her home. It was hard for me to find the courage to keep that rendezvous. But something in my instinct told me to go. So I went.

Marie-Laure looked less like an undertaker this time and more like a doctor about to tell me the results of the laboratory's analysis. She took me by the arm and asked me to sit down, guiding me to the cushions on the floor. I sat down heavily again, prepared to hear the worst.

"Remember I asked you if you wanted me to talk to Giscard about normalizing your situation?" Marie-Laure began.

"Yes," I answered. I also remembered that I had asked her not to do it.

Marie-Laure continued, "I realized that you were afraid, that you did not trust Giscard, of course, so I said

Photo credit: Pictorial Parade

"...Giscard explained that Kathleen and I had an appointment next day with the prefect of police..."

nothing more to you about it. But I knew that he would not betray me. So I explained your situation to him. I told him that you are a black American leader in trouble with the American government, that you are in Paris illegally with your wife and two children, that your situation is desperate, and I asked him to normalize your situation, to give you papers. And I gave him a copy of your book."

"What did he say?" I asked her, breathlessly.

"He will speak to the minister of interior about your problem. He will give me the answer Friday."

"He's going to speak to the minister of the interior about me? Tell him that I'm in Paris?"

"But don't worry," Marie-Laure said, smiling. "He will help you. Giscard will not betray me."

The next time I saw Marie-Laure, she told me the matter was settled and that Giscard had invited Kathleen and me to meet with them for breakfast, at her house, that coming Sunday morning, when he'd explain everything to us.

Marie-Laure instructed me to arrive at her house precisely at 9 A.M., not a minute earlier and definitely not a minute later. We arranged to meet Martine at the Zhyer, a café at Alesia, a couple minutes' walk from Marie-Laure's atelier. Martine would take Maceo and Joju [the Cleaver children] to an apartment of a friend who lived nearby but who was not in on what was happening. After breakfast, Marie-Laure would telephone Martine and have her bring them over, because Giscard wanted to meet them.

Sunday morning, we all were up early. Maceo and Joju, a little bit dazed, shared our excitement, although they couldn't understand what was going on.

"Who is Giscard?" Joju kept asking.

"A big Frenchman," I told her.

"Bigger than you?"

"No, he's not bigger than me," I told her. "But he has power. He's going to fix it so you and Maceo can go to school."

When we arrived at the Zhyer, Martine was already there with her son, Stephen. We had time for a *petit café*. I had taken the precaution of having a couple of friends stake out Marie-Laure's house earlier that morning. If I was arrested, their immediate task was to assemble a crowd and create such a noise that the police would not spirit me away to the frontier. If anything suspicious happened around Marie-Laure's house, they were to come to the Zhyer before 8:45 A.M., because at that time Kathleen and I would start walking up avenue Jean-Moulin toward Marie-Laure's.

Evidently nothing untoward was up, because no one came. Kathleen and I started walking. It was just the opposite of walking the last mile. Rather than marking the end of everything, this walk was a new beginning. We measured our steps. At precisely 9 A.M., I rang Marie-Laure's doorbell.

"Entrez!" Marie-Laure's voice commanded from within.

A tall man wearing khaki-green dungarees, white shirt, and dark green sweater stood near the table with his back toward the door. He was thumbing through a large photo book. Marie-Laure was nowhere to be seen, but the commotion in the kitchen was eloquent testimony to her presence. We walked in and stood behind the man.

It was an awkward moment. Although he was obviously aware that we had entered the room, the tall man ignored us for a moment, as though intensely absorbed in the photo book. That was what I call the "telltale moment," an employ of time which important people make just to let you know who is in control. After it was established that he controlled time, that we were waiting for him, the tall man turned, sweeping us with his eyes, and then looked directly into mine. It was indeed Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Marie-Laure chose that moment, as though on cue, to run out of the kitchen in such a way as to dispense with all formality. With a pot of coffee in one hand and a plate of croissants in the other, she immediately provoked everyone into helping her by almost spilling the whole load. She was in control now.

"Permit me to introduce you," Marie-Laure said, recovering from the near debacle. "Monsieur Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Monsieur Eldridge Cleaver et sa femme, Kathleen."

"I am pleased to meet you," Giscard said in very good English, extending his hand.

We were pleased to meet him and told him so as we shook his hand. I breathed a sigh of relief. So it was all true after all. From the look on Marie-Laure's face, I could tell that she felt vindicated.

"A table! A table!" Marie-Laure said, startling everybody. She appointed everybody a seat. I sat facing Giscard across the table and Kathleen sat next to Giscard facing Marie-Laure, who sat next to me.

In France, one of the responsibilities of the minister of the interior is organizing and supervising elections. He must guarantee that everything happens in an orderly, legal, and democratic manner. He must keep the results of the balloting above reproach. As a sign that President Georges Pompidou was indeed dying, and also as an indication of the direction in which the political winds were blowing, Premier Pierre Messmer had reshuffled his cabinet. Raymond Marcellin, the dreaded but clumsy supercop, was shifted out of the Ministry of the Interior into Agriculture. He was replaced by Pompidou's protégé, Jacques Chirac, who reminded me of a double-edged razor blade. It was to Chirac that Giscard had talked about my case.

"I told him," Giscard said laughingly, "I would like for him to normalize the situation of my friend Monsieur Eldridge Cleaver and his wife. Give them documents permitting them to reside legally in France."

Chirac had noted our names, promising to look into it. A couple of days later, Chirac had come to Giscard with a puzzled look on his face.

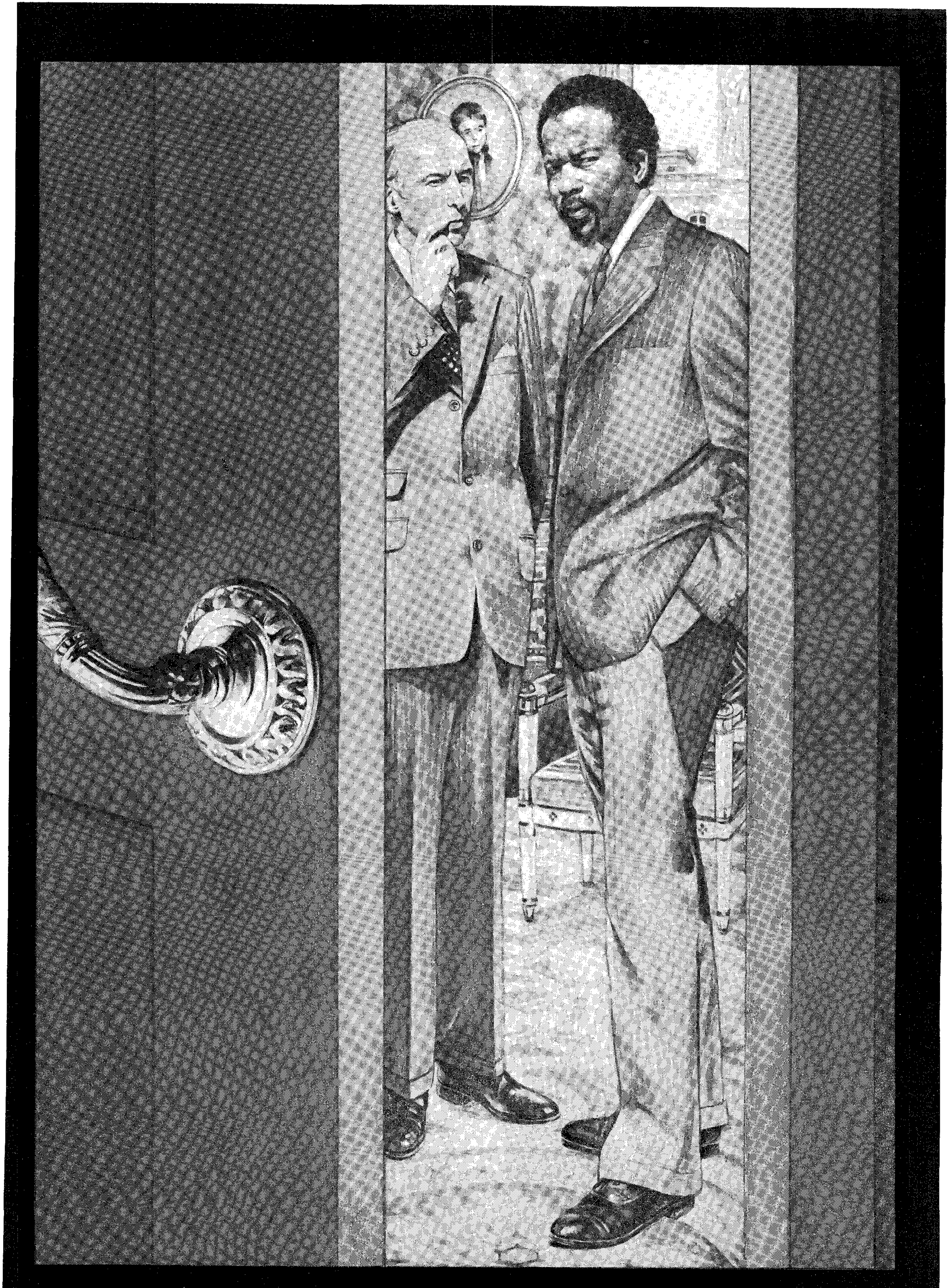
"Is there some mistake?" he asked Giscard, spreading my dossier before him. "Are you sure this man is your friend?"

Giscard had thumbed through my file, remarking that it was quite thick for a man who had never officially been in French territory, had never had a run-in with the French authorities. I was *interdit* in France. I was to be expelled immediately if ever caught in French territory. I was classified as a dangerous terrorist associated with airplane hijacking.

" 'It's nothing,' I told Chirac," Giscard said, laughing as he described the baffled look that came over Chirac's face. But when the minister of the interior was sure that there was no mixup, that the man in the dossier and his friend were one and the same, that was the end of it. The matter was closed. It would be taken care of.

"Tuesday night," Giscard said, "I invite you to have dinner with me at my apartment. At that time, I will have detailed instructions for you from

Photo credit: Sygma



Illustrated by Carole Vaucher

"...Kathleen and I signed the forms, and in a moment we were in possession of the magic papers..."

the minister of the interior."

At the right moment, Marie-Laure called Martine by phone and told her to bring the children. They were there in a matter of minutes, as though on cue, providing a perfect reason for abandoning the uncomfortable vis-à-vis at the breakfast table.

Because we had given this moment such a buildup, it was predictable that Maceo and Joju would try to spoil it: first, by refusing to shake hands with Giscard; second, by sulking and carrying on something terrible. They liked people who gave them gifts; toys and candy were what they understood. Giscard was giving them—all four of us—the priceless gift of a new start, a new life, free, more or less, from constantly looking over my shoulder. He also gave Kathleen a beautiful red rose in a little red pot.

The Ministry of Finance and Economy is located in the Louvre, which is now France's greatest museum but once was the palace of its kings. Not only did the minister of finance and economy have his office in the Louvre, he also had an apartment there, which has to be the heaviest pad in Paris. It was there that Marie-Laure took Kathleen and me to dinner.

We arrived punctually at eight. The security guards were expecting us and waved us toward the elevator. Marie-Laure pressed a button and the elevator let us out on an upper floor. After visiting China and seeing the palaces of the emperors and empresses, after seeing and touching their delicate, refined, highly artistic furnishings, I've found it difficult to be truly impressed by grandeur on a smaller scale. In fact, it was somehow soothing to my ego to recognize the aesthetic and artistic superiority of the Chinese over Western whites.

Yet, as we made our way through an endless series of sumptuous rooms, realizing that this was both a museum and the apartment of my benefactor, I was impressed. I was plunged into confusion precisely because I was unable to separate my feelings, to distinguish the happiness I felt over the occasion, the situation, from the physical locale in which it was all taking place. Those warm, velvety rooms, with their high ceilings, rich colors, crystal chandeliers, plush carpets and drapes, with everything trimmed in gold, made a profound and lasting impression upon me.

We finally found Giscard in an inner chamber. The first thing I noticed was my book, *Soul on Ice,* in the French translation, lying on a table next to a comfortable chair. After greeting and seating us, Giscard resumed that chair.

Small talk and dinner in another room passed quickly. I could have done without dinner. I was so uptight. All I remember is the surprising white gloves worn by the waiter to handle the hot dishes, and the white paper wrapped around the bones at the tip of the pork chops, for handling them without soiling one's hands. After dinner we retired to the sitting room.

Giscard explained that Kathleen and I had an appointment the next morning with the prefect of police. He gave us an appointment card. To simplify matters, Giscard would send his personal chauffeur to drive up to the prefecture, across the street from the Palais de Justice, on the Ile Saint-Louis. We agreed to meet his chauffeur at Marie-Laure's house the next morning and return to Giscard's museum apartment the day after that, to celebrate, at the same hour.

Everything went off smoothly, without a hitch, but not without a twitch. My body chemistry had gone crazy. Giscard's chauffeur was driving a big black official DS, and he had a small tricolored disk which he flashed at the guards at the entrance to the prefecture, snapping them to attention and allowing us to drive into the courtyard. The prefecture of Paris lies between the place Saint-Michel and the place du Châtelet. During the year in which I lived clandestinely in Paris, I had passed it many times, in taxis and in private cars. But always with a sinking feeling, with a feeling of dread, knowing that if I ever got popped I'd end up there someday, in chains. To enter escorted by the minister's chauffeur and friend had not occurred to me as a possibility. Even when I had sat in the cafés at Châtelet, looking out over the Seine at the very prefecture, wishing that I had legal status, I had never dreamed, in my wildest moment, that it could happen, and like this!

Monsieur le préfet had received orders from the minister of the interior to normalize our situation, and we had arrived in the car of the minister of finance. There was no question but that monsieur le préfet was going to comply with the order. But he had not been given an explanation, and he'd have liked to understand. If neither Giscard nor Chirac had given an explanation to the prefect, I thought it best that I didn't either, so when the prefect pressed me on the point, I suggested that he take the matter up with Chirac or Giscard. Not understanding exactly what he was dealing with, monsieur le préfet beat a hasty retreat.

"No, no," he said, "it's not necessary. I understand that some things are top secret."

The prefect had been speaking in French, but he said "top secret" in English, the way the French say Chicago (as the symbol of a wicked city), or hot dog, or drugstore. He then asked me how long I had been in France.

"One year," I told him in French.

He looked confused, as though he had not understood, could not believe his ears. So he asked me again. Again, I said one year. Having said that, I felt that I had said too much, because monsieur le préfet was seething. He didn't like all this one bit. It must have been unprecedented in his experience. It reminded him, he said, of World War II, of the Nazi occupation, of his own participation in the Resistance, and his experience with living clandestinely, of making and using false identity documents.

"We French have been through it all," monsieur le préfet said. "We understand."

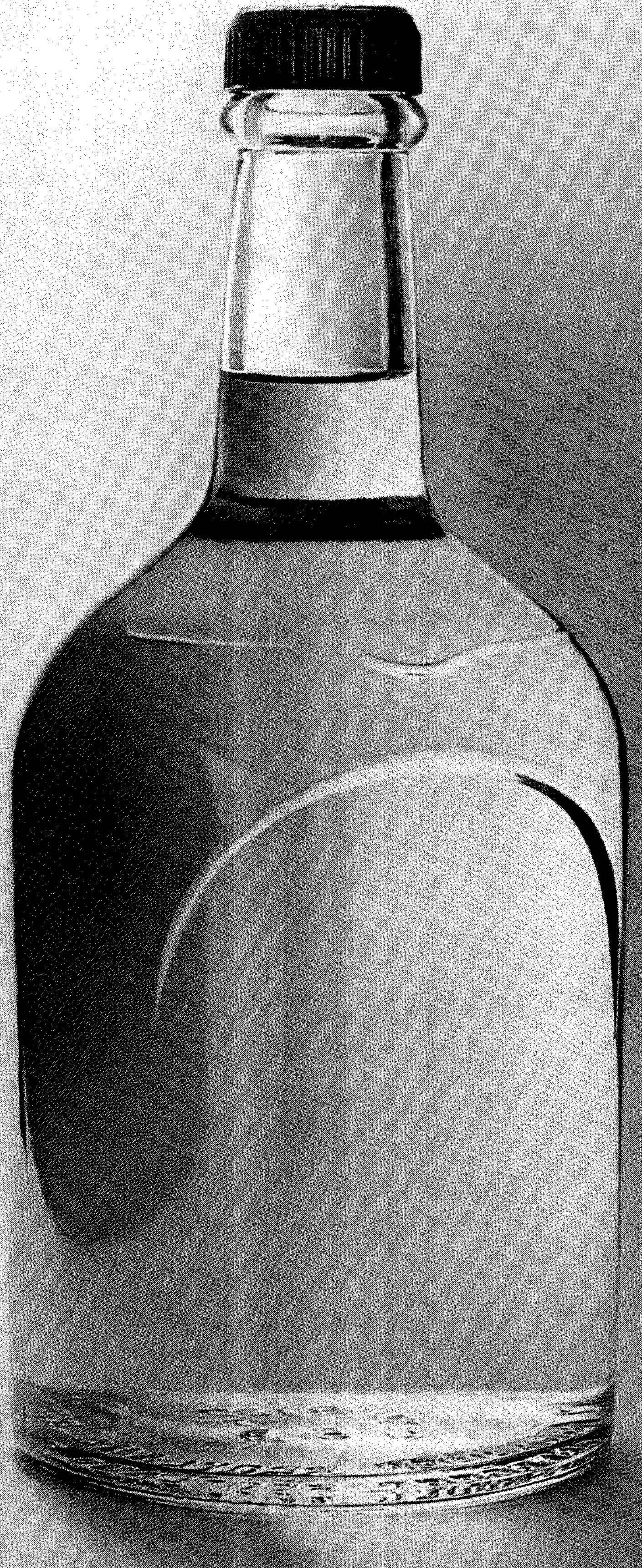
Kathleen and I signed the forms laid out on the prefect's desk, and in a moment we were in possession of the magic papers allowing us to remain in France as long as we liked. We thanked monsieur le préfet and rushed out to Marie-Laure and the chauffeur.

We had our celebration with Giscard in his museum apartment. He gave Kathleen a Sikh bracelet and me a word of advice.

"President Pompidou will soon die," Giscard said. "I shall become the next president of France. At that time you will have no problem. In the meantime, we must be careful. For the moment it's better if your new situation remains quiet. There is Michel Jobert, our minister of foreign affairs, to consider. If the Americans learn of your new status, they will take it up with Jobert. Nothing could come of it, of course. You are perfectly safe. We just prefer not to be obliged to explain anything to Jobert. But above all else, you are free to remain on the territory of the republic of France for as long as you like."

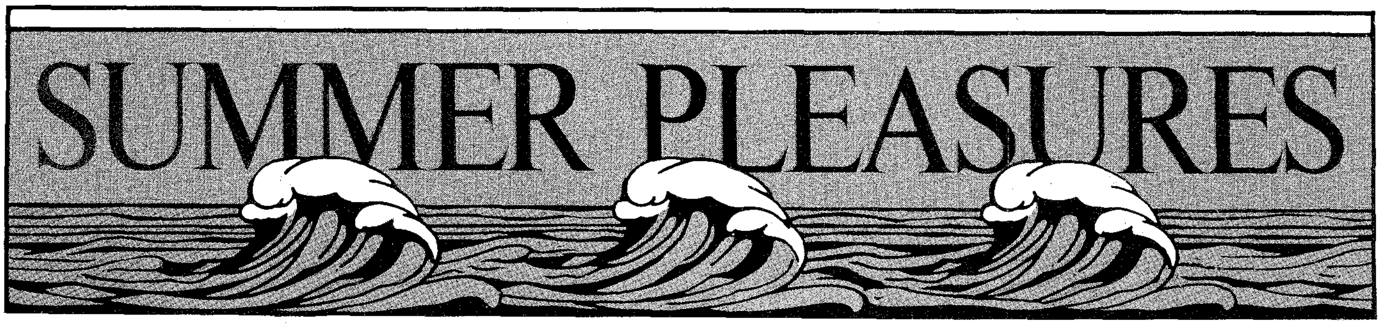
We drank a toast to our new freedom and to the next president of France. ■

Photo credit: Pictorial Parade



Just a reminder that the most impressive thing about Chivas Regal is what's in the bottle, not what's on it.

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



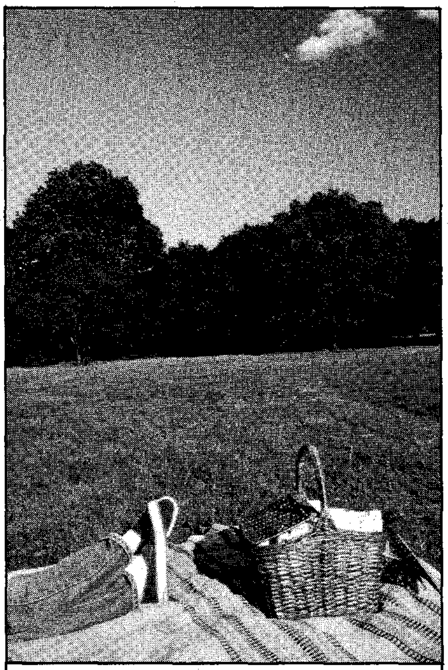
SUMMER PLEASURES

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines, as one of the Elizabethans pointed out, but that's really the only fault that can be found with summer. In every other way it's the best time of all: Beat the heat and you've got it made. Our message then is COOL, and how to keep it. We sing cool things, we sing picnics and ice cream and bikinis and sailing ships and salads and fans and cool, lightweight books to read—your mind shouldn't become a total blank. It's all here, everything you need to know. Go thou, and sweat no more.

Where The Grass Is Greener

BY JANET SPENCER KING

THESE ARE ELVIRA MADIGAN—SORT OF—CITY SETTINGS FOR PICNICS THE WAY THEY USED TO BE.



Lake country: *Bucolia in Clove Lakes Park.*

Picnics are a summer pleasure New Yorkers too often give up—the lazy, tree-shaded afternoons of nibbles and wine on the grass. But there are places to go to recapture this pastoral pastime, far from midtown crowds and noise. Most require some traveling, and few, if any, have bathrooms; they do not have barbecue pits or tables. These are Elvira Madigan—sort of—settings within city boundaries for picnics the way they used to be.

Clove Lakes Park is well known to Staten Island residents, but to those of us who seldom cross the waters, it is an unexpected delight. The park is large and popular for its playing fields, but there are quieter knolls for picnickers. Go west of Martling Avenue, where you'll find an honest-to-goodness brook, a waterfall—it doesn't rival Niagara, but it does get the idea across—and a small lake. The grassy areas surrounding the lake provide comfortably cushioned seating, and the woodsy banks of the brook are ideal for a postprandial mini-hike.

Getting there: By car from the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge take the Staten Island Expressway to the Clove Road exit. Turn north along Clove Road to the park. By public transportation from the ferry take the No. 6 bus to Victory Boulevard and Clove Road. Or take the RR local to 95th Street in Brooklyn and then the R7 bus.

Also on Staten Island is **Von Briesen Park.** Anyone who has visited London's meticulously groomed parks will be pleased to find the same *does* exist here. Von Briesen is a perfect example of thriving greenery, rolling and shaded, in city spaces. Its waterfront location does not provide a beach but does give a stunning view of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and the harbor. Although small, the park is so uncrowded that quiet dining is virtually assured.

Getting there: By car turn at the Bay Street exit immediately after the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge tollbooths (keep right). Turn right on School Road to the park. From the ferry take the No. 2 bus (marked "Midland Beach" or "South Beach") to School Road. You may also take the RR local to 95th Street in Brooklyn and transfer to the R7 bus. Get off at the first Staten Island stop.

One of the Cloisters' loveliest treasures lies outside it. **Fort Tryon Park,** owned by the city, encircles the medieval museum and is surprisingly untrafficked. Its walkways, with trees, flowering bushes, and lampposts, are glorious, and, for picnics, you can choose the woodsy variety or a grassy glade. North of the museum, in front of its entrance, are the woods; south of it, the park is

The sky's the limit: *A view of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge from a picnicker's knoll in Von Briesen Park.*

Photographed by Jeré Cockrell

FOREST PARK IS ALMOST OVERGROWN. DON'T BRING A PORTHAULT CLOTH. DO BRING WALKING SHOES.

like a well-kept private lawn, albeit a big one. In years past, you could hear the museum's medieval concerts from the park. This year, alas, there are no concerts until the fall.

Getting there: By car take the Fort Tryon Park exit from the Henry Hudson Parkway. By subway take the A train to 190th Street; by bus, the M4 to its last stop.

One of Queens's many play areas is **Forest Park.** It has much of what you would expect in a city park—a carousel, band shell, fast-food stand, and swings—but there is also a quiet section which is strictly "the mountains." To find it, enter the park south of Forest Park Drive and west of Woodhaven Boulevard. There is plenty of room for wandering, and, happily, the area is twiggy and almost overgrown. Don't bring a Porthault cloth. Do bring sturdy walking shoes.

Getting there: By car use the Woodhaven Boulevard exit on the Long Island Expressway. Turn south after the exit and follow the boulevard to Forest Park Drive. By public transportation take the GG local to Woodhaven Boulevard, then transfer to the Q11 bus.

Not all green spaces lie many minutes, if not miles, from home. Midtown, the East River has two acres which should be of interest to picnickers; if they are not as splendidly lush as others, they are at least easier to get to. **Roosevelt Island** is especially good for those who like to explore. You can take bicycles on the tram if you wish (no mopeds, however), but the island is small enough to be covered on foot. Adventurers should travel north from the tram, past the apartment complexes. You can't go into the deserted buildings you'll find, but their presence, from a distance, gives a nice sense of gothic mystery. There are small but numerous green spots throughout to accommodate picnickers. For a quieter afternoon, consider **Queens Bridge Park.** It lies opposite the island in Queens and will lull you with its shade trees, view, and hill that rolls right to the river.

Getting there: Forget the car (where would you park?). Take the tram at 59th and Second for Roosevelt Island. Mini-buses go through the village, are free, and run often. For Queens Bridge Park, either the Q60 at 60th and Second Avenue or the M32 at 59th and Second will take you across the bridge. Get off at the first stop; go back along the bridge to Vernon Boulevard. ■

SUMMER PLEASURES

The Best Scoops In Town

BY FLORENCE FABRICANT

When it comes to ice cream, New York—especially in summer—is truly a melting pot. We get our licks from pleated paper cups of gaudy Italian ices, French sorbets, Vermont-maple-syrup ice cream, shaved ice with Hispanic syrups, gentle swirls of frozen yogurt, and supermarket freezers filled with quality ice creams (as well as gobs of airy, additive-laden concoctions).

An abundance of new dipping stores have appeared of late—sleek blond wood and tile replacing nostalgic Gay Nineties clutter—many making their own ice creams in a limited number of tempting, carefully chosen flavors.

The point of departure for all ice cream sold is a base mix of milk products (and eggs if it is "French"). For the confection to be labeled "ice cream," the government requires that it have a butterfat content of at least 10 percent. The connoisseur, however, requires butterfat well above that, combined with only fresh fruit and other natural flavors—standards of excellence met by all recommendations here. For the ice cream addict, it's clearly a summer of splendors.

"We tried making an 18-percent-butterfat ice cream, but no one liked it much," said Maureen Pratt. Maybe it was tested on the wrong group. Anyway, she stayed with about 15 percent, following the recipe she brought east from Bud's of San Francisco and dispensed for a few years at Mother Bucka's in the Village. **Creamed Again** is her second coming, where the stuff of dreams is sold by weight, California style, with the promise of a quarter pound in every cone. There are 24 flavors, but you might stop at crunchy, candy-strewn butter brickle. The line includes another opulent pleasure called "sweet cream," from the day they accidentally forgot the flavoring.

Everybody loves a cone: *Crunchy, rich butter brickle from Creamed Again.*

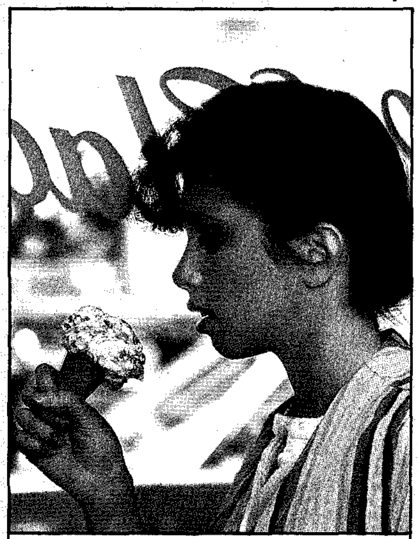
Creamed Again (113 Seventh Avenue South, off Sheridan Square, 741-1173). Open Sunday through Thursday 1 p.m. to 1 a.m., Fridays and Saturdays to 2 a.m. Cones and cups, 75 cents and $1.35; hand-packed half pints, $1.45; pints, $2.40; quarts, $4.40.

New York is an ice cream town with particular tastes. The rest of the country takes its annual average 14.87 quarts in vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry, but New Yorkers choose coffee over strawberry, and they like it strong. I'm blissfully content with **Ice Palace**'s cappuccino, a smooth, dark, coffee-er coffee that's justifiably one of its best-sellers (certainly preferable to the cloying strawberry), and its delectable coconut-pineapple (employees complain of raw knuckles from grating the coconut). Sixteen or so silken, natural flavors, all at least 14 percent butterfat, are made daily in the glittering glass-and-blue-tile shop. Another Ice Palace is scheduled to open at 62nd Street and First Avenue soon.

Ice Palace (566 Third Avenue, at 38th Street, 682-6913). Open Sunday through Thursday 11:30 a.m. to midnight, Fridays and Saturdays to 1 a.m. Cones and cups, 65 cents and $1.25; hand-packed pints, $1.65; quarts, $3.25.

Good to the last drip: *Eye-opening, smooth cappuccino from the Ice Palace.*

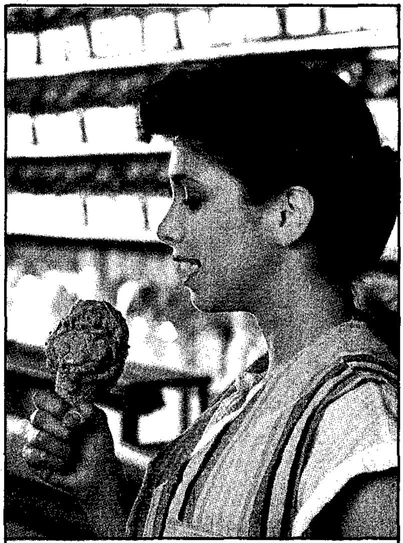
If you think Sedutto sounds seductive, you should taste it. I'm willingly debauched by its creamy vanilla swirled with satin ribbons of butterscotch, cream-laced blueberry, straightforward dose of bittersweet chocolate, or nubbly, chewy coconut, all 15 to 16 percent butterfat. (However, I can resist the slightly overripe-tasting cantaloupe.) Sedutto's temptations originate on Staten Island and are sold selectively throughout the city. One spot for Sedutto is **Le Glacier,** a brick-and-Formica walk-in closet that carries sixteen flavors plus frozen yogurt and is very convenient to Central Park.



It's the berries: *A coneful of blueberries and cream from Le Glacier.*

Le Glacier (1022 Madison Avenue, near 79th Street, 249-2975). Open daily 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. Cones and cups, 70 cents and $1.10; hand-packed pints, $1.95; quarts, $3.60.

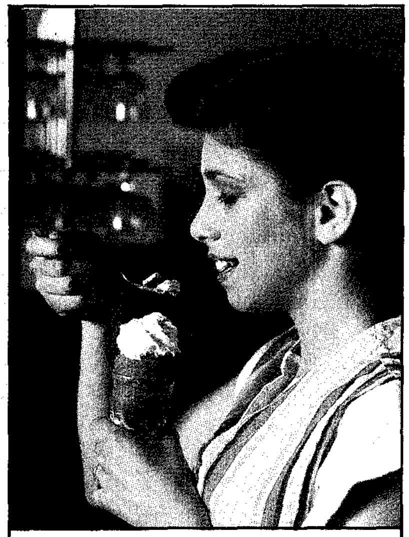
Incredible riches lie just across the Brooklyn Bridge. "I can't think of anywhere else in the city besides Brooklyn Heights where such a small population supports three ice cream stores in a single block," remarked Steve Zito, owner of **Sweet Adeline's.** I can't think of anyplace besides Sweet Adeline's where the biggest seller is butter cashew and the butterfat content runs to 16 percent. The narrow quarry-tile-and-blond-wood shop also offers chocolate with a haunting aftertaste; a delicate breath-of-summer strawberry; mellow maple walnut; rich, boozy rum raisin; and frozen yogurt that doesn't taste like yogurt, if that's to your liking. And you thought only Gage and Tollner was worth the trip.



Cold comfort: *Almost everyone's favorite, chocolate, from Sweet Adeline's.*

Sweet Adeline's (129 Montague Street, 596-0130). Open daily 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Cones and cups, 70 cents and $1.30; hand-packed pints, $1.85; quarts, $3.15.

A team of designers called Morsa has been restyling parts of Little Italy. Eschewing plastic, they have dressed **Caffé Biondo** in rosy brick, antiqued carvings, plants (real), and glass. The spumoni and tortoni are sweet, the American gelati heavy Häagen-Dazs, but the real stars are the properly icy homemade granitas. According to my ice cream lexicon, a granita is a water ice that is not churned as it freezes, so it takes on a pebbly, crunchy texture, like flavored crushed ice. As you spoon yours from a narrow glass *coupe,* the refreshing crystals dissolve on your tongue in a burst of quenchingly tart lemon or frozen espresso. The "granita di caffé" is presented with a blob of dulcet whipped cream.



Caffé olé: *Whipped-cream-topped frozen-espresso granita at Caffé Biondo.*

Caffé Biondo (141 Mulberry Street, 226-9285). Open Sunday through Thursday 11 a.m. to midnight, Fridays and Saturdays to 2 a.m. Granitas and ice creams, 75 cents and up.

No ice cream on earth can revive a wilting palate the way a French sorbet can. Four years ago, Gerard Belilty adapted his brother's Parisian recipe to our sugar (cane, not beet) and began selling Le Sorbet in Washington, D.C. Now his pure fruit, sugar, and water ices are flown here. The flavors are astonishingly intense: deep, winy raspberry and cassis, cantaloupe that tastes like icy melon, eye-opening lemon, exotics like mango and passion fruit—all with just 70 to 95 calories in four ounces. Le Sorbet is sold by the pint ($1.85 to $3, depending on the flavor) at Zabar's, Dean & DeLuca, Dumas Patisserie, Jefferson Market, Balducci's, and Bloomingdale's, to name a few, and by the scoop at a classy, glassy new place called **Caffé Sacco** (burlap coffee sacks cover the walls), where it shares top billing with the *ne plus ultra* luxury of Bassett's Philadelphia ice cream. If there is a better chocolate, I haven't tasted it.

Primal creams: *Bassett's strawberry and butter almond at Caffé Sacco.*

Caffé Sacco (1099 Lexington Avenue, at 77th Street, 861-0094). Open Monday through Thursday 9:30 a.m. to midnight, Fridays 9:30 a.m. to 1 a.m., Saturdays 11 a.m. to 1 a.m., Sundays 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Cones and cups, 65 cents and $1.25; hand-packed half pints, $1.25; pints, $2.25; ice creams and sorbets served at tables, $1. ■

Photographed by Jim McLoughlin; makeup and hair by Ronnie Hecht

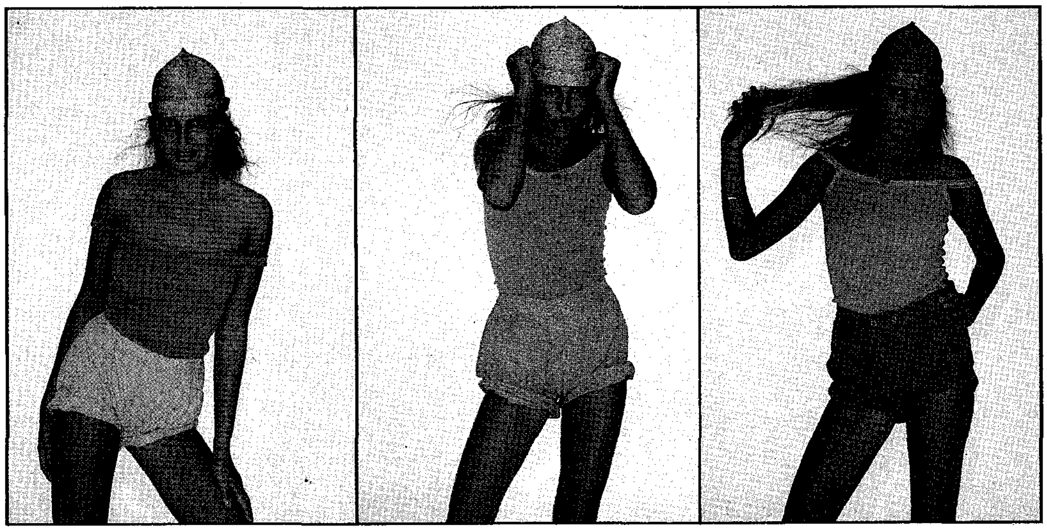
SUMMER PLEASURES

Easy, Breezy Looks

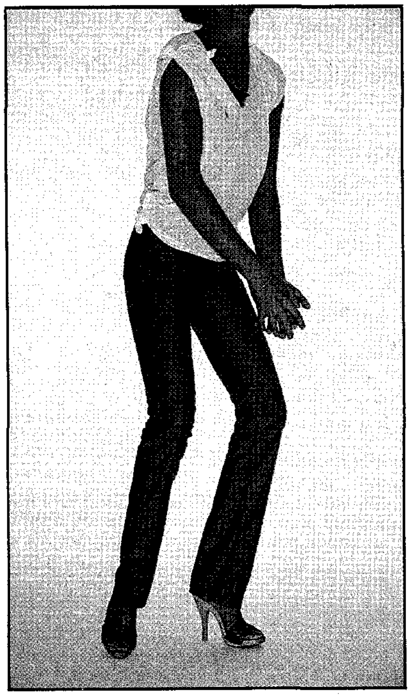
BY FRANCE-MICHELE ADLER

Summer is color, comfort, and cotton. Rules are abolished, and keeping cool—while looking pretty and sexy—is the prime concern.

Because it breathes, cotton cools even when the thermometer soars. And, against a golden tan, nothing is more ravishing than these colorful cotton summer discoveries: a T-shirt and a straw hat in 24 different shades, skinny jeans in 9 colors, French military undershorts and a slip dress, each in several tones.



Trio con brio: *Get into a French soldier's undershorts for $7 at Unique Clothing Warehouse (716–20 Broadway, near Washington Place). The camisole cotton T-shirt is $6, and the straw hat $10. They come in 24 colors at Ina (105 Thompson Street).*

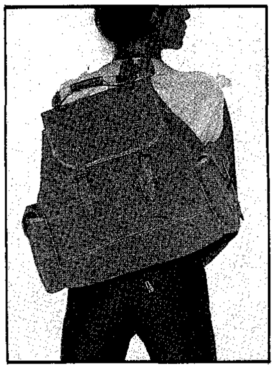


City slick: *Polished cotton jeans by Americanino are $45 at Buffalo Weavers (203 East 60th Street). A Kenzo bow-tie necklace, $25 at Jenny B. Goode (1194 Lexington Avenue, near 81st Street), adds zest to a knotted cotton T-shirt, $14, from Swing Low (1181 Second Avenue, near 62nd Street).*

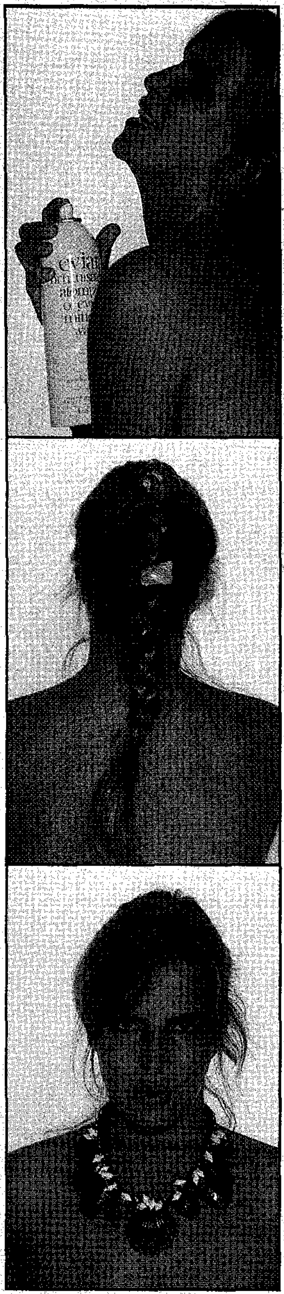
Tootsie pop: *Summer shoes, summer sandals—left, wood-and-red-leather mules, $60; right, black leather sandals, $80; from La Marca (43 East 57th Street).*

On the move: *Left, from Dianne B. (729 Madison Avenue, at 64th Street), a Dorothée Bis cotton slip dress, $27, is worn with a panther necklace from Jenny B. Goode, $50.*

Below, to go—the jute-and-linen knapsack bag, $65 at Fiorucci (125 East 59th Street).



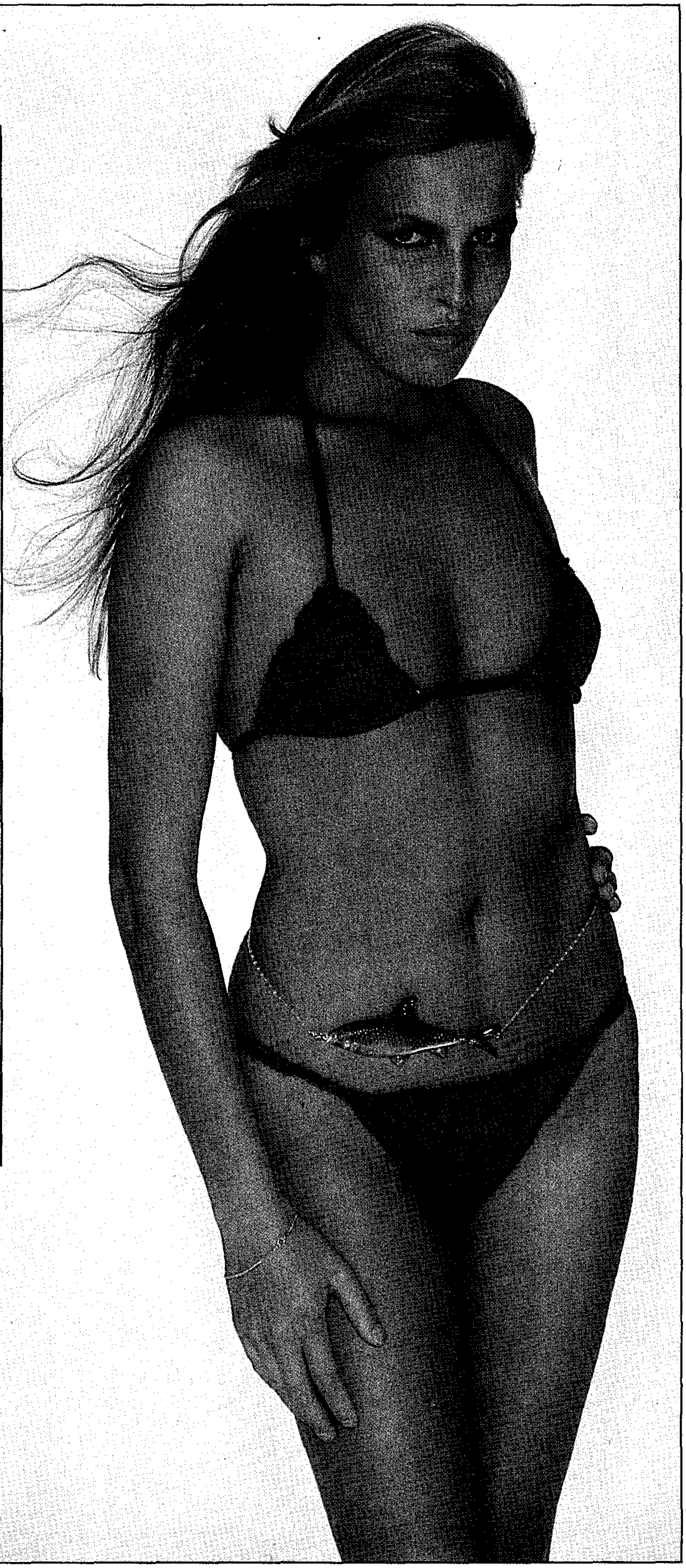
Photographed by Ishimuro



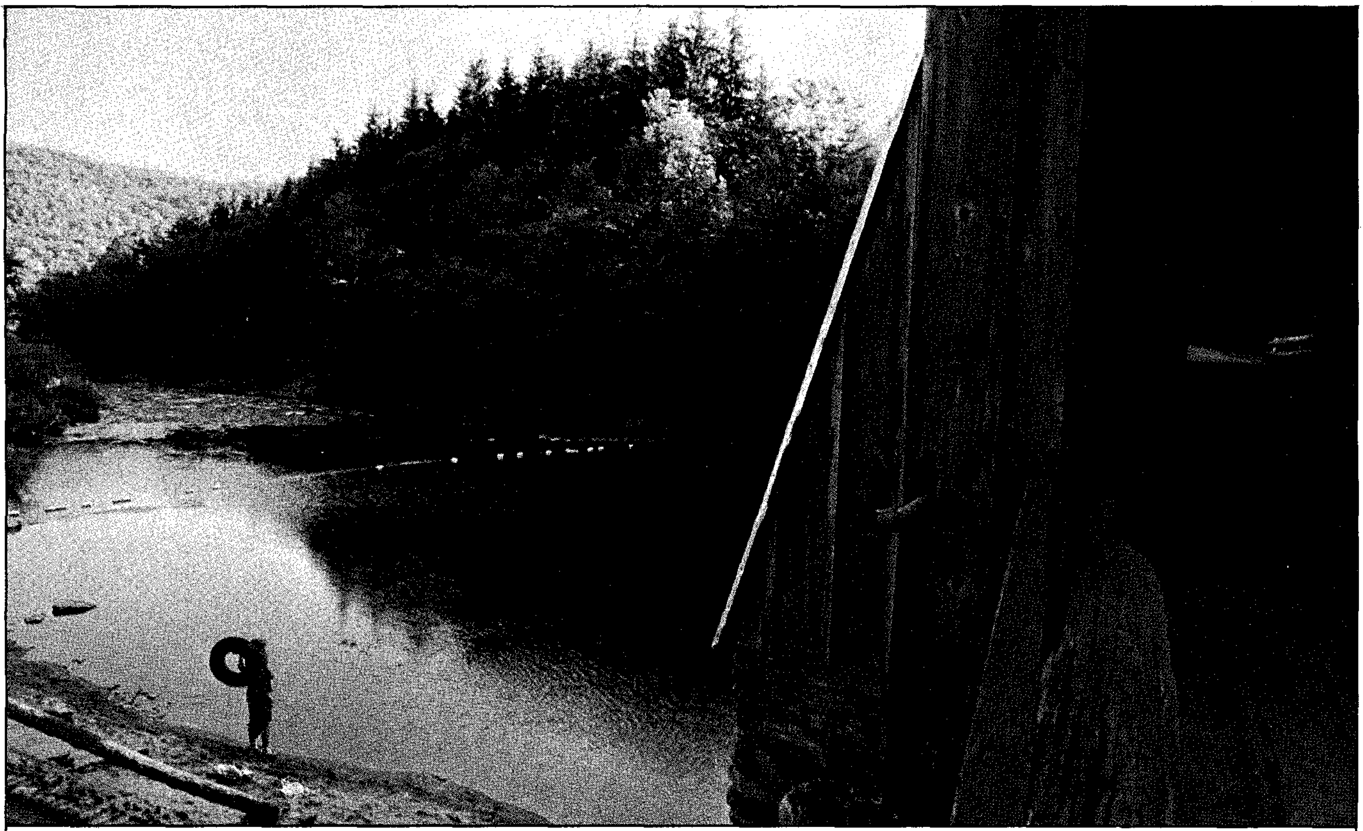
Cool head: *Top, a large Evian atomizer refreshes and lasts and lasts, $8.50 at Boyd Chemist (655 Madison Avenue, at 60th Street).*

Center, shells for your hair, blue ($24) or white ($16). They are from Gindi (816 Madison Avenue, near 68th Street).

Bottom, a bold accessory, the lacquered-shell necklace is $20 at Jenny B. Goode.



Skinny dip: *Let the sun shine on this deliciously brief cotton bikini, $18 at Buffalo Weavers. The blue fish is a Kenzo body jewel, $50 at Jenny B. Goode.* ▬



View from the bridge: *An 1865 covered bridge spans the chilly waters of the Beaverkill and overlooks a verdant valley.*

SUMMER PLEASURES

God's Little Pools

BY STEPHEN DINGMAN

NEW YORK DOESN'T HAVE SWIMMING HOLES, SO HERE ARE EIGHT WITHIN DRIVING DISTANCE.

The old swimming hole is an uncomplicated place to get wet. Natural pools have bends, curves, dips, and irregularities. Even the seashore can't provide such soothing summer delights as gentle waterfalls, teasing currents, lean, bright evergreens that outnumber the swimmers, or—at one hole—a 113-year-old covered bridge. Picnickers and sunbathers find themselves encircled by steeply rising gray shale that blends with the greens and browns of silent woods.

New Yorkers may not have their own swimming hole, but there's no reason why you can't find one to jump into this summer. A Sunday drive will get you there. Here are eight natural swimming areas—riverfronts, ponds, and widened creeks—within approximately 100 miles of the city. There are lifeguards at each site.

The Beaverkill Covered Bridge Swimming Area (115 miles northwest) is in a dreamlike setting in a valley between a couple of Catskill mountains and surrounded by a hardwood forest. Located three miles south of Lew Beach, a one-post-office, one-gas-station town, on County Road 151-152 (Beaverkill Road) in Sullivan County, it is probably the best old swimming hole within Sunday driving distance.

Swimmers can stroke and float under an 1865 covered bridge that stands twelve feet over the waters and spans the middle of the swimming hole. It is built out of hemlock and acts as a one-lane crossing—the car that arrives first crosses first.

The east bank of the Beaverkill ("kil" is a Dutch word for creek or river) is a sandy beach; the west bank, exposed bedrock which drops off abruptly to eight feet of water.

William Kelly, senior aquatic biologist for the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, warns warm-blooded New Yorkers about the waters: "Anyone who swims there ought to put on long underwear. Boy, is it brisk." But he insists that there couldn't be a finer swimming hole—"a cool, clean trout stream."

Campsite officials say 100 to 150 people take the plunge on a hot Saturday or Sunday. There are picnic tables within 25 feet of the kill, and people often bring their picnic baskets to the creek's edge.

The tiny campsite charges $3.50 a night for a party of six. The site has no showers but does have flush toilets. Daily hours are from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M., and the admission for swimmers is $2 a car. The kill will probably be open for swimming past Labor Day.

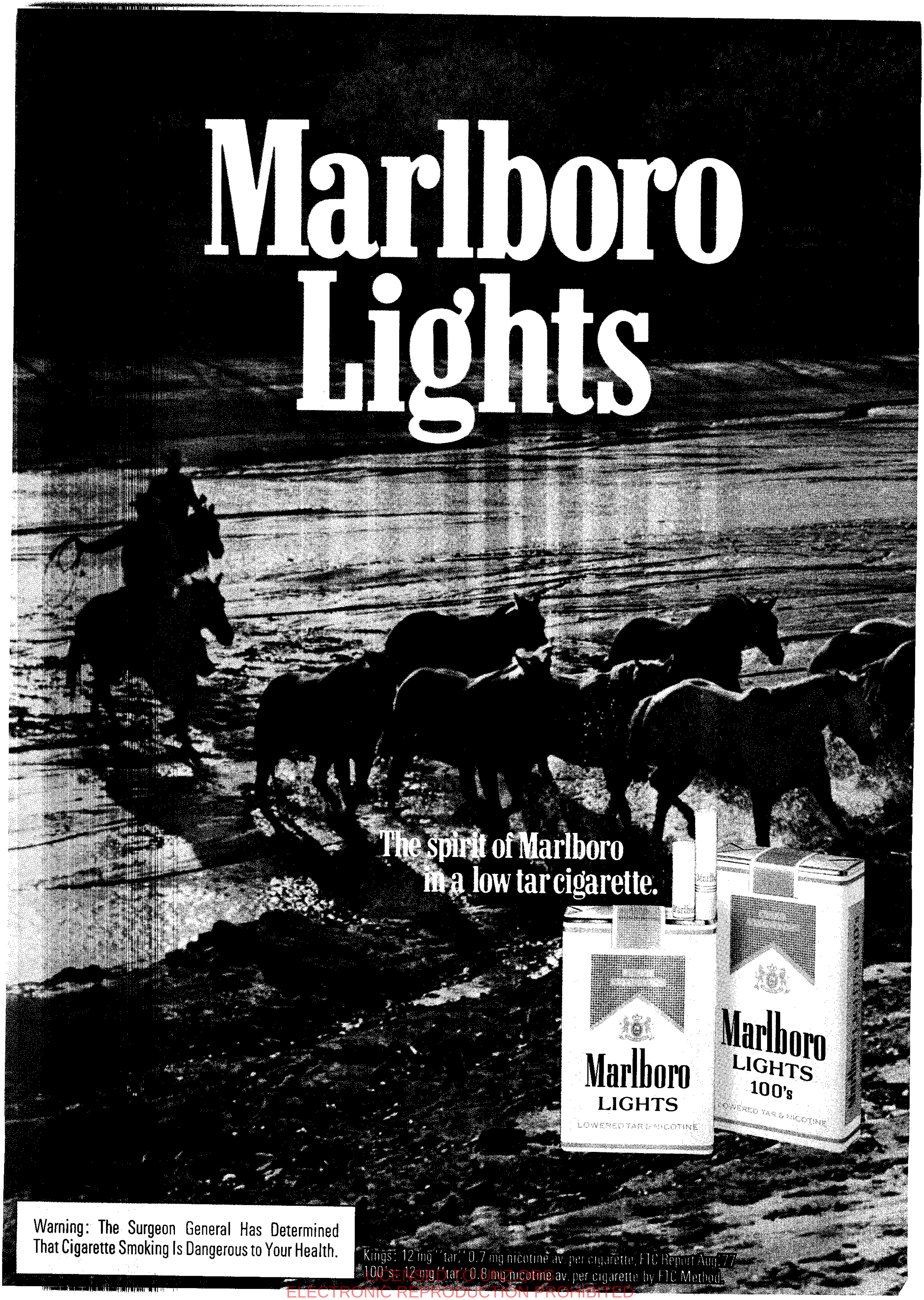
To get there, take Route 17 west to Exit 96. Keep right off the exit onto Old Route 17, go up a hill, continue for a mile and a half, and take another right onto Beaverkill Road. Just follow the signs, and look for a covered bridge and splashing below.

Lounsbury Pond (40 miles north), in the Blue Mountain Reservation in Peekskill, is a football-shaped body of water with a chilly background. It was acquired in the 1920s by the county, and the previous owners had used the five acres of water as an ice pond. The stable for the horses who used to haul the ice is now the Tupperware Building and is located at the entrance to the park.

There is a 150-yard beach on the curved west side, and a portion of the pond area has been improved. If bathers listen carefully, they can hear the mild ten-foot waterfall at the northeast end as it gently flows down from the upper pond.

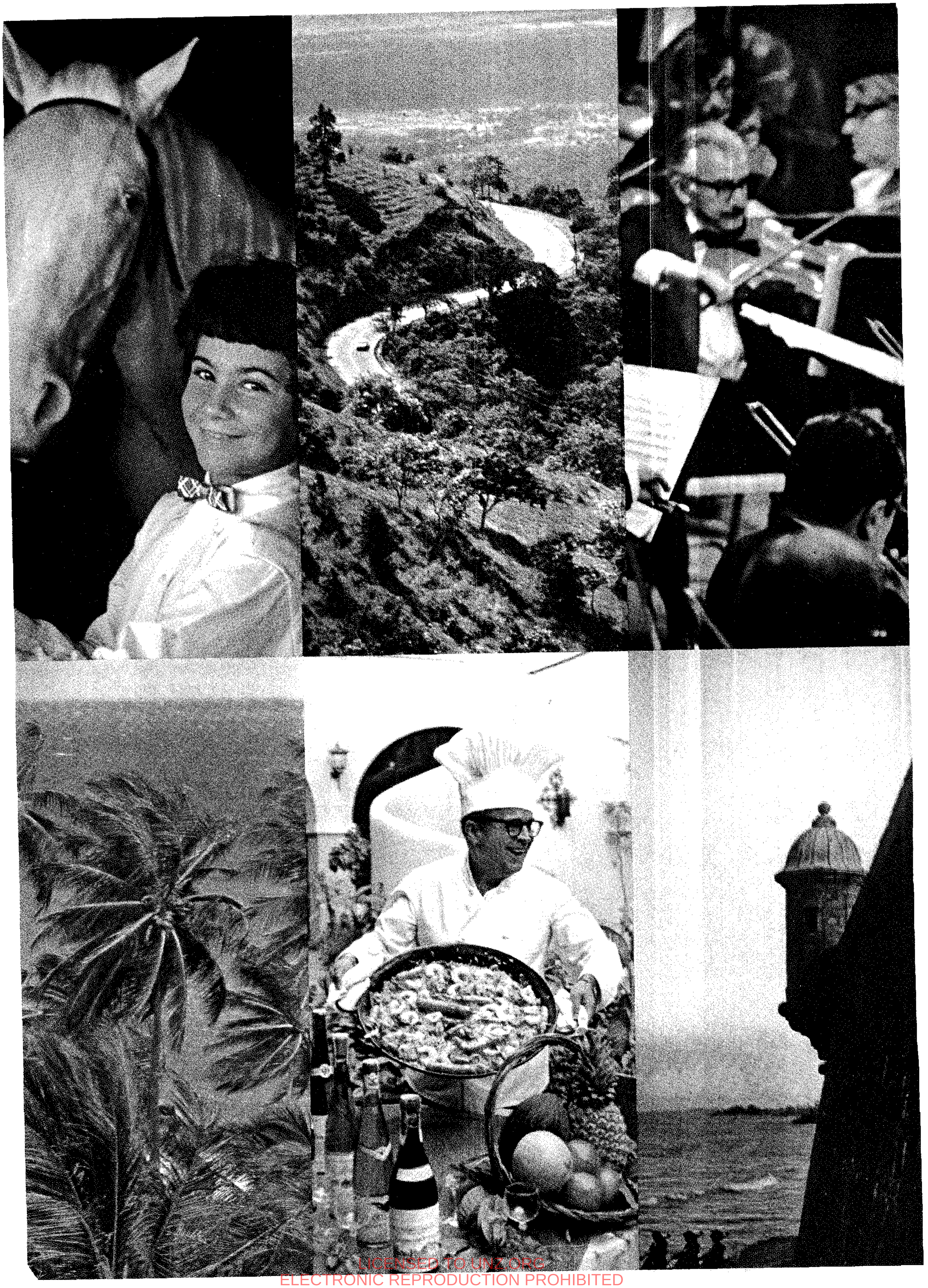
(Continued on page 47)

Photographed by Armen Kachaturian


Marlboro
Lights
The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.
Marlboro
LIGHTS
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE
Marlboro
LIGHTS
100's
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



It takes a great island to deliver a great vacation.

It's your vacation. You want it perfect. Special. One you'll remember happily all year. You want a great vacation. And Puerto Rico has it.

From tree-shaded plazas and exquisite crescent beaches to misty green peaks crowned with orchids, Puerto Rico will surprise you, entertain you, relax you, excite you, and enchant you.

Puerto Rico is a mountain coffee plantation where you can stay for a song. It's the Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra, where the song is likely to be by Mozart, and the glorious Festival Casals each June.

Puerto Rico is an Indian ceremonial ground whose secret rites are lost in time. And Arecibo, where the world's largest radio telescope is helping uncover the secrets of the universe.

Puerto Rico has the only beach in the Caribbean worthy of the world surfing championships. And a music-loving public worthy of not one but three opera companies.

What's in Puerto Rico for you? Anything you want. Start in San Juan, the liveliest, most historic city in the Caribbean, absolutely tops for fine restaurants, superb entertainment, distinctive casinos and fabulous hotels. Feel the fascination of Old San Juan, with its patios and ancient forts, cobbled streets and one-of-a-kind shops. But don't stop there.

Let our island show you the magnificence of its mountains, the charm of its small towns, the beauty of its forests and lakes. Excellent roads make it easy. Watch for parrots by a rainforest waterfall. Take a ferry to an off-shore island and stop for a fresh lobster lunch. Find a perfect moonless night to discover the magic glow of amazing Phosphorescent Bay.

Do expect wonderful weather. You won't be disappointed. Our average annual temperature is 78°, with only a 6° difference between the warmest and the coolest months. It's always perfect for enjoying our beautiful golf courses, palm-sheltered beaches and clear warm waters.

We invite you to Puerto Rico, all of it, and to a great vacation. Talk to your travel agent about Puerto Rico's low summer rates.

Puerto Rico, U.S.A.

It takes a great island to deliver a great vacation.

For further information contact the nearest Puerto Rico Tourism Company. Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Toronto.

Eastern's Super Savings Everywhere

Let Eastern take you out of this country to places that are out of this world.

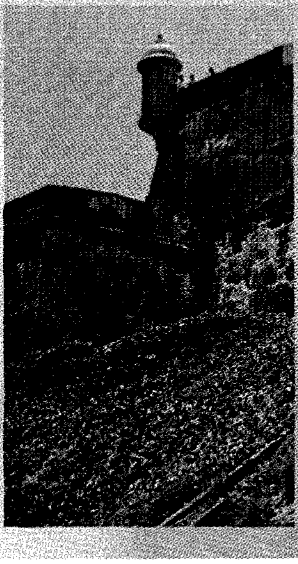
Take yourself on an Eastern vacation at 20% to 50%† off. This summer, Eastern's money-saving vacation packages make it easier than ever to leave the states behind for a beautiful state of mind.

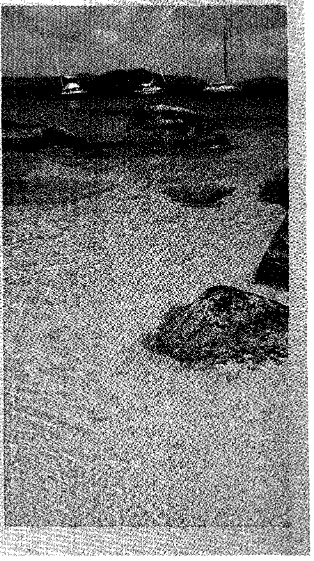
Mexico City with an Acapulco/Taxco Option. Stay in exciting Mexico City for 8 days/7 nights, $259-$375,* including airfare and a choice of selected hotels. You get a tour of Mexico City, including the Cathedral and Chapultepec Park. Round-trip airport transfers included. Or divide your time. Stay in Mexico City for 3 nights, 1 night in Taxco and 3 nights in Acapulco. Includes transfers and a tour of Mexico City and the University. $298-$388* including airfare.

Puerto Rico with a St. Thomas Option. $281-$400* for 8 days/7 nights including airfare and hotel. Stay at a selected hotel and enjoy the historic capital city of this beautiful Caribbean island. Plus admission to the Folkloric Ballet, the Light and Sound Spectacle and a San Juan Bay cruise. Or for $20 more, choose a San Juan vacation that also includes a day shopper's tour to St.Thomas and a car†† with unlimited mileage for 24 hours.

The Vacation Islands of the Caribbean. Eastern flies to more Caribbean islands from more cities than any other airline. And we've got plenty of exciting vacations to tempt you. For example: 7 days/6 nights in St.Maarten/St.Martin $317-$392* or 8 days/7 nights in Montego Bay, Jamaica $302-$372.* Prices include airfare and hotel. You can't go for a lower airfare.

So call your travel agent, the travel specialist, or Eastern at 986-5000 in New York or 621-2121 in Newark.





†Savings based on comparison between midweek tourist inclusive-tour fares and regular tourist fares. *Fares based on midweek tourist inclusive-tour fares. San Juan fare has advance reservation and ticketing requirements. Prices are per person, double occupancy, and do not include most local taxes, service charges, meals or transfers unless indicated, and expire 12/15/78. ††Gas and insurance not included in car rental. "The Wings of Man" is a registered service mark of Eastern Air Lines, Inc.

1928 · FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE · 1978
50
EASTERN AIRLINES

EASTERN
THE WINGS OF MAN

AT SCHREEDER POND, BATHERS WILL FIND NATURAL CAVES AND PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

(Continued from page 42) Opposite the beach, on the east side, evergreens and maples are at the edge of the chlorinated water. Nature trails surround the water. The area is crowded on sunny Sundays and holidays, but as one Westchester County park official said, "During the week, it's a joy."

Daily hours are from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. The admission charge is 50 cents per child and $1 per adult. There is parking space for approximately 400 cars; parking fees are $2 per car for non—Westchester residents. To get there, take Route 9 north and exit at Welcher Avenue in Peekskill.

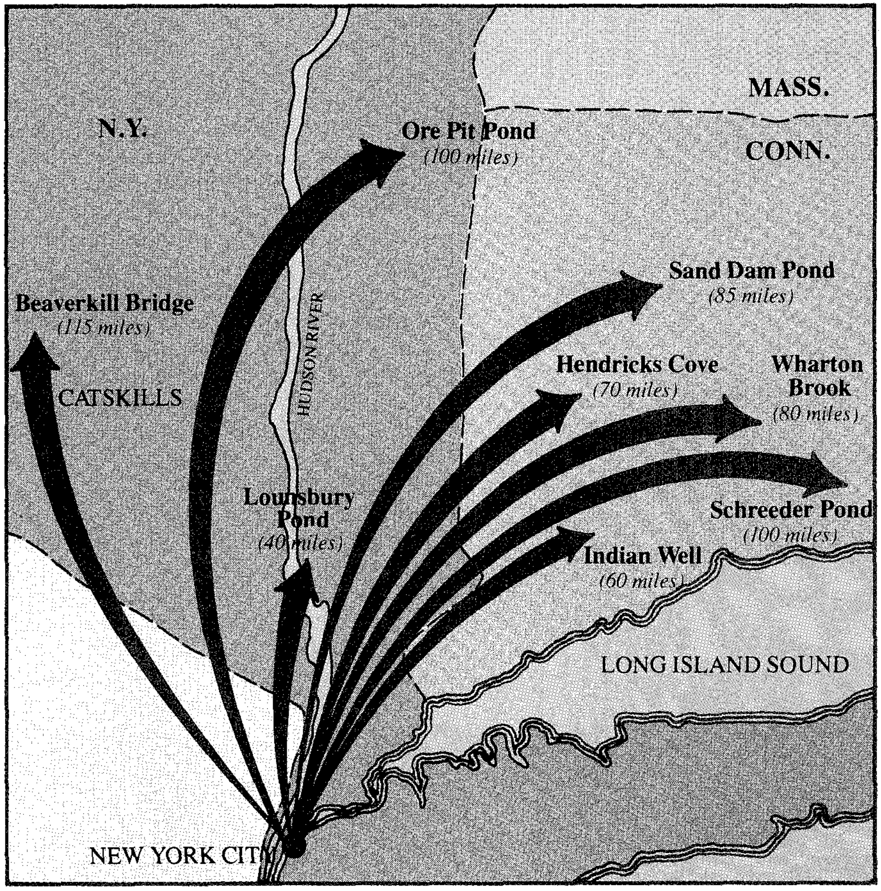
Just over 100 miles north of New York, in Taconic State Park, Copake residents can cool off in waters about 50 feet directly above the spot where their grandfathers once sweated. **Ore Pit Pond** is the site of a former iron-ore mine that operated in the late 1800s. In the park maintenance area (southeast corner of the park), there are buildings that once housed the iron-ore-furnace complex. The furnace is still there—it's used for storage.

The 150-foot-wide, 600-foot-long pond is a large, deep-sunk pit, shaped like a pool. Inquiring bathers will get all sorts of estimates on the water's depth. Some park officials say it's 150 to 200 feet deep, others estimate the depth at 60 to 150 feet, but Superintendent Calvin Post says that in 1963 a navy scuba team couldn't find any spot deeper than 45 feet.

Most of the swimming is done off a floating dock. Out in the middle of the pond, there is a raft with a diving board. These waters are definitely for good swimmers only. Young children or those who feel more secure touching bottom might prefer the three-foot-deep wading pool just below the pond.

Ore Pit Pond is open from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. through Labor Day. Park admission is $2 per car. To get there, take the Saw Mill River Parkway to Route I-684, which runs into Route 22. Take Route 344 east off of Route 22 into the park.

The western portion of Connecticut's state-park-and-forest system includes five easily reached but not all genuinely natural swimming areas. They look the part, though, and each one has an interesting history.



Nearby swimming holes: *Eight spots where hot New Yorkers can cool off.*

Hendricks Cove (70 miles northeast) is located in hilly, heavily wooded Kettletown Park, five miles south of Southbury, Connecticut. This is former Indian land—Kettletown State Park got its name because a kettle was part of the purchase price asked by local Indians. The swimming area, a beachfront on the east side of the Housatonic River, is a 300-foot opening in a cove that runs inland for about 4,000 feet.

The cove is open through Labor Day from 8 A.M. to sunset. The admission charge is $1 per car. To get there, drive north on Route I-684 to I-84 west of Danbury, Connecticut, then take Exit 15 off of I-84.

Indian Well (60 miles northeast), on Route 110, north of Shelton, Connecticut, is another Housatonic River beach. It is situated in a valley with wooded hills on both sides. The river current is slow here because there is a dam a mile south of the swimming area.

Park officials say the place gets its name from a legend about Indians once getting their drinking water from an inland well. To get there, take Route 95 to Bridgeport, Connecticut, then take a left onto Route 8 and head north.

Sand Dam Pond (85 miles northeast) is a little two-acre man-made swimming hole at the base of a grassy knoll in Black Rock State Park, located on Route 6 two miles west of Thomaston. One of Connecticut's major nature trails, the Blue Trail, runs along the pond. To get there, take Route I-684 to Brewster. Then take I-84 to Route 8 to Waterbury, then Route 109 to Thomaston.

Wharton Brook (80 miles northeast), two miles south of Wallingford, Connecticut, on Route 5, is another man-made swimming pond. In the early 1900s, the park served as a travelers' wayside. Motorists would stop to have their cars serviced and would spread out picnic lunches as the work was being done. The six-acre pond has a 200-foot-long beach on the north side. To get there, take Route 95 to 91 north, then take Exit 13 west. The park is located a quarter mile south on Route 5.

Schreeder Pond (100 miles northeast) in Chatfield Hollow State Park, one and a half miles west of Killingworth, Connecticut, on Route 80, is a man-made four-acre pond named after a state forester. The Hollow's main attractions—other than its particularly beautiful scenery—are the natural caves that once provided shelter for Indians. The pond's beach is on the east side. To get there, take I-95 to Exit 61. Continue on Route 79 north out of Madison, Connecticut, then get on Route 80 east. ■

Map by Vladimir Yevtikhiev

SUMMER PLEASURES

Salad Days

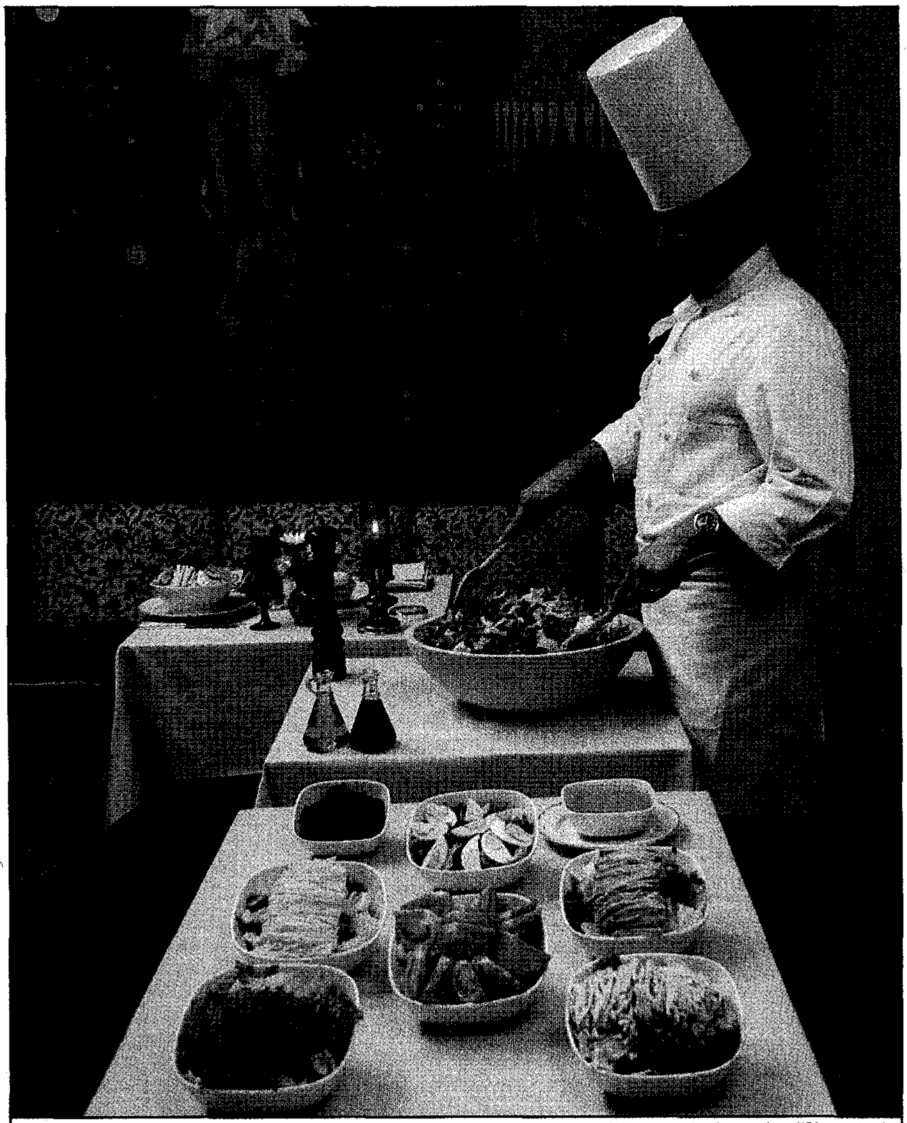
BY PATRICIA VOLK BLITZER AND STEPHANIE PIERSON

HEREWITH, AFTER EIGHT YEARS OF RESEARCH, A REPORT ON CHEF'S SALADS—WORTHY AND WOEBEGONE.

It started innocently enough eight years ago, when we two chronic dieters began meeting at lunchtime, looking for someplace that served a decent chef's salad. What we wanted was a bowl of fresh greens and good cheese and flavorful meat, reasonably priced, served in pleasant surroundings. What we got were ignominious concoctions containing anything from canned pineapple chunks to toasted almonds to Canadian bacon to canned Blue Lake green beans. Some were simply woebegone collections of whatever leftovers the kitchen had on hand.

We did not give up. We kept on searching. By now, we've eaten approximately 1,700 chef's salads in about 130 restaurants. We've had salads as interpreted by tearooms, by hotels, by health-food restaurants, by chic Upper East Side watering spots. We've had French, Italian, Swiss, and Irish versions. And some that defied any classification at all.

Clearly, there is no one absolute recipe for a chef's salad. The very name suggests that the dish will be created according to the whim of the chef. But who, we wondered as yet another bowlful of gelatinous turkey roll, waxy ersatz croutons, Spam, and bottled Roquefort dressing was set before us, dreamed up the first one?


Toss-up: *Executive chef Wolfgang Rapp puts together a sublime salad at the King Cole Bar. Our authors say his Russian dressing—piquant but not overwhelming—is the best.*

Evan Jones, in his comprehensive book *American Food,* writes that the origin of this salad is a mystery, but that it might have been the creation of Louis Diat, the late chef of the late Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York. Mr. Jones's variation on Diat's salad (in which watercress was the only green) calls for iceberg lettuce, scallions, ham or tongue, chicken or turkey, Swiss cheese, green pepper, tomatoes, and fresh herbs tossed in a simple vinaigrette dressing.

Not one of our 1,700 chef's salads was made according to the above recipe. Few even resembled it. Many would have made Louis Diat glad he didn't put his name to his creation. Happily, though, a few have been blissfully satisfying: felicitous combinations of the freshest, most seasonal ingredients, lightly tossed with a simple dressing that coated but did not drown the salad or mask its taste. They were handsomely presented and prettily garnished. And they didn't cost a fortune.

In an effort to guide you to those salads worthy of compliments to the chef (note that these dishes vary from day to day at the same restaurant) and to spare you eight years of searching, we've compiled the following list. Lettuce begin.

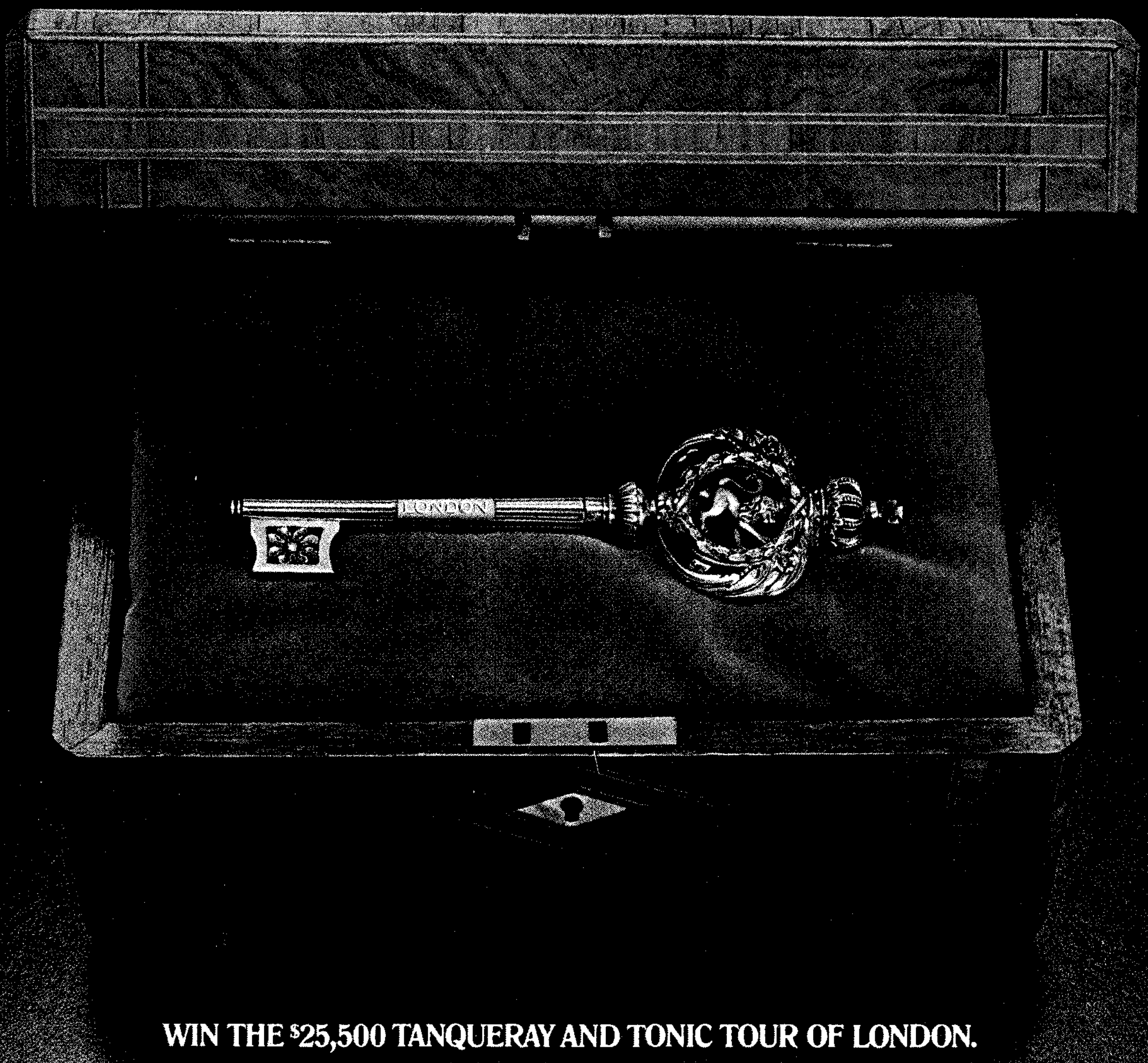
Maxwell's Plum, like Blanche DuBois, is at its best at night. You don't notice the snuffed cigarette stubs in the potted azaleas. By day the place has a feeling of tired anticipation—as if it isn't doing what it's supposed to. No matter when you go, though, raisin pumpernickel bread (75 cents for two) frozen at the center is horrendous.

The waitresses here (1181 First Avenue, at 64th Street, 628-2100) are as close to stewardesses as you're ever likely to encounter on the ground: They ignore women, dote on men. And the salads ours brought us were abysmal. They were carelessly served in a cracked, laminated bowl. They were pre-prepared, not fresh. Tongue and turkey were the watery, oversalted, processed variety. (The ham, however, was freshly baked and excellent, and the Swiss was imported and sharp.) The dressings we had (creamy Italian and Russian) were thick, cloying, overpowering. At $4.85, this salad was certainly no bargain.

"What's in the dressing?" we asked our harried waiter at **The Plaza**'s Palm

Photographed by Paul Elson

LONDON ON $1,700 A DAY.



WIN THE $25,500 TANQUERAY AND TONIC TOUR OF LONDON.

Tanqueray will unlock the gates to one of the world's most exciting, elegant cities, the ancestral home of Tanqueray and Tonic. $1700 a day for 15 days, including airfare, a luxury hotel suite, your own chauffeured Rolls Royce, opulent dining, theatre and night life and a shopping spree. Take all this not to exceed $25,500, or take $25,500 in cash. Use the entry blank provided or obtain one at any participating restaurant or merchant.

TANQUERAY LONDON TOUR CONTEST OFFICIAL RULES.

1. To enter, fill in this official entry form—clearly hand-printing your name, address and your answers to all three questions. (Or, on a 5"x 8" plain piece of paper, clearly hand-print your name, address and answers to the three questions on the entry form). The answers to these questions may be found by looking at any bottle of Tanqueray Gin. A photograph of a bottle may be obtained by requesting same from: Tanqueray, P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: Tanqueray London Tour Contest, P.O. Box 8411, New Canaan, Conn. 06842. Entries must be post-marked by September 2, 1978 and received by September 9, 1978. **3.** Winner will be determined in random drawing from among all correctly answered and eligible entries conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. **4.** Grand Prize: A Tour of London up to a maximum cost of $25,500 or $25,500 in cash. The awarding of the prize to the prize winner will be subject to the execution of an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use the winner's name and photograph in its publicity. **5.** Prize is non-transferable, and no substitution for prize except as stated. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. The Grand Prize (valued at $25,500) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winner. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Utah and Virginia, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. **8.** Winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Tanqueray Winner, P.O. Box 202, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. **9.** The Official Entry form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

To enter, look at any bottle of Tanqueray Gin and indicate the correct answers to the three statements listed below.

1. Check the country from which Tanqueray is imported.
______France ______Scotland ______England

2. Check the initial that appears on the Tanqueray bottle's red seal ______"B" ______"F" ______"T"

3. Check the correct spelling.
______Tanqeray ______Tanqueray ______Tanqaray

Mail your completed entry form to:
TANQUERAY LONDON TOUR CONTEST, P.O. Box 8411
New Canaan, Conn. 06842
I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

NAME______________________

ADDRESS______________________

CITY______________________

STATE________ZIP______________

Pronounce it "Tanker-ray." Imported from England by Somerset Importers Ltd., N.Y. Distilled & Bottled in London, 100% Neutral Spirits, 94.6 Proof.

Nobody does it better: *Having tasted 1,700 salads—more lettuce than most rabbits eat in a lifetime—our authors chose Le Cirque's as the best chef's salad in town.*

Cheers: *Imogene Coca and her husband, King Donovan, at table in the Algonquin Hotel's Rose Room, where the salad is "a masterpiece of color, texture, taste."*

AT THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, THE SALAD IS FRESH BUT BLAND—NOT PATHETIC, JUST MUNDANE.

Court (768 Fifth Avenue, at 59th Street, PL 9-3000). "Hof French, hof Russian," he replied. Actually, it wasn't bad. On our next visit we were offered a blue-cheese and a vinaigrette as well. As for the salad: It varies. Once we got one that had been refrigerated so long, and had absorbed so much dressing, that no taste was distinguishable from any other. What was ham? What was turkey?

On another visit, the salad was inundated by an avalanche of riced egg yolk. Dark-meat chicken was used, and tongue, and . . . bits of ossified corned beef! There was no cheese, and some puzzling pieces of white cabbage had strayed into the bowl. We were served four kinds of greens one day; another day, we got straight romaine.

As for the atmosphere, well . . . this is one of the prettiest places in town, but the tables were set as close together as they are in McDonald's. In fact, closer. Our neighbor kept shoving a rococo plaster balustrade into our arms throughout lunch. We kept shoving it back. We both wound up with Plaza elbow.

The Palm Court's salad is a not disagreeable hodgepodge. Yet for $8.50, it really should be better.

The chef's salad at **The Woman's Exchange** (541 Madison Avenue, near 54th Street, PL 3-2330) is a remembrance of things past—those lunches in the college cafeteria, those dinner trays in the hospital after your operation. The salad ($3.95) is fresh, generous, bland; it's not pathetic, just mundane. A Parker House or hard roll comes with it—or, if you're lucky, fresh, warm corn bread. The dressings are house French (the thick, orangy, red-dye-No. 2 variety, served in a glass-and-chrome maple-syrup dispenser), blue cheese, and Russian. None is great. Our salad, rather sloppily presented in a wooden bowl for us to toss ourselves, had the basic julienne triangle—ham, Swiss, fresh chicken—plus inedible quartered tomatoes and shredded carrots on a bed of cut romaine and iceberg. Why don't restaurants realize that *no* tomato is better than a mealy tomato? And it doesn't fool us when they take the skin off. If the chef is concerned enough to care about color, let him try a radish, red pepper, beets, anything that's in season—hothouse tomatoes should be outlawed.

The chef's salad we had in **The Algonquin Hotel**'s Rose Room was superb. Proudly presented *à la table,* then tossed by charming waiters, it was a masterpiece of color, texture, and taste. Minnesota white replaced the traditional Swiss. The romaine was torn, not cut. Chicken pre-empted turkey on the day we were there, but when it's that fresh, who cares? The meats (tongue, roast beef, and ham) were fresh and full of flavor; the dressings (Russian and blue cheese) were tangy, complementary, assertive, yet never overpowering. All of this ($6.50) was blessed by an anchovy cross.

The room (it's at 59 West 44th Street, MU 7-4400) was quite lovely—as worthy of landmark status as the hotel itself.

For a place that specializes in salads, **Healthworks** (148 East 57th Street, 838-8370; 12 East 36th Street, 686-0401; the Citicorp Market, 153 East 53rd Street, 838-6221; 1345 Sixth Avenue, at 55th Street, 586-1980) should try harder. The portions are generous, the presentation attractive, the ingredients fresh, and yet . . . the salads are curiously disappointing. The dressings (bland) look artificially colored and sometimes taste chemical-ish.

Salads range from $3.50 to a high of $4.50, the latter usually featuring a seafood combination starring what tastes like iodized shrimp. Many of the salads look as if they had gotten trapped in a Cuisinart—tiny, unidentifiable ingredients one step from a purée. You can usually find something that approximates Diat's basic chef's salad, but it's a gamble. Once we had a salad that consisted almost entirely of romaine and black olives.

It grieves us to bear witness to the decline of **Schrafft's**—we who had our first ice cream sodas at its dark and dignified counter. Gone are the gleaming brass, starched aprons, polished wood, and doilies. Formica has replaced wood. Nothing has replaced doilies. The once regal red-velvet ropes are stained and tattered. At the door, candy corn in cellophane replaces Schrafft's homemade cheese bread and chocolate layer cake. Alas.

They used to say, when a girl could not find a job, "She even failed the hairnet test at Schrafft's." Happily, Schrafft's waitresses are still impeccable, gracious, and talkative; they are the best thing about the restaurant. At the Schrafft's at 417 Fifth Avenue, near 37th Street (684-9506), our East Sider salad bowls ($4.95) were full

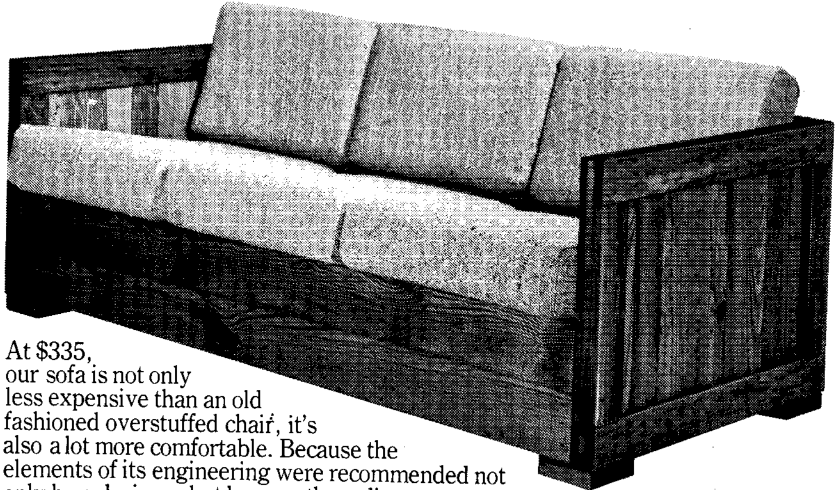
Lunch at Christy's. It's something new under the sun.

Imagine a lunch menu that offers you the warmth of sunlight,
the patter of rain and the sight of falling snow.
Then surrounds you with thousands of live plants and lots of beautiful people.
Plus gives you a choice of over 33 entrees to satisfy any
wishful craving. At affordable prices.
That's the new Christy's menu. Something for all your senses.
P.S. Brunch with us Sundays at 11:30.

CHRISTY'S
SKYLITE GARDENS
64 West 11th St., N.Y. / (212) 673-5720

AD BY PLUM ADVERTISING

Our indestructible sofa costs less than an overstuffed chair.



At $335,
our sofa is not only less expensive than an old fashioned overstuffed chair, it's also a lot more comfortable. Because the elements of its engineering were recommended not only by a designer but by an orthopedic surgeon. Only one thought should give you more comfort. Our sofa is manufactured with no veneer, no plywood, and no moving parts. Making it highly fashionable but impossible to wear out.

This End Up. Furniture you can put your feet on.

THIS END UP FURNITURE CO.

Call for our Free Brochure
SOHO/461 W. Broadway (212) 673-0705
MIDTOWN/Tramway Plaza, 1139 Second Ave. (between 59th & 60th) (212) 755-6065

La crêpe

combine a tasteful food
enfold it lovingly
in fresh wheat or buckwheat,
cook it carefully and you have
la Crêpe !
the sandwich élégant—light in taste,
delicate to the palate,
rich in nourishment
yet it won't hurt your diet.
little wonder that
la Crêpe is where gourmets get their wheat!
LES SPECIALITES MAISON
la soupe à l'oignon gratinée, la quiche lorraine
salade niçoise, la mousse au chocolat
ice cream and hot apples crêpe
omelette bretonne

NEW YORK:
East Side: 981 Third Avenue at 58th Street
Near Lincoln Center: 1974 Broadway at 67th Street
Midtown: 57 West 56th Street
Times Square: 158 West 44th Street
Village: 15 Greenwich Avenue
Financial District: 59 Nassau Street
Forest Hills: 71-34C Austin Street

LONG ISLAND: Manhasset, Cedarhurst, Massapequa Park

WESTCHESTER: White Plains: 51-53 Mamaroneck Avenue

NEW JERSEY:
Eatontown: at the Monmouth Mall, Rt. 35
Paramus: Fashion Center
Princeton-Lawrenceville: at the Quakerbridge Mall, Rt. 1
Toms River: at the Ocean City Mall

FAMILY FUN

On Sonesta's Island, family fun means the kids have counselor-supervised activities while parents do their own thing.

"Just Us Kids"™ Family Fun on Sonesta's Island ITS-SONF-3

4 days/3 nights from **$ 79.50***

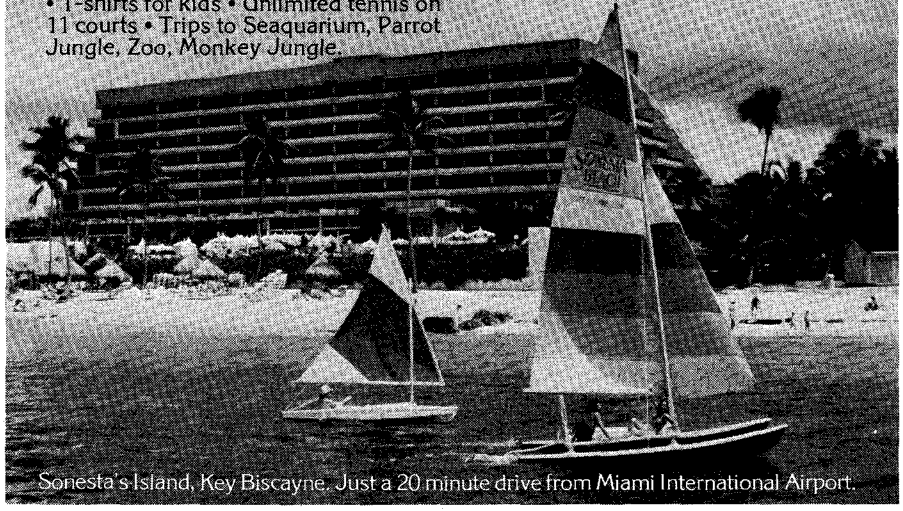
8 days/7 nights from **$159.00***

- Cocktails for adults • Ice cream for kids
- Round trip transfers between airport and hotel • One day's use of bicycles
- T-shirts for kids • Unlimited tennis on 11 courts • Trips to Seaquarium, Parrot Jungle, Zoo, Monkey Jungle.

*Per person/double occupancy. Children free (maximum two). Airfare, tax and tips not included. May 1 to December 18, 1978. 50 of 300 rooms.

For information or reservations, see your Travel Agent. Or call SRS (800) 225-1372. In Massachusetts (800) 842-1202.

SONESTA BEACH
HOTEL & TENNIS CLUB
350 Ocean Drive, Key Biscayne, FL 33149



Sonesta's Island, Key Biscayne. Just a 20 minute drive from Miami International Airport.

MIRABILE DICTU!
FRESH, GARDEN-GROWN TOMATOES IN THE SALAD AT THE BRASSERIE.

of the unfortunately ubiquitous turkey roll, good baked ham, tomato, cucumber, dried-out Swiss, egg, slivers of curly red cabbage, green pepper, shredded carrots, and giant, unbitable, prehistoric-size pieces of romaine. Somebody in the kitchen must be trying to set a record for number of ingredients; still, the combination was intelligent. The Russian dressing we had tasted just as good as it did twenty years ago. However, here's where we went through our most incredible food experience: One of the black olives in our salad had a chunk bitten out of it. By a human. Enough said.

The chef's salad at **The Brasserie** (100 East 53rd Street, 751-4840) is as chancy as the onion soup is predictable. We've had salads with herculean-size, rubbery romaine leaves; bland, watery dressings; tasteless boiled ham; over-refrigerated Swiss; and frozen turkey breast. Yet we've had salads with tender, plump turkey wedges, pale pink slivers of tongue, velvety Swiss, rare roast beef, delicate slices of ham, and, *mirabile dictu!*, fresh, garden-grown tomatoes.

If only the Brasserie would skip the sliced-water-chestnut-and-alfalfa-sprout topping (we do). If only someone could tell the chef that there are other greens out there besides romaine. If only we hadn't seen a roach scuttle by from time to time. But then, where else can you satisfy your chef's salad craving at 3 A.M. 365 days a year?

The salad at **La Côte Basque** (5 East 55th Street, 688-6525) looked like a still life. It was set before us in a cut-crystal bowl, untossed, with saturnine watercress centered on a pillow of gently ruffled Boston lettuce; julienned ham, Swiss, and tongue radiated out of its center. But the tomatoes were mealy, and the addition of celery was a tragic mistake. This healthy, innocent little stalk dominated every other ingredient. The dish was not helped by a vinaigrette so bland that one can easily understand the brisk business mail-order houses do in traveling cruet sets. Still, all of this was beautifully tossed in front of us, the captain enjoying this culinary foreplay as much as we did. It certainly primes the taste buds to see someone knocking himself out to make you a delicious lunch. And the roll was the crustiest we'd encoun-

AT CHARLEY O'S, THE SALAD LOOKS AS IF IT HAD BEEN HACKED WITH AN AX. STILL, IT'S PERFECT.

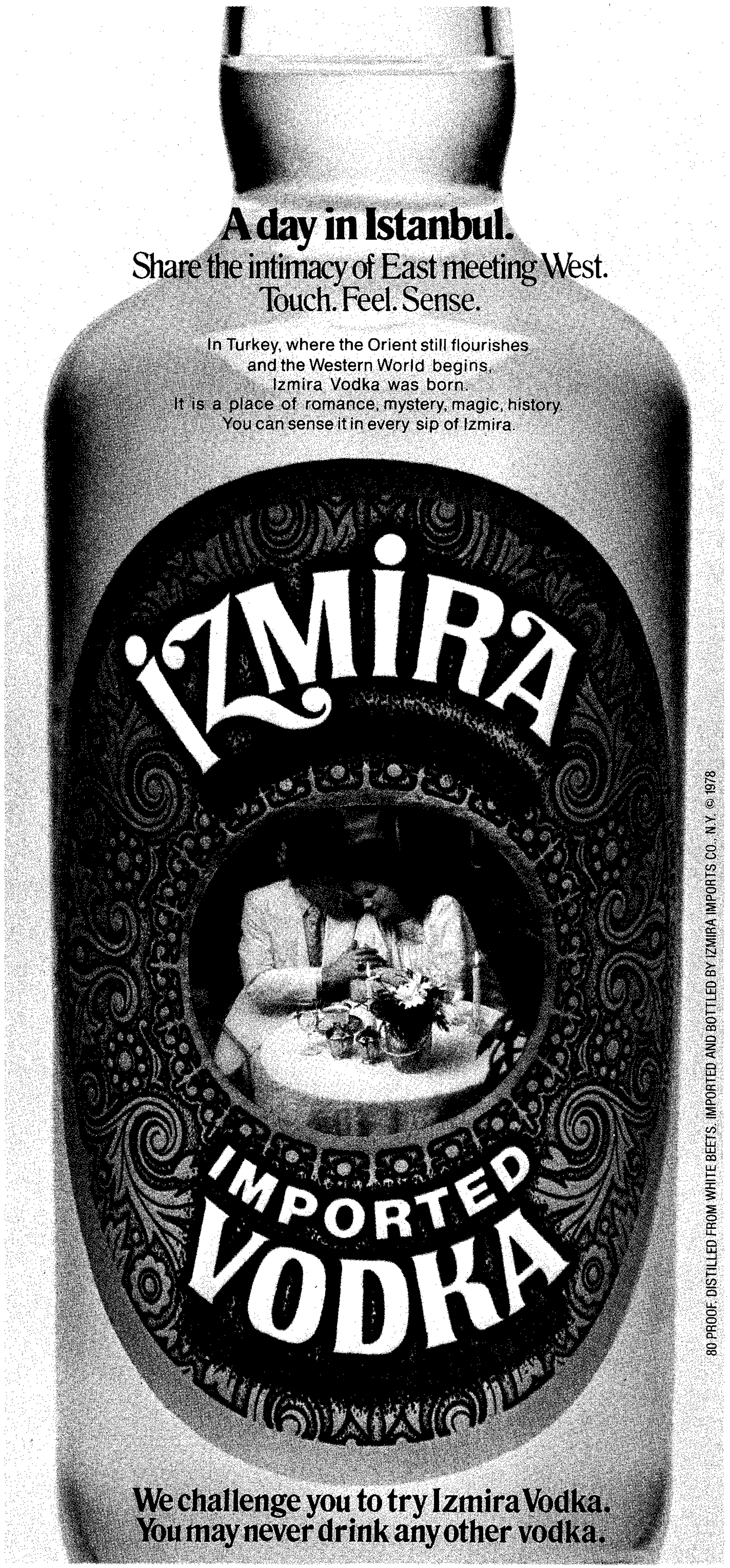
tered in our salad safari.

We started with prosaic hors d'oeuvre varié and ended with la délice Côte Basque, layers of chocolate, coffee, and vanilla fondant sandwiched between tiers of meringue, covered with toasted slivered almonds in butter cream. The strawberries in Grand Marnier–scented cream sauce were so delicious, we could not speak while we ate them. Those desserts are a steal at any price. As for the salad (you must call ahead to make sure it's available), well . . . at $16.75 on the prix fixe lunch, it's not worth it.

Why, oh why did they exchange **The King Cole Bar**'s intimate men's club décor for recessed lights, mirrors, and tiers of tiny tables descending into a deep, chic pit? We liked it better the old way. However, we can't fault the salad or Gordon, the most gracious captain in New York. The place (in the St. Regis–Sheraton Hotel, 2 East 55th Street, PL 3-4500) still looks elegant, if trendy; the service is perfect; the salad we had was sublime. Iceberg for crunch as well as chicory and romaine had been tossed with aged Swiss, tongue, ham, watercress, hard-boiled egg, tomatoes, and a welcome addition: julienned beets. There is no extra charge for a perfect Roquefort dressing: morsels of aged, veinous cheese mashed into a tart vinaigrette. The Russian dressing was the best we encountered anywhere—piquant but not overbearing, allowing the fresh voice of each ingredient to be heard. Excellent coffee was accompanied by an offering of rich chocolates flecked with splintered hard mints wrapped in gold paper, presented on a silver salver. All of this for $7.50.

You could say a lot of things about **The Promenade Café** (Rockefeller Plaza, 610 Fifth Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets, 757-5730). You could say it's fun watching ice skaters glide past your table in the winter. You could say it's wonderful to dine outdoors by a waterfall in the summer. But you couldn't say the place has a decent chef's salad.

The dressings on ours were excellent, but the carelessly cut romaine was served with a pinwheel of overcooked roast beef, bland ham, blander chicken, hard-boiled eggs, and a hapless scattering of alfalfa sprouts.


A day in Istanbul.
Share the intimacy of East meeting West.
Touch. Feel. Sense.

In Turkey, where the Orient still flourishes
and the Western World begins,
Izmira Vodka was born.
It is a place of romance, mystery, magic, history.
You can sense it in every sip of Izmira.

We challenge you to try Izmira Vodka.
You may never drink any other vodka.

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM WHITE BEETS. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY IZMIRA IMPORTS CO., N.Y. © 1978

THE BEST RUM UNDER THE SUN IS THE ONE MADE WITH RAIN.

IMPORTED
VIRGIN ISLANDS
WHITE
CRUZAN RUM
WEST INDIES RUM

Rainfall in the Virgin Islands is rare. But it's precious. Not only for our greenery, but also for our rum.

Because before Cruzan reaches the peak of mellowness, we add a little rain to every barrel.

As a result, light-bodied Cruzan Rum is not only extremely smooth, it is exceptionally clean-tasting. As clean-tasting as the rain water it's made with.

Mix Cruzan in your favorite rum drinks—or try a Cruzan Cruise. Just mix 1½ oz. of Cruzan Rum with 3 oz. of pineapple juice and 2 teaspoons of lemon juice and shake with ice.

When you do, you'll know why a little rain helps make it the best-selling rum under our sun.

Send for your free Imported Rum Recipes booklet: Cruzan Rum Distillery Co., P.O. Box 218, Frederiksted, St. Croix, V.I. 00840.

CRUZAN®

The Virgin Islands Rum made with Virgin Rain.

Cruzan Rum Distillery Co., St. Croix, Virgin Islands, Eighty Proo

These, it turned out, are the constants. Be prepared for some grim surprises. Once we encountered untrimmed tongue that looked like a biology-textbook cross section of a gland. Occasionally, the meats and cheese have had hard, dried-out edges, indicating that the bowl had been prepared a long time prior to serving. Once the greens were so dense we felt we were grazing, and the meats had congealed together like leftovers on a deli machine. The Promenade, by the way, specializes year-round in those cottony winter tomatoes. In the interest of research, we bit into one. We think we'll live.

This, the worst salad of our researches, cost $6.25.

The renovation at **Trattoria** (Pan Am Building, 45th Street between Lexington and Vanderbilt avenues, 661-3090), is *mezzo-mezzo.* Supergraphics have been replaced by wood panels and Italian-scene picture postcards; dining areas are separated by glass partitions painted with ecru pasta. It seems that more tables than ever have been wedged in for lunch. The noise level is 5 on the Richter scale. But the place has gaiety and—despite its serious pursuit of an Italian spirit—an Italian spirit.

We judged the insalate dello chef ($5.75) to be competent, but we mourned what might have been—a salad with an Italian accent. An anchovy here, prosciutto there . . . arugola, perhaps. With the exception of robust Italian salami, and occasionally mortadella, this salad remains predictable: a large plastic bowl of romaine with spokes of ham, the aforementioned salami and cheese, unidentifiable pressed turkey or chicken, egg halves, and tomato, all attractively presented and dressed with a snappy vinaigrette flecked with oregano—a nice Italian touch. Fresh pepper would help. It's a decent salad . . . indeed, quite refreshing, especially when served out-of-doors under the red, white, and green umbrellas of the sidewalk café. If you don't order the chocolate gelato for dessert, you're *pazzo.*

Trattoria
Trattoria
Trattoria

Refreshing: *That's what Trattoria's salad is, but it could use more Italian touches.*

The ratio of men to women at **Charley O's** (33 West 48th Street, 582-7141) is greater only among the crew of the Alaskan pipeline. Men teem in at lunch from publishing houses, law firms, NBC, and Rockefeller Center. They stand four deep at the bar or grouse good-naturedly in line. Reservations are essential, and it's no wonder. The food is graciously served, and the drinks are generous.

"Slab" is the key word here. Nothing is cut with a fine hand. The chef's salad ($5.50) looks as if it had been hacked with an ax. Giant blocks of cheese, six inches by a quarter inch thick, are heaved together with Paul Bunyan–size fingers of baked ham, hunks of the freshest, juiciest turkey we encountered anywhere, roast beef, egg halves, cherry tomatoes. The Swiss cheese ("It comes in such big pieces the holes get squashed," said the waitress) was nutty, firm, and good. The salad was pre-tossed with piquant, relish-studded Russian dressing on a bed of romaine. Roquefort and vinaigrette are also available. But ask for your dressing on the side. Our salads had pockets of solid Russian throughout—and like people, salads are better underdressed than overdressed.

Charley O's chef's salad—fresh, appealing, wholesome—is homemade in the best sense of the word. We miss the crisply fried garlic croutons of yesteryear, but with a salad this perfect, we're not complaining.

"The chef is here all year round; so is the salad," said the maître d' at **The Four Seasons** (99 East 52nd Street, 754-9494) when we telephoned ahead. We set out for lunch there with high hopes, mindful of the restaurant's reputation for evanescent foodstuffs at their seasonal peak. Sad to say, we were served the polyester pantsuit of chef's salads, equally at home in any season. Romaine was the only green present. The meats were bland. Everything was predictable except for an unwelcome tassel of bean sprouts. (The tomatoes, though, were good enough to restore one's faith in tomatoes.) The

AT THE FOUR SEASONS, THE POOL ROOM'S SALAD WAS BLAND—BUT AH, THE GRILL ROOM'S! CELESTIAL.

dressings—Russian, Roquefort, and a mustard-spiked oil-and-vinegar—were acceptable but pervasive. At $7.50 per salad (plus a $2-per-person cover charge), this was a limp entry.

The Grill Room's salad was quite another story. It was the quintessence of spring, a Jan Davidsz. De Heem still life minus the fly. Available only with a light mayonnaise dressing, it comes pre-tossed on a white oval plate. Traditional watercress, a large leaf of romaine, and Boston lettuce cradle the ingredients. There ends any similarity between this and all other chef's salads we experienced. Sheltered by two strips of skinned, roasted red pepper lay a frothy blanket of freshly grated Parmesan and Romano; beneath that, a riot of spaghetti-thin unpeeled raw zucchini, yellow summer squash, spicy strips of mortadella, pepper-flecked Genoa salami, Lilliputian shreds of carrot, minuscule black olives, arugola, red onion, green pepper, and red cabbage transparently sliced. Unfortunately, the dressing was so bland as to border on tasteless. It did nothing but bind the ingredients. There was no tang, no excitement. Otherwise this potpourri was celestial and highly innovative. Even at $8.50 plus the $1 cover charge, it's a salad to be experienced. If the dressing were a little more assertive, it would be addictive.

The best chef's salad we found was at **Le Cirque** (58 East 65th Street, 794-9292). It was beautifully presented, tossed at table, then artfully rearranged. The service was doting. Our captain and two waiters hovered attentively in the wings while fresh anemones and wild flowers, sparkling silver, and glistening crystal were put on our table.

The salad ($8.75 à la carte) was heavenly: rosy baked ham, delicate slivers of white-meat chicken, the best Swiss this side of Geneva, and tender tongue, nicely garnished with carefully sculpted radish roses and imported black and green olives. Freshly grated pepper was added to a tart yet velvety sweet vinaigrette with just the right bite of Dijon mustard. It enhanced without overpowering, coated without drowning. It ennobled the buttery Boston lettuce and the sassy watercress.

Every bite was a thrilling counterpoint of texture and taste. All was accompanied by crusty rolls with soft, chewy centers. Euphoria. ■

SUMMER PLEASURES

The Magna Charters

BY NED STEELE

ABSENT FOR MORE THAN A DECADE, MIDNIGHT SAILS ARE ENJOYING A COMEBACK AT CITY ISLAND THIS SUMMER.

You, too, can go down to the sea in ships. All it takes is some cash—in many cases, not very much of it—and a skippered boat, which means you don't even have to know how to sail. The following is a selective guide to the best the city and its environs have to offer in the way of charter cruises.

There is a marvelous sense of incongruity in sailing around twentieth-century New York as if it were still 1885. **The Pioneer,** a 93-year-old schooner, has been fully rebuilt and turned loose for spectacular three-hour harbor sails by the South Street Seaport Museum (203 Front Street, 766-9076). Once she slides from her East River berth and cuts the motor, the schooner sails into Upper Bay, skirting Governors Island and the Statue of Liberty. Then, depending on wind, current, and the crew's whim, it's into the Verrazano Narrows past Brooklyn Heights or up the Hudson toward midtown. Chances are no two sails will be identical.

Accommodations, in keeping with the spirit of sailing, are simple: Passengers sit anywhere on the deck that seems relatively flat, and you may take your own food for a sea-breeze picnic. The ship holds 25 with no problem.

This summer, there are three sails daily on weekends (10 A.M., 2 and 7 P.M.). Rates are $12 ($10 for museum members). Reserve well in advance.

The Petrel, a 1938-vintage yawl—often sailed by John F. Kennedy when the U.S. Coast Guard Academy owned her—sets sail daily from Battery Park for lunch- and cocktail-hour cruises. While everyone else at work is grabbing his customary hamburger, you can pick up a sandwich, fork over $4, and settle in for a bracing 45-minute mini-cruise. (Beer, wine, and soft drinks are sold in the below-deck bar.) The *Petrel*, accommodating up to 34 passengers, leaves the Battery at noon and 1 P.M.

Petrel's Happy Hour Sail may be the best way in town to wind down after a tough day—or wind up for a hectic evening. It leaves most weekday afternoons at 5:30; the price is $5 for the one-hour cruise and $8 for a two-hour version. On weekends there are four two-hour harbor sails daily for $8. Call Bring Sailing Back, Inc. (825-1976), for details and reservations, which are recommended. Like the *Pioneer,* the *Petrel* has no set itinerary. And don't be surprised if the crew asks you to put down your drink for a minute and help raise the mainsail.

The *Petrel* is also available for private charters. The cost is $275 for a two-hour minimum.

If sailing seems too adventurous for lunchtime, head for **The Statue of Liberty ferry,** also at Battery Park. You don't have to stop off and visit the statue to enjoy this 45-minute trip through the harbor, which costs only $1.50. Nibble your sandwich—or rely on the snack bar—as you scoot past sea gulls and tugboats and soak up the fresh air. With good timing, you'll be back at your desk on time, though people may wonder where those rosy cheeks came from and why your hair's a mess. Boats leave from the Battery every hour on the hour.

A two-hour lunch break is enough time to hop on the adjacent ferry slip for a harbor ride and tour of the recently reopened Ellis Island buildings. The $2.50 package, available through the middle of October, has ferries leaving at 9:30 A.M. and every two hours thereafter until 3:30 P.M. Both ferries are run by **Circle Line** (269-5755). Reservations unnecessary.

The Circle Line continues, of course, to run its round-Manhattan excursion, now in its thirty-fourth year. It's a bit touristy perhaps, but that skyline view can't be matched. The trip is also good for a close-up view of Roosevelt Island. Boats leave frequently from Pier 83, at the foot of West 43rd Street; the price is $6 for the three hours. Call Circle (563-3200) for details.

For a longer and more pastoral urban escape, that other old standard, **The Hudson River Day Line** (Pier 81, at West 41st Street, 279-5151) is still around. Leaving at 10 A.M. and returning that night at seven, it offers the choice of a stopover at Bear Mountain State Park or West Point, or of staying aboard all day to Poughkeepsie and back for a 150-mile Hudson grand tour. Weekday rates range from $4.75 to $7.50, $6.50 to $8.50 on weekends.

City Island's bustling maritime life focuses on fishing and yacht yards, but boating just for lazy sightseeing and

Photographed by Bill Hayward

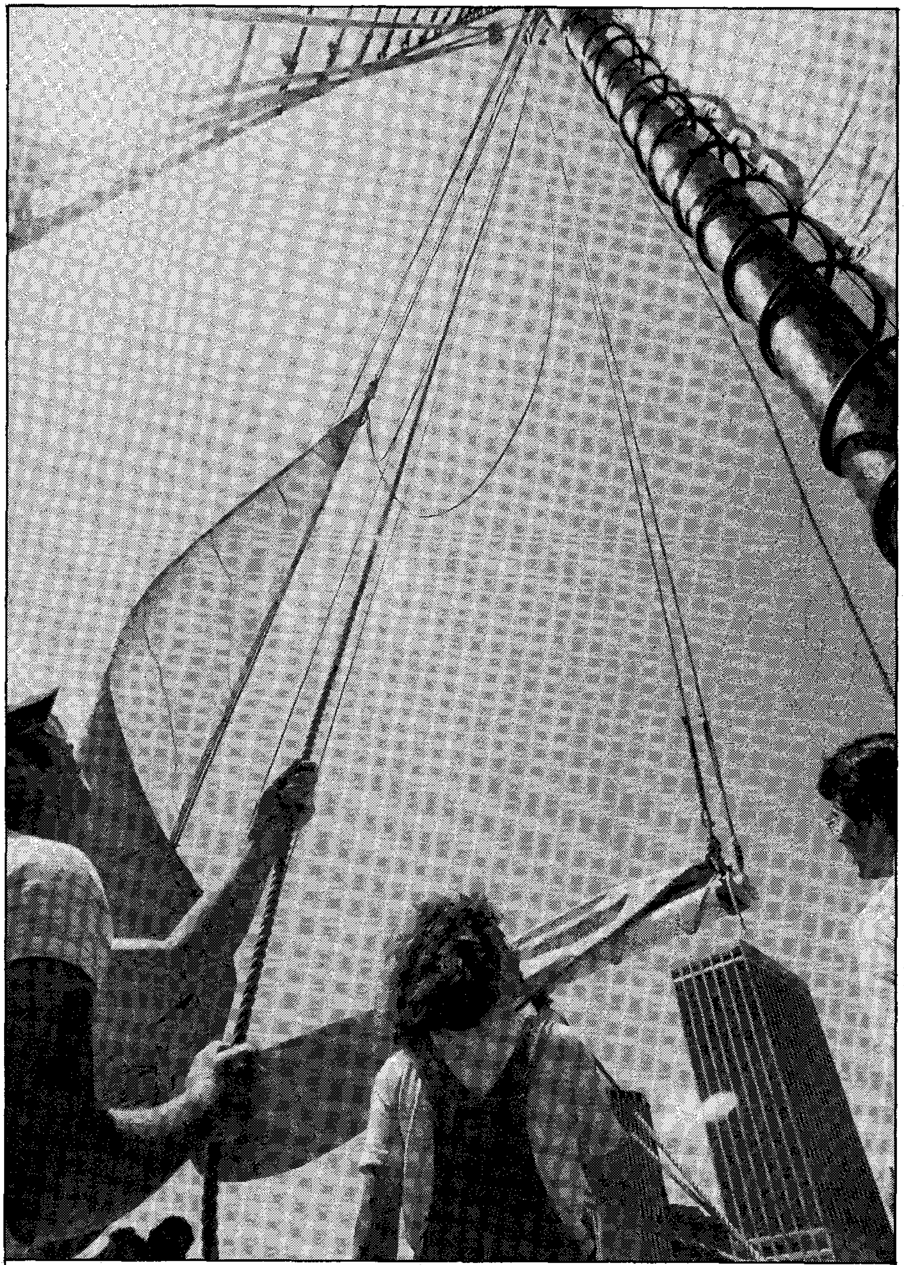
We'll go some more a-roving: *The* Petrel *sails from Battery Park every lunchtime and cocktail hour for harbor cruises.*

IF YOU CHARTER A BOAT TO FULFILL FANTASIES OF WEALTH, WHY SETTLE FOR A SQUAT OLD FERRY?

partying is in for a revival. **RTY Sailboat Rentals, Inc.** (225 Fordham Street, 864-8000 or 885-0448), specializes in straight sailboat rentals but will provide a skipper for small groups who don't want to use any muscles. Up to six people can enjoy a day on Long Island Sound, or a sail down the East River to the harbor, for about $250. Call two to three weeks ahead to set up your charter. For about the same cost, but in a slightly larger boat, six people can get the same service from **Princehouse Yacht Sales** (140 City Island Avenue, 885-2445), which will also charter larger power yachts for group events.

Absent for more than a decade, moonlight sails are enjoying a comeback at City Island this summer. **Miss City Island,** a 45-foot diesel (docked at Jack's Bait & Tackle, 551 City Island Avenue, 824-4234), offers trips to Rye for the weekly fireworks display and is working out plans for Long Island Sound cruises.

Some 40 miles past the city on Long Island is Port Washington, a North Shore harbor village where mile-long yachts bob offshore and Mercedes-Benz crowd the dockside parking lots. If you will settle for less, though, head for **Steadman Sailboats, Inc.** (78 Shore Road, 516 883-0505), whose boats set sail from Louie's Dock at 397 Main Street. The rate is $210 for an all-day skippered sailboat charter—room for eight. Another attraction is the romantic three-hour sunset sail in the Sound aboard the *Argo*, a homey ketch that holds no more than fourteen. The price is $20 a couple, with a four-couple minimum. Automobile-less urbanites can reach the dock painlessly by Long Island Rail Road and a brief taxi ride. If you drive, park at the town dock.



"Pioneer" spirit: *South Street's schooner.*

The Bridgeport–Port Jefferson Ferry is primarily a motorist's shortcut to New England, but several little-known options have been added. For openers, there's the $3.75-per-person round-trip special: three hours afloat in the Sound for those with no destination. A clam bar, cocktail lounge, game room, and boutique help pass the time. For $1.25 more ($2.25 on weekends), you can disembark at either terminal and return later in the day. (Port Jefferson, with its nineteenth-century-seaport flavor and growing colony of attractive shops, can easily fill a few hours.) On Fridays through September 8, the ferry goes disco. The $4-per-person "Rock on the Sound" special leaves Port Jefferson at 10:30 P.M. with a live band aboard. On Sunday evenings, it's replaced by a banjo group. If you prefer boating with a large group, by the way, *charter an entire ferry:* three hours for $1,500. Call (516) 473-0286 or (203) 367-3043 for more information.

But if you suspect chartering a boat might fulfill long-buried fantasies of indulgent wealth, why settle for a squat old ferry? Call **World Yacht Enterprises** (14 West 55th Street, 246-4811), which specializes in lavish parties aboard gleaming white yachts anywhere in the harbor area. Prices start at $750 for four hours aboard a 25-passenger ship and escalate quickly to $2,000 for a four-hour cruise on a yacht seating 200. Throw in another $20 or so per person and everybody feasts on a sumptuous open-bar dinner.

The Commander Corporation (70 Sunrise Highway, Freeport, Long Island; 516 365-9829) maintains an 80-yacht fleet. Geared to providing the very rich and very famous with deluxe vacation retreats, it also charters by the day to anyone ready to pay $1,000 to $1,500 (not including food or drink) for a single day's boating. This has to be the wedding party your neighbors can't top.

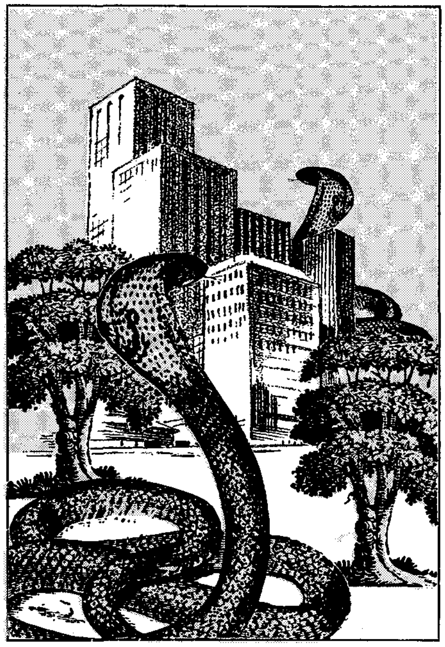
Of course, all this may set you adrift from the original idea of the simple pleasures of the bounding main. Get on the world's greatest maritime buy, **The Staten Island Ferry,** which departs every fifteen minutes or so from the Battery for a breathtaking spin through the world's most exciting harbor. ■

SUMMER PLEASURES

26 Reports For Bookish Sorts

BY ALICE K. TURNER

BY TRADITION, BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING ARE LIGHTER IN WEIGHT AND IN CONTENT THAN A WINE SPRITZER.



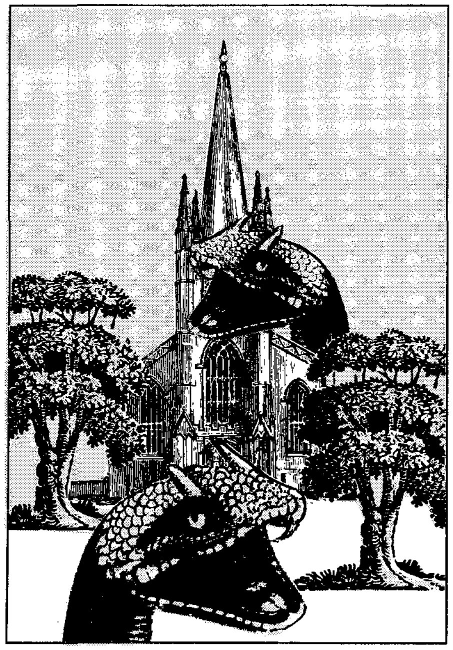
Even the title of the biggest book of the summer season sounds cool. This is *Chesapeake* (Random House, $12.95), James Michener's hefty homage to Maryland, the Chesapeake Bay, and the Choptank River, together with his first close-up look at the Revolutionary and Civil wars. The style is pure Michener, with generations of families, an intense interest in nature and ecology (with tribute paid to the awesome mosquitoes of the region), and about 880 pages.

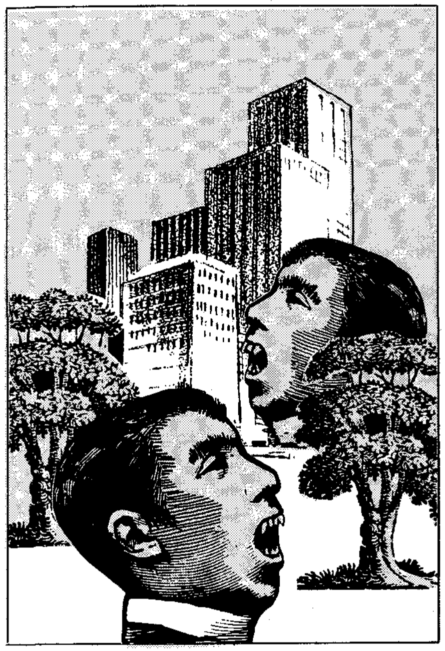
Books for the summer season are traditionally on the light side, both in content and actual weight. Publishers figure that readers haven't the physical or mental strength to lift anything weightier than a white-wine spritzer; thus it's surprising to find the first volume of Theodore H. White's autobiography, *In Search of History* (Harper & Row, $12.95), at a substantial 576 pages, a midsummer release.

Perhaps this is going to be a new trend. White goes up to JFK and Camelot, but several other books touch on Robert Kennedy, whose murder occurred a decade ago. Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. was close to RFK, and he admits that his memoir, *Robert Kennedy and His Times* (Houghton Mifflin, $19.95), is frankly biased. But it is also a fine look at the sixties, and it reads right along, for 1,000 pages. *The Assassination of Robert F. Kennedy* (Random House, $12.95), by John Christian and William Turner, posits conspiracy and cover-up, elaborating on Sirhan Sirhan's criminal act.

To add to these, Robert F. Kennedy Jr., RFK's second son, has also written a book, *Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr.* (Putnam, $10.95), a biography of the Alabama judge who was George Wallace's opposite number during the heady days of the civil-rights movement. This book was written as a senior thesis; those yearning for more piquant Kennedyana will find it in Kitty Kelley's *Jackie Oh!*, which lives up to its title, its publisher (Lyle Stuart, $9.95), and its photographer (Ron Galella, Mrs. Onassis's much-publicized nemesis). To be followed by *Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis* (Grosset & Dunlap, $14.95), which may be the book Stephen Birmingham was born to write.

The other, even more predictable, trend is keyed to the silly season, which this year features Monstrous Beasts—as if we hadn't had enough already with movie sharks and ants. *The Snake* (Putnam, $8.95), which is by the same John Godey who wrote *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, introduces an eleven-foot black mamba which is terrorizing Central Park. Then there's a seven-foot "half-human monster" terrorizing the Philippines in *Amok*, by George Fox (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). And it's back to Central Park with *The Wolfen* (Morrow, $8.95), where Whitley Streiber's yucky werewolves wreak havoc. Diehards who have no intention of reading any new books this summer might want to call 889-0980 to confirm their decision to stick with Thackeray.





Summertime always turns up a crop of mysteries and thrillers, and our local writers have produced some good ones. *Love Kills* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95), Dan Greenburg's first venture into the field, features a psychic girl and a nutty, romantic sex-killer. In *Don't Be No Hero* (Crown, $8.95), Leonard Harris pits a washed-up magazine writer against some unpleasant mob types on Nantucket. In *The Burgler in the Closet* (Random House, $6.95), Lawrence Block's charming crook runs afoul of a dentist. And Rabbi David Small has made the week come full circle in Harry Kemelman's *Thursday the Rabbi Walked Out* (Morrow, $8.95).

The queen of all mystery writers is herself the subject of two summer books: *The Mystery of Agatha Christie* (Doubleday, $8.95), by Gwen Robyns, is a straight biography which gives a straight (conjectural) explanation of the famous unaccounted-for Christie disappearance. But *Agatha* (Ballantine, $7.95) is something else again: a novel, by Kathleen Tynan (Kenneth's wife), about that very disappearance and its consequences, which aren't actually terribly consequential.

And there's more skullduggery afoot. You may recall that quite recently Sherlock Holmes ran up against Jack the Ripper in Michael Dibden's *The*

Illustrated by Leavenworth Jackson

Fantastic music and more!

A Chance to Win $1,000 Every Hour, Each Day, All Month.

Every hour of every day in April, WNBC Radio gives you a chance to win $1,000 in cash. So listen daily for details— $1,000 can be as close to you as the nearest telephone.

And the music's fantastic.

WNBC
Radio 66

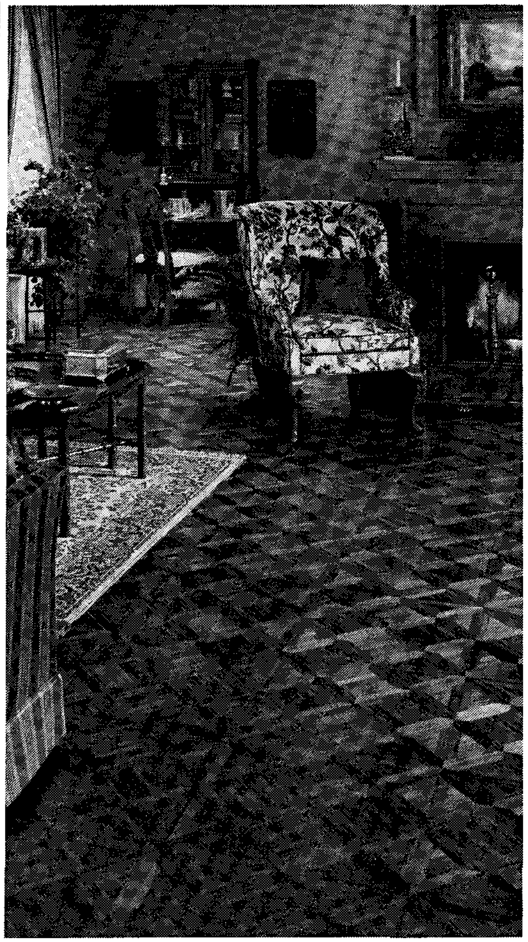
> *THE SNAKE* FEATURES AN ELEVEN-FOOT BLACK MAMBA; IN *AMOK,* THERE'S A SEVEN-FOOT HUMANOID MONSTER; AND *THE WOLFEN* HAS WEREWOLVES.

Last Sherlock Holmes Story (Pantheon, $7.95). Well, that title certainly proved overambitious: The master sleuth is back not once but twice. In *Sherlock Holmes Vs. Dracula or the Adventure of the Sanguinary Count* (Doubleday, $7.95), he encounters the Transylvanian immortal (Dr. Watson's editor is Loren Estleman); and in *The Adventure of the Stalwart Companions* (Harper & Row, $8.95), he comes to visit us right here in New York and thereafter joins forces with Teddy Roosevelt (here Watson's collaborator is H. Paul Jeffers). Oy. What next?

Publishers present the usual array of international or Washington spy thrillers, dynastic or historical family chronicles, far-flung and homebound romances, and so forth. One update deserves a mention: *Lillian Roxon's Rock Encyclopedia* (Grosset & Dunlap, $14.95), a sixties classic, has been revised by Ed Naha to reach into the seventies. The author would surely have approved.

There are some nice books around that don't fall into any particular category. Try *In Patagonia* (Summit, $7.95), a charming travel-and-lore account of darkest South America by Bruce Chatwin. Or *Such a Life* (Morrow, $8.95), a warm, funny book about Jewish life in czarist Russia, by Edith LaZebnik, whose ear is absolutely perfect, as good as that of Isaac Bashevis Singer, who also has a new book, *Shosha* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95), this one set in Nazi Germany. *A Good School* (Delacorte, $7.95), by Richard Yates, proves once again that boys' prep schools are curiously satisfying backdrops for novels. Another book which has been around for a month or so is the quite extraordinary *The Face of China as Seen by Photographers & Travelers 1860–1912* (Aperture, $25), which offers views of a world as strange as that of an ancient myth; the book is a record of a museum exhibition now in St. Louis. And Peter Matthiessen journeys from Katmandu to the snowbound Crystal Mountain of Tibet in *The Snow Leopard* (Viking, $10), a book which again offers wonders.

If none of these books sounds sufficiently cooling, try accompanying one with something poured over ice. You'll be amazed at the results. ▬



We're all you need to know about HARRIS wood floors

This is *Harris Saxony Bond-Wood* in Angelique Teak. An elegant floor that reflects the diligent efforts of dedicated artisans.

See the complete Harris line at our convenient showroom, where you can choose from the largest wood floor collection in America.

Most floors in stock for immediate delivery or installation.

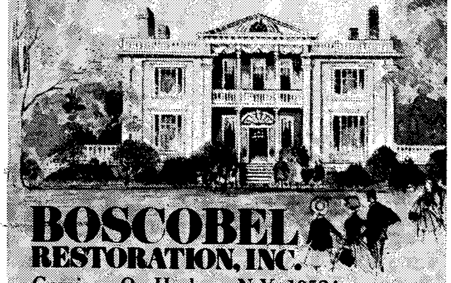
Hoboken Wood Floors

Just minutes from Times Square:
100 Willow St., East Rutherford, N.J.
Mon.-Fri., 9 to 5. Thurs. till 7
(212) 564-6818 (201) 933-9700
Send one dollar for full color brochure.

Enjoy a day out of yesterday. At Boscobel.

Step into the past in this 1805-08 home of Loyalist landowner States Morris Dyckman. It's one of the grandest expressions extant of the New York Federal style of domestic architecture in the Hudson Valley. Inside, you'll see fine examples of such New York cabinet makers as Duncan Phyfe and Michael Allison. Also, priceless crystal, china, silver and rare books.

Boscobel, on 36 acres of formal gardens, orchards and lawns overlooking the Hudson, is truly a day out of yesterday. Open daily except Tuesday. For information call (914) CO 5-3638 or (212) LO 2-7444.



BOSCOBEL RESTORATION, INC.
Garrison-On-Hudson, N.Y. 10524,
8 miles north of the Bear Mt. Bridge—Rte. 9D

Entertainment tonight.

Martin St. Lawrence. Accompanying cocktails and dancing. From a new point of view above Broadway. There's no cover, no minimum. Just the maximum good time.

THE FRONT ROW
AT ACT 1

The Front Row at Act 1
The Tower at One Times Square
Broadway at 42nd Street

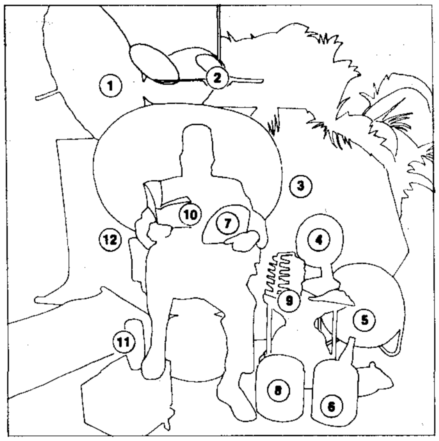
SUMMER PLEASURES

A High Wind In New York

BY VERONICA MC NIFF

FRAGRANT, LOW-ENERGY, INNOVATIVE, HEALTHFUL WAYS TO REFRESH THE INNER AND OUTER YOU.

Cool. *Cooool.* What a lovely word. It even sounds elusive, like a birdcall. And attaining and keeping this much-desired state is a cinch once you realize how many cool-headed things—fragrant, innovative, low-energy, and healthful—abound to refresh the inner and the outer you. A tingly-chill fresh-fruit facial for overheated skin is a spiritual bracer too. So is your own Evian-water cooler. A brace of effective fans will breeze you through burning days for mere pennies. If you choose a 50-watt fan, your energy cost can be as little as half a cent an hour. A 920-watt air conditioner, though, would average, in New York this summer, about 10 cents an hour, while a hand-painted parasol costs nothing to run and looks like a million. Plan for cool: You'll feel and look the better for it!



1

Sun solace: *Painted fabric parasols from Indonesia come in melting colors, allow you to take the shade with you. Wood handles; three sizes, 20 inches, 33 inches, and 48 inches in diameter; $5, $14, and $18. Gordon Bishop International, 1059 Third Avenue, near 63rd Street (751-9703).*

2

White wings: *Best-looking planter's ceiling fan around. The 56-inch wingspan sets up a gentle susurrus of breeze; 220 or 240 volts—and heavy! $125. Bailey-Huebner at Henri Bendel (247-1100).*

3

Café filtre: *Be brown but not burned with this Texoline beach umbrella. The fabric screens out harmful rays, lets you tan gently. It's six feet in diameter; white only; $105. Bailey-Huebner at Henri Bendel.*

4

One on one: *Oscillating fans are for one-person use. They soothe your fevered brow but don't set up the kind of air patterns that cool a room. Superelectric personal fan, nine inches in diameter; $33. Bloomingdale's (355-5900).*

5

Cool it: *Fans cool by passing air over the skin and through rooms. Point your fan at the wall, on a diagonal; cooling currents will ricochet around and over you. Or place it so that it pushes hot/still air out of the room (fans draw in air from behind). Powerful eighteen-inch-in-diameter air circulator by Patton; $70. Macy's (OX 5-4400).*

6

Wine find: *A really handsome, non-ditsy wine cooler. Laminated ash striped with rosewood, with dark-brown plastic liner; $95. Ambienti Design, Inc., 792 Madison Avenue, at 67th Street (249-2811).*

7

Fragrant fans: *Sprinkle these Indonesian cedar-root fans with a little water and stir up a scented summer breeze. Use as sachets for summer clothing too. These, $3 each; batik fans, $6 each. Gordon Bishop International.*

8

Icecapade: *Natural-wood ice bucket with plastic liner comes with wood-handled bottle opener and lemon knife. Flip the lid and it becomes a cutting board; $52.50. Bloomingdale's.*

9

Italian ice: *Handy stacking plastic ice-tray tree comes from Italy, conserves freezer room, and makes 144 one-inch cubes. Fill with spring water to keep drinks tasting fresh; $7.50. Bloomingdale's.*

10

Talk scents: *Fragrant recommendation from* The Art of Aromatherapy, *a readable treatise on the healing and beautifying properties of flower and herb oils: restorative, aromatic summer baths for sunned-out bodies. By Robert Tisserand; $5.95. Samuel Weiser, Inc., 740 Broadway, below 8th Street (777-6363). Essential oils from $2.95 per one eighth ounce. Kiehl Pharmacy, Inc., 109 Third Avenue, near 13th Street (475-3400).*

11

L'eau and behold: *The first tabletop water cooler designed for mineral-water bottles. Sizes from 23 ounces to five gallons; $125. Health Waters, Inc., 1440 Broadway, at 40th Street (391-6666).*

12

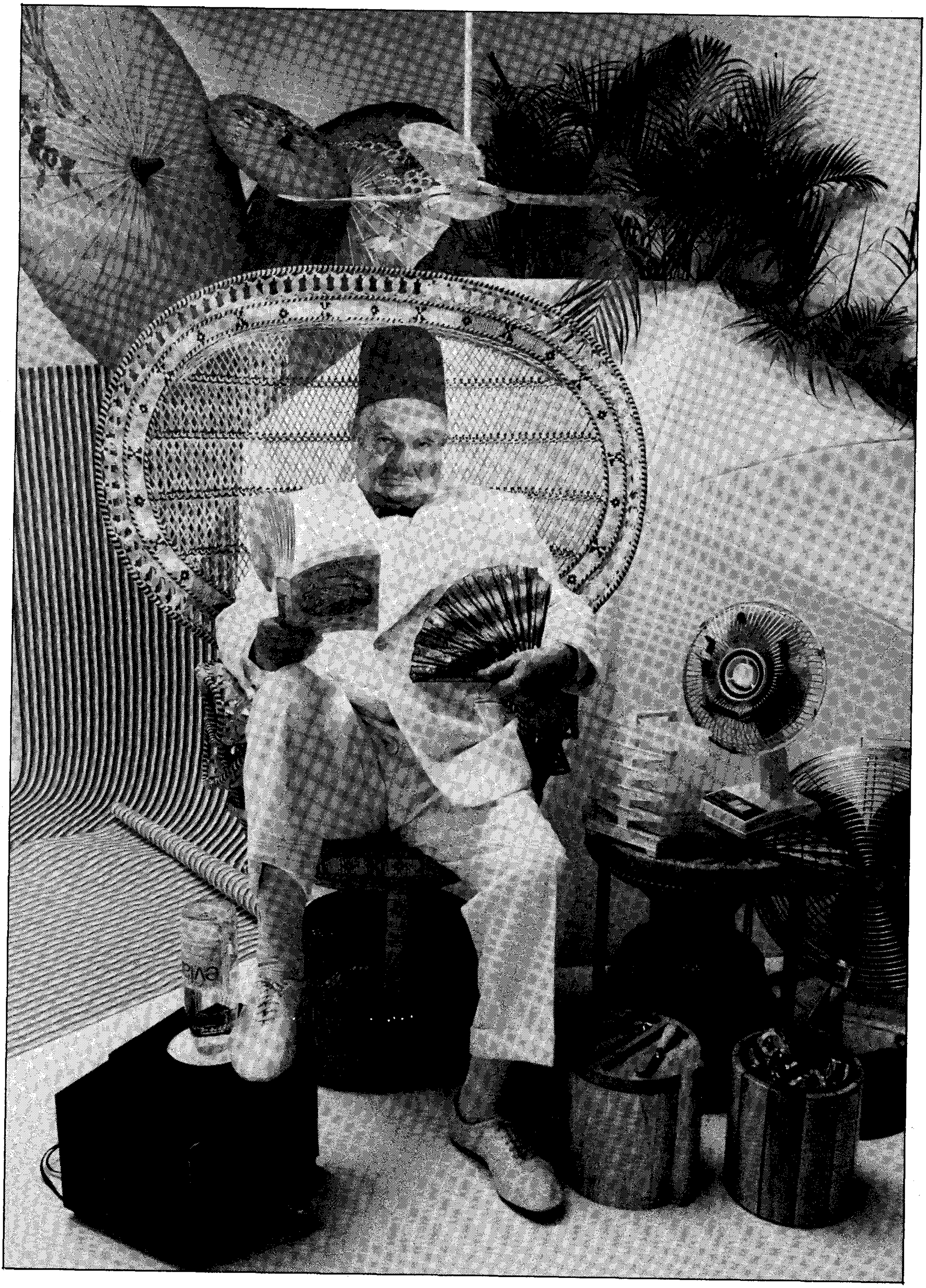
Shady deal: *Laminated-fabric shades in three cheery colors (red, blue, green) help cool off scorching sun-filled rooms. Draw the shades down when leaving in the a.m. To 37¼ inches wide; $25 each. Macy's.*

13

Sand castle *(not pictured): Who will make the beach cabana of your dreams from over a hundred solid-colored and striped canvases and tenting? Biltwell Awning Corporation will. From $4 per square foot; the lean-to illustrated would cost about $140. Biltwell Awning Corporation, 38-13 10th Street, Long Island City (OR 4-3770).*

14

Fruitful colloquy *(not pictured): Mario Badescu supplies his expertise and the fresh summer fruits; you supply the face. Summer facials are $24. Mario Badescu Skin Care, Inc., 320 East 52nd Street (758-1065).* ▬



Photographed by Ken Ambrose

Brief Lives / Lawrence Block

THE CASE OF THE WELL-READ EYE

"...'On a case I ask myself what Nero Wolfe would do. Or Baretta. The creative part lies in figuring out what to do next'..."

For half my life, I've been reading and writing about private detectives, secure in the knowledge that they don't exist. Real-life private eyes, I've learned over the years, are a dull lot. Some of them work for large corporations, fighting the holy fight against industrial espionage. Or they have engineering degrees and spend all their time tapping phones. Or they do smarmy divorce work and double as blackmailers.

But they don't keep a pint of rye in the bottom desk drawer. They don't trade wisecracks with blonde receptionists. They don't raise orchids on West 35th Street. They don't get hit on the head and fall down flights of stairs. In fiction, a private eye can put his life on the line in the quest for truth and justice, but who'd expect to find that in the real world?

I'll tell you. If Anthony Spiesman didn't exist, the Mystery Writers of America would have invented him.

Come to think of it, maybe we did.

Tony grew up reading the Hardy Boys and moved on to Sherlock Holmes. In his teens he read about hard-boiled New York private eyes and realized a vocation: He'd be a New York private eye when he grew up.

Not an uncommon fantasy. I know any number of men who entertained it years ago. Several of us worked things out after a fashion by publishing our fantasies. But Tony began with action.

He was fifteen and living in Chicago. A classmate ran away from home with her mother's fur coat in tow. The mother called Tony, concerned about her daughter, he recalls, but more concerned about the coat.

He'd see what he could do.

He put on a hat and a raincoat and went around Chicago showing the girl's picture to hotel clerks and bartenders. "I'm a New York private eye," he told them, "and I'm on a case. This girl's missing. It's important I find her." What could they have thought they were confronting? Here was this fifteen-year-old kid claiming to be not merely a private eye but a New York private eye, for God's sake, and talking out of the side of his mouth and tipping them a wink straight out of a pulp story. He knew how to investigate from books, and he wasn't at all surprised when literary techniques paid off. He found the girl in a restaurant in the Loop, sitting in a booth with a cup of hot chocolate. Her jaw hit the floor when she saw him.

"She was pregnant and scared," he remembers. "I got her to call her mother and all the mother wanted to know about was the coat. As far as I was concerned, my case was closed."

New York's MWA chapter is having dinner at the National Arts Club on Gramercy Park, and Tony's slated to treat the membership to some shoptalk. He's using a cane, limping with his entire body. A pose? A prop? A disguise?

He shakes his head, flashes a sheepish grin. "I got beat up the night before last," he admits. "They were real professionals. There was nothing I could do but stand there and take it."

Fictional private eyes get beat up left and right. Then they bounce back good as new. One look at Tony shows the limits of life's imitation of art.

"It's actually very interesting exploring the nature of pain," he says. "You wind up checking out your own pain threshold. But it's embarrassing, you know. I've studied martial arts—judo, karate, aikido, kendo, you name it. And I teach people how to defend themselves, and I'm taking a beating.

"You guys are my teachers," he says. "I learn from you all the time. I pick up tricks, techniques. Did you see *Chinatown*? Remember when Nicholson put watches under the tires of a car to see what time it had moved? I've done that. I learned it from the movie.

"I'm working on a case and I'll ask myself, 'What would Nero Wolfe do? or Baretta? or Rockford?' The creative part of my work lies in figuring out what to do next."

He started out working for one of the big agencies and qualified for a private investigator's license. For a while he was partners with another detective. For several years now he's been on his own.

These days he works mostly for lawyers, doing spadework for indigent defense cases. The city allots up to $300 per defendant for investigatory expenses. That's not much of a budget when you have to chase all over town, hunting witnesses to impugn the prosecution's case or substantiate an alibi. If he had only 300 bucks to play with, Paul Drake would tell Perry Mason to go roll his hoop.

Tony likes these IDA cases. They're detection, pure and simple. You figure things out and you go around talking to people until you find the right person and get the information you're looking for.

"I hate to let go of a case," he says. "The money's secondary. I had a missing-person case some months ago, I did some checking here and in Florida, but my client didn't have much money to spend and I couldn't really get anywhere. But I had a feeling about the case and I didn't want to let it drop. I still put in a few hours of my own time on it when I'm not working on something else. One of these days maybe I'll get lucky. You never know."

His apartment is three rooms over a Greenwich Avenue restaurant.

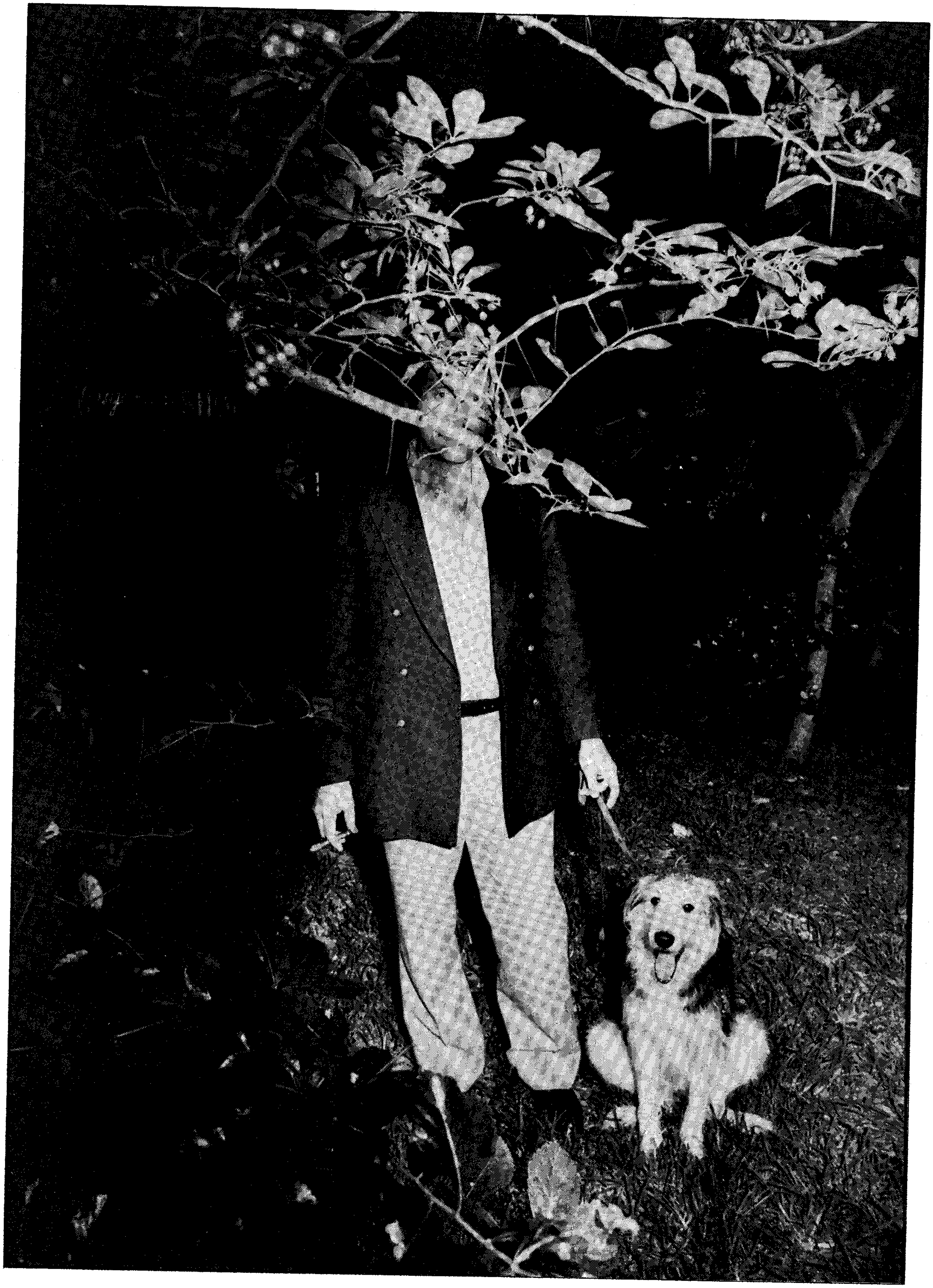
Brick walls, a fireplace, lots of dark wood. An urn full of fencing foils. A wall calendar showing a rear view of a callipygian young woman. The complete works of Stout and Hammett. Books on crime and criminology, but books, too, on philosophy, on the occult, on chess, on human behavior, on pipes and tobacco, on nutrition.

"I don't ever expect to make much money," he says. "I don't really care very much about material things. See, I made a decision a couple of years back. I realized that I can live as I want and do what I want to do so long as I'm only responsible for myself. I couldn't ask a wife and kids to live the way I do. I'd have to go for the money. So I live alone."

There should be music under those last words, I think. And ice cubes clinking in a glass, and an urgent message over the telephone, and a damsel in distress leaning on the doorbell.

Just like in the books.

Tony the Eye: *Spiesman at large.*



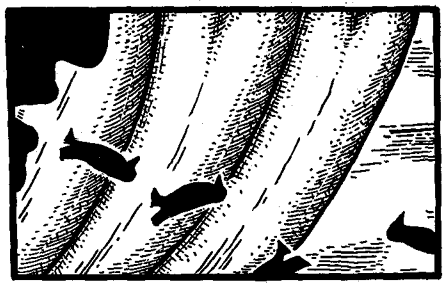
Photograph by Matthew Klein

Theater/John Simon

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS

"... Andrei Serban elaborated *Sganarelle* into a sometimes anachronistic but always ebulliently laugh-filled whirligig ..."

With **Sganarelle**, subtitled "An Evening of Molière Farces," the Yale Repertory Theater began a two-production guest stint at the Public Theater. This quartet of short works was just the thing for Andrei Serban, the Rumanian avant-garde director, to go to town on. Serban reduces serious comedies to farce; here, given sturdy farce to begin with, he elaborated it into a sometimes anachronistic but always ebulliently laugh-filled whirligig.



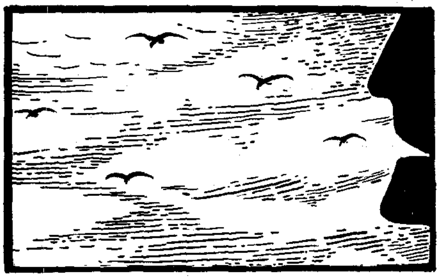
The first item, *The Flying Doctor*, was adapted by Molière himself from the Italian commedia dell'arte, and leaves spacious room for improvisation. Here is Gorgibus, the typical dotard of a father, about to marry off his daughter to an old man, and it is only the young lover's valet, Sganarelle, whose roguish ministrations save the day. The climax has the scamp in an upstairs window impersonating both the wonder-working doctor and his even more fictitious brother, making a perfect dupe out of Gorgibus below. This is a great chance for the actor, aided by the director, to dazzle us by becoming two beings before our very eyes, a task no amoeba could perform better than young Mark Linn Baker, who, moreover, has a face and manner sweet and trusty enough to make him, should he ever tire of acting, a master con man. Baker's effortlessness was approximated by several other players, among whom Marianne Owen and Michael Gross were the most pleasing.

The next item, *The Forced Marriage*, is a later and more mature play, in which Molière was not simply revising Italian farce, but evolving and juggling a number of comic *topoi*, mostly French, and including also an echo or two from Rabelais. The forced marriage here is a subtler business: Sganarelle, a rich and foolish oldster, proposes to wed the pretty flirt Dorimène, whom he discovers in possession of a lover she aims to keep while squandering the money of her husband-to-be. In vain Sganarelle tries to back out of the marriage; the girl's family bully him into it. There are also comic episodes involving spurious philosophers whom our hero vainly consults; in the updating of this material, one pseudo-sage is turned into a woman, and delightfully played by the aforementioned Miss Owen. Unfortunately, neither Eugene Troobnick, who lacked the requisite lightness of touch, nor Joyce Fideor, who made the coquette too obvious, was up to the requirements of the leads; luckily, though, the supporting cast carried the play even without full support from the leading players.

The third item was *Sganarelle*, a verse play Molière wrote in between the other two pieces. It is a takeoff on a popular genre of the period, the play of false appearances. Here misapprehension makes two men think themselves cuckolded; only after much comic agonizing, in which the ladies concerned join heartily, does the air become cleared of misunderstandings. Michael Gross was a wonderfully irascible and agile imaginary cuckold, perhaps a shade overathletic in his tempestuous tantrums; Patrizia Norcia and William Converse-Roberts lent particularly apt support. Once again, Serban's sight gags proliferated merrily, and the entire event was treated with the lack of respect it so cheerfully asks for.

The concluding item, *A Dumb Show*, was perhaps the funniest, although the most spurious. It was a reduction of *The Doctor in Spite of Himself* to near-pantomime, with the text reduced to a bare minimum and delivered in a nonsense language derived, it would seem, from Russian, Rumanian, Yiddish, and a kind of Pidgin English—an idea suggested by Liz Swados and worked out by Sandra Boynton. Much of the fun derives from one's ability to learn this language as it goes along; additional mirth stems from a supposedly sick and raving girl's speaking perfect English to the utter befuddlement of the double-talkers. Here everyone was up to snuff, with one or two cast members especially good at spouting gibberish with idiot conviction. Still, a doubt remains about the liberties taken with a text deserving to be heard.

Throughout the evening, Michael H. Yeargan's décor—mostly gauzy white fabrics assuming a variety of suggestive shapes as they were hoisted, lowered, or pulled hither or yon—worked admirably. So, too, did Dunya Ramicova's costumes, progressing from simple commedia designs in brash colors to ever more sophisticated hues and patterns as the plays became more complex, only to end in drolly rough-hewn rusticity for the dumb show. Albert Bermel's translations played well, though not always grammatically.



The second and last Yale offering was Arthur Kopit's **Wings**, originally a radio play, but cleverly recast for the stage. Emily Stilson, an elderly ex-aviatrix and stunt flier, suffers a stroke. Brought to a hospital, she and its staff move at first through bewilderingly different, noncommunicating worlds. Gradually, through the cool efficiency of the doctors, fumbling goodwill of the nurses, and dedicated ministrations of Amy, a sympathetic therapist, the aphasia that reduced Mrs. Stilson to a confused thinker and wretched, at first only subliminal, speaker, begins to subside, and she seems on the way to full communication. But death woos her more potently; despite Amy's urgent summoning, Emily flies off into the ultimate darkness.

The language of the mind losing hold of words as it drifts off to sleep was first explored by Joyce in *Ulysses* at

Illustrated by Walter Gurbo

the end of the Ithaca episode. But it was Beckett who, in his plays and novels, evoked states bordering on, or representing, aphasia, albeit not literally reproducing clinical cases. Kopit pushes farther in that direction, but for all his research into and re-creation of actual defective speech by patients, he too keeps the verbiage within literary boundaries. Thus the work's master metaphor is wings, flying—symbolizing both speech winging its way from person to person and the psyche setting forth on perilous voyages into life and, eventually, out of it.

The play has many virtues. The opening scene, which evokes a stroke by the simple flickering of lights and fading of sounds (the ticking of a clock) until there is both terrible silence and frightening clatter, is magisterial. So too is the use of several revolving black panels—now transparent, now opaque—combined with mirrors that distort and mislead to suggest the labyrinthine world of hospitals, sickness, inability to understand and be understood. By various verbal and visual means, Kopit achingly conveys the humiliations of a disability that isolates a mind from its peers and makes of cross-purposes a spirit-breaking cross to bear. He gives us both charmingly wistful moments where patient and therapist become fellow ignoramuses before the mystery of words and moments of nervous humor when a speech-therapy group session yields funny contretemps amid tentative successes.

But, finally, the language of the play, especially in its supposedly most rapturously aerobatic moments, does not quite sustain the poetic flights and dramatic impact demanded from it. Moreover, the tragic conclusion, after strong promises of recovery, seems, though clinically possible, dramatically forced. Most serious of all, the several implications of the "wings" image never interlock completely with the blessed click of everything falling into place. Still, there is the Emily of Constance Cummings, so precise yet lyrical, so various yet consistent, so cleanly able to convey the most enormous strivings of mind and body as to be immensely moving without ever losing her hold on the role's firm, intellectual progress. This superb achievement is condignly backed up by a flawless supporting cast, again headed by the fine Miss Owen.

For the direction by John Madden, set by Andrew Jackness, costumes by Jeanne Button, lighting by Tom Schrader, sound by Tom Voegeli, and music by Herb Pilhofer, I have nothing but praise. I hope that the two weeks at the Public Theater will not be the end of this lovely, collaborative effort. ▬

SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER
20% DISCOUNT ON SELECTED ROOMS.

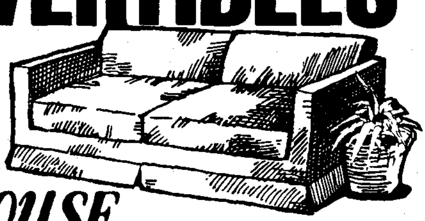
Make a trip for business or pleasure more enjoyable and save money at the same time. Stay at New York's grandest hotel at substantial savings—actually *more* than 20%—during the month of July. From July 1st to the 31st, The Plaza's single rooms, normally $49, are only $39...double rooms, normally priced at $65 for two, are only $49...and our $135 suites are discounted to only $99. (No charge for children under 19 in the same room with parents.)

What a wonderful time to indulge yourself or your family for a week or weekend. The beauty of Central Park is our front yard. Magnificent shops are our neighbors. And Carnegie Hall concerts, Broadway shows, and the attractions of Lincoln Center are within comfortable strolling distance.

Stay with us in July. For reservations, ask your travel agent about Plaza package plans or call toll-free 800-228-3000.

The Plaza
On The Park at Fifth and 59th.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines



$200 CONVERTIBLES

New York City's largest selection of $200 convertible sofabeds. Values to $400.

JENNIFER HOUSE
Immediate Delivery

UPTOWN—1530 Second Ave. (Bet. 79th & 80th Sts.) 535-1242 Mon. thru Fri. 10-9 PM. Sat. to 6.
DOWNTOWN —404 Park Ave. So. (Cor. 28th St.) LE 2-4697 Open Daily 10-7 PM.
BOTH STORES OPEN SUNDAY 12-5 PM

THE FRENCH JEAN STORE
OUTLET
311 EAST 60th STREET NYC
ONE BLOCK EAST OF OUR MAIN STORE
(212) 751-6013
Monday thru Saturday 12:00-5:30
Mackeens and all things that fit well with jeans that fit...**for less!**

SAVE 50% on famous Le Creuset cookware from France

Just *one* of *hundreds* of outstanding values in our new Summer Sale Catalog of functional kitchen tools, elegant serving pieces and fine quality cookware. *All* at substantial savings. *All* backed by our famous guarantee. Send for *your* FREE copy of our Summer Sale Catalog *today.*

Kitchen Bazaar
Dept. 7Y48
4455 Conn. Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008, (202) 363-4600

Music / Alan Rich

TO COOL THE MIND AND RAISE THE SPIRIT

"...One of the special joys at a Mostly Mozart concert is the sense of communion; you seldom find it during winter concerts..."

There used to be something in town called summer music. Hot weather, the philosophy ran, tends to fry the brains; dulled senses have to be coddled with easy-to-take, undemanding musical fare. Within its obvious limits, summer music served New York well in its time. The Goldman Band gave the Central Park Mall a kind of festive air; its programs even ventured, once in a great while, out of the march-and-novelty-number traditional repertory into something that could pass for substance: a movement from a Beethoven symphony, an operatic aria or two. On the City College campus, Lewisohn Stadium drew large crowds with its nightly programs of symphonic staples, and even larger crowds with a Gershwin or a jazz night. Nobody better symbolized happy summer music than Minnie Guggenheimer, who ran the Lewisohn concerts—*and* their audiences—like an officious mother hen. When Minnie came out before a concert to greet the crowd, to scold the weatherman, or to hurl imprecations at the pilots of low-flying airplanes, you could put up with a lot of humidity.

But the philosophy behind summer music, as opposed to simply *music*, was as wrong then as it would be now. Fortunately, this attitude has now been abandoned—or, at least, supplanted. The Goldman Band still goes on its brassy, classy way, of course; even though it has given up on Central Park, there's usually something else going on at the fine old bandstand: a semi-pro opera company, some dancers, even an occasional pickup symphony orchestra. Beyond this, however, New York's summer music has taken a turn toward the substantial. And I don't only mean the Mostly Mozart concerts, which I'll get to in a minute. I also mean such events as the fine chamber-orchestra series outdoors in Washington Square Park, the three weeks of the Philharmonic in several of the city parks, and chamber music all over the place. Even if you don't actually go to a concert this summer, you'll have trouble avoiding music. On side streets and main thoroughfares all over town, young musicians, many of them splendid, will once again be working out on chamber music for nothing more than pleasure and an occasional passerby's dime. This summer, sidewalk music is becoming somewhat institutionalized—not too much, I hope. Station WNCN and its owner, the GAF Corporation, are financing several groups on their rounds in the city and suburbs.

But it is of Mostly Mozart that I sing most ardently. Lincoln Center has made many contributions to the city condition—among them T-shirts and traffic jams; no single accomplishment has changed the urban cultural pattern more than this summertime venture. The twelfth season opens on July 17 and runs six weeks. The first season ran four weeks. This year, tickets cost $5.75 (or $4.75 if you buy a ten-coupon book); in the first year they were $3, or $2 with a coupon book. That may seem like a whopping increase, but this is also the first summer when you can go to a Mostly Mozart concert for less money than many first-run movies.

From the beginning, Mostly Mozart has been a Lincoln Center brainchild. Bill Schuman, who was Lincoln Center's president in 1966, conceived of some pleasant summer concerts merely as a way of keeping at least one auditorium open during the summer doldrums; his plan was implemented by Schuyler Chapin, who was then director of Lincoln Center programming, and his energetic young assistant, Bill Lockwood. Now Lockwood runs the show himself, with a program mix that has become virtually the classic way to plan a summer event that will cool the mind and raise the spirit. If you don't think it works, try getting a ticket. Next to the Chamber Music Society, Mostly Mozart has the highest sellout rate of any Lincoln Center event.

It also has the best audience. It may be a cliché by now to measure the impact of a musical event by how many young people it attracts, or how lively the conversations run during intermission, or how closely the level of applause relates to the quality of performance. Yet, one of the genuine joys of attending one of these concerts, beyond the quality of the music, is just that sense of communion that fills Fisher Hall. Believe me, it's a quality you encounter very seldom at symphony concerts during the winter.

Mostly Mozart is no longer run merely as an excuse for keeping a hall open, of course. All of Lincoln Center's buildings are busy this summer, mostly with dance events. No longer a stopgap, the Mostly Mozart events have become one of the genuine highlights of the entire year.

The musicmaking itself has taken on a distinct personality. The performer you'll usually encounter at one of these concerts is what used to be called a "musician's musician," which is just a cute way of saying that sober, dedicated, imaginative playing seems to take precedence over big-time virtuosity. Alicia de Larrocha, for example, has become almost the quintessential

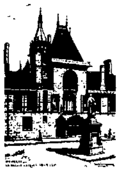
Illustrated by Jennifer R. Lynn

Horn of Plenty
Restaurant
91 Charles Street
Greenwich Village NYC
7 days for dinner
Southern Cuisine
242-0636

TURN OF THE CENTURY
Original Posters
MUCHA to 'MISTINGUETT'
FOR HOME & OFFICE
Largest Selection of
Maitres de l'Affiche
Park South Gallery
at Carnegie Hall
885 7th Av NY 10019 (212)757-5469

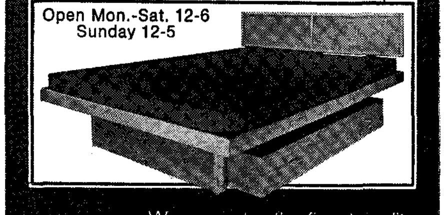
MULBERRY STREET
CAFFÉ BIONDO
NEW YORK CITY
Pasticceria · 226-9285

A MAN'S JAPAN
THE AUTHENTIC
JAPANESE MASSAGE
IN A JAPANESE
ATMOSPHERE
SAUNA, NEEDLE-SHOWERS,
LOUNGE
monday thru saturday
by appointment
11 a.m. to 12 mid.
SALON de TOKYO
200 WEST 57TH STREET/757-2187



Le Jacques Coeur
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Dinner
448 EAST 79th STREET
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.
(212) 249-4920

REST ON THE BEST!



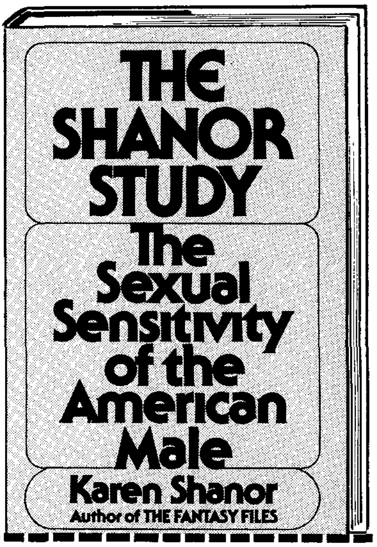
Open Mon.-Sat. 12-6
Sunday 12-5
We guarantee the finest quality platform beds, trundles & bunks, handcrafted in oak and walnut at Factory Discount Prices.
683 Broadway at W. 3rd St. 777-5640
bedworks

Mostly Mozart pianist, a musician of warm, loving temperament who plays Mozart not as an act of condescension but as a statement of faith. Last year de Larrocha didn't appear, and something palpable was missing. This season she plays a pair of Mozart concertos on July 28 and 29 and returns for a solo recital on August 8, and I'll bet her programs sell out before anything else. Peter Serkin is another perfect Mostly Mozart pianist—not only because he plays Mozart with so much spirit, and with an imaginativeness that almost seems like an act of creation, but because his own concert manner reflects the no-nonsense informality that permeates these events. Serkin plays on July 31 and on August 1 and 2. Richard Stoltzman, who plays his clarinet the way you or I might hope to make love, is another perfect example of the spirit of these concerts. He appears on five nights.

This summer's concert program couldn't be better. To start listing the treasures, there are no fewer than eleven Mozart piano concertos—all the late ones except No. 18 and the "Coronation," plus the two-piano concerto and the marvelous, prophetic No. 9. There is a generous sampling of Haydn symphonies—No. 99, with its amazingly profound slow movement; No. 90, with its uproariously quirky finale; and two of the most adventurous earlier scores. There is a glorious orgy of Schubert: several symphonies, both piano trios, both quintets, and a "Schubertiade" that includes some of the great piano duets, plus Benita Valente's singing of "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" (one of this century's basic performances). Two of Mozart's piano trios are also on the list; these pieces tend to be somewhat overlooked. There are also some interesting oddities along the way: trumpet concertos by Leopold Mozart and Michael Haydn, and a trio for flute, viola, and guitar by Konradin Kreutzer. He, in case you didn't know, was a talented minor contemporary of both Beethoven and Schumann, a spinner-out of unimportant ideas of copious charm.

And then there's the B minor Mass of Bach on August 11 and 12, conducted by Richard Westenburg. There used to be more choral music on the series; this is this summer's only event, but the quality of Westenburg's work (most recently at a Bach cantata series at the Metropolitan Museum) promises much for this concert. Besides, the very notion of including "Bach in B minor" (G. B. Shaw's pained epithet for music that made people think) on a summer music series is a pretty good measure of how far New York has progressed toward year-round enlightenment. ■

DO MEN FAKE ORGASMS?
☐ What is the true appeal of clandestine extramarital sex?
☐ What once forbidden pleasures are men now trying and enjoying?
☐ How widespread is credit card sex?
The myth shattering answers to such provocative questions are why THE SHANOR STUDY is being compared to *The Hite Report.*
"Dr. Shanor does for the male population what Shere Hite did for the female population—only better." —*Playboy*
"Not only a valuable scientific study, but also a warm, human and empathetic document." —Harold Greenwald, Ph.D. author of *Direct Decision Making*
Essential reading for men who love, and for those who love them.
Playboy Book Club Alternate.
Psychology Today Book Club Alternate.



THE SHANOR STUDY
The Sexual Sensitivity of the American Male
Karen Shanor
Author of THE FANTASY FILES
Available at your bookstore or mail coupon to:
The Dial Press
c/o Dell/Montville Warehousing Co., Inc.
P.O. Box 2000
Pinebrook, New Jersey 07058
Please send me ______ copy(ies) THE SHANOR STUDY @ $8.95 per copy. I enclose my check or money order. I understand that I may return the book(s) for full refund within ten days if I am not completely satisfied.
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______
STATE ______ ZIP ______
(New York residents please add sales tax.) Dept. Y-2

Jazz / Gary Giddins

COOL CATALYST

"... At 59, Jimmy Rowles has emerged as one of the freshest voices in jazz piano in some time. His touch remains warmly personal..."

When Johnny Mercer performed at the first Town Hall Interludes concert early in 1973, his accompanist was billed as "California's greatest jazz pianist." The few members of the audience who knew **Jimmy Rowles**'s name at all probably remembered it from the recordings he made with Billie Holiday; by the end of the year, however, Rowles was firmly ensconced in New York's piano-bar circuit (he can usually be found at Bradley's these days), and it's a safe bet that few musicians have been welcomed as eagerly by the local cognoscenti.

Rowles is the favorite accompanist of numerous singers. In the notes to her album, *The Great American Songbook* (Atlantic SD2-904), released in 1973, Carmen McRae referred to him as "the guy every girl singer in her right mind would love to work with (check this statement with Sassy)." Sassy made the point a year later with *Sarah Vaughan & the Jimmy Rowles Quintet* (Mainstream 404); she and McRae each paid him the additional compliment of singing two of his songs. Rowles writes ballads (notably "The Peacocks" and "Morning Star") and off-the-wall novelties (for example, a country-and-westernish "The Ballad of Thelonious Monk") and sometimes sings them in a voice that at its best recalls Nat Cole with a sore throat, and at its worst suggests Jimmy Durante on Valium. His repertoire is enormous and often arcane.

At 59, Rowles has emerged as one of the freshest voices in jazz piano in some time. His harmonies are subtle yet startling, alternating open and closed chords—the latter so deftly muted that they sound as though he is wearing mittens. He effects low roars and limber bass walks with the left hand, and lambent melodies and arpeggios with the right. His touch remains warmly personal regardless of volume. At slow tempos, Rowles can relate familiar tunes with a simple eloquence that makes them seem newly invented; he's equally masterful at complex stride patterns which he plays all over the keyboard. He is one of those improvisers who worry about avoiding the obvious, and while some of his solos are sewn together from eccentric notions, the best of them unfold with patient, logical wonderment.

Rowles has the discipline of a first-rate solo pianist, but he is occasionally guilty of ponderous understatement. The first albums issued under his name in the seventies—the enchanting *Jimmy Rowles* (Halcyon 110) and the rather phlegmatic *Grandpaws* (Choice 1014)—uncovered only a portion of his talent. Three miraculous records issued in recent months suggest that Rowles is not at his best alone or even with singers, but in straight-ahead jazz confrontations. On each of them he is heard with a member of the "four brothers" school of tenor saxophonists—that is, Lester Young-inspired players who played with Woody Herman in the forties (as did Rowles). Stan Getz produced *The Peacocks* (Columbia 34873), a varied display of Rowles's talents as pianist, singer, and composer. It's particularly rewarding because Getz can be as aphoristic as Rowles, as witness his obbligato to the vocals. The best selections are the piano-tenor duets, especially "Serenade to Sweden" (Rowles implies an entire rhythm section behind Getz on this gorgeous Ellington anthem), "What Am I Here For," "The Hour of Parting," "Skylark," and the exquisite two choruses of the title piece.

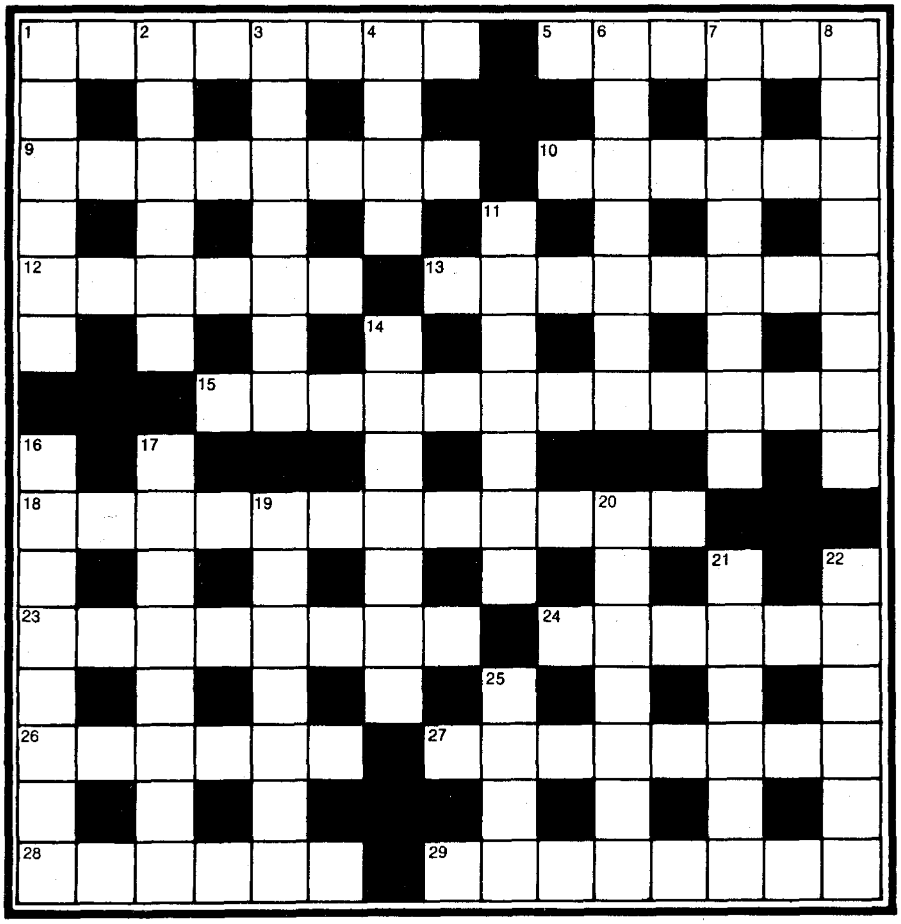
Heavy Love (Xanadu 145), Rowles's extended duets with Al Cohn, is quite another story. While Getz was moved to ethereal-mindedness in Rowles's presence, Cohn has never swung harder. The record suggests two friends communicating at a moment of peak inspiration. The pianist pulls out all the stops in supporting, lifting, and framing Cohn on "Them There Eyes," and his own solo contributions, including several stunning four-bar rejoinders, comprise a dizzying assortment of puzzles and proverbs. During most of the pieces, Rowles has Cohn swaggering, but there is a surpassingly lovely ballad performance, "These Foolish Things," and a magical moment at the end of "Sweet and Lovely" where the pianist fields the saxophonist's last notes like a shortstop. On the blues, "Bar Talk," Rowles plays five choruses, each different, witty, and flowing with ideas—one suspects he could play twice as many without repeating himself. Cohn hasn't the tonal range of Getz, and the length of the selections makes this encounter something of a tour de force, but I don't think he's ever played with greater spirit or invention. Only the absence of the unlikely material Rowles usually supplies disappoints.

On *If I'm Lucky* (Pablo 2310 803), Rowles chose and arranged several unusual tunes for Zoot Sims, such as the title piece and "Gypsy Sweetheart." The presence of an eager rhythm section reduces his freedom to navigate, but his pixieish humor and drive are felt everywhere. He turns an eight-bar introduction to "I Hear a Rhapsody" into a miniature Gershwin extravaganza, and his buoyant, booting chords on "It's All Right With Me" sets Sims ablaze. Indeed, this is the best album Sims has made in years. Perhaps the most intriguing performance is "Shadow Waltz," here played with a 4/4 bossa rhythm which underscores the song's resemblance to "Desifinado." Rowles begins his solo where Sims ends and works that single motif with great enterprise. Rowles is clearly more than just the pianist on these records—he's a catalyst. The "four brothers" saxophonists have often been grouped together as an indistinguishable genre. Rowles knows how very different they are. ■

Illustrated by Ben Chase

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Clues

ACROSS

1 So strangely one acted! And how incidental a tale! (8)

5 Waits for an offer with two points to it. (6)

9 Issue probably to be raised during second marriage. (8)

10 Wearing nothing in France, an engineer in the shade. (6)

12 Actors featuring in cricket. (6)

13 Study merely to make a new settlement. (8)

15 King George and many different people have such relatives. (12)

18 Having no object when passing through, I have finished it off. (12)

23 Unusual glen has therefore to increase in size. (8)

24 The crown takes the rest, through doubling mark! (6)

26 Manipulator of the ill wind that no one blows good—according to Mr. Kaye? (6)

27 Paper-back one reads in the interval? (8)

28 Confounds with part of the code. (6)

29 Gigantic diminution in fuel. (8)

DOWN

1 Bridle paths, one hears, divide up churches! (6)

2 Results of races? (6)

3 Hopelessness of the French couple. (7)

4 Design in this temporary home. (4)

6 Coloured mark for a university athlete, Dorothy. (4, 3)

7 Such biting sets! (8)

8 Only little, but gets in the way—note, the way! Well, it's not exactly the sourest comment you could make! (8)

11 Call it one quarter of an insect? (7)

14 Almost any fruit can be used for flavouring. (7)

16 Oh so very calm, they always say, before the race! (8)

17 Those who make the most noise get automatic rises! (8)

19 Performer-painter, note. (7)

20 Seeing green, I go in a whirl! (7)

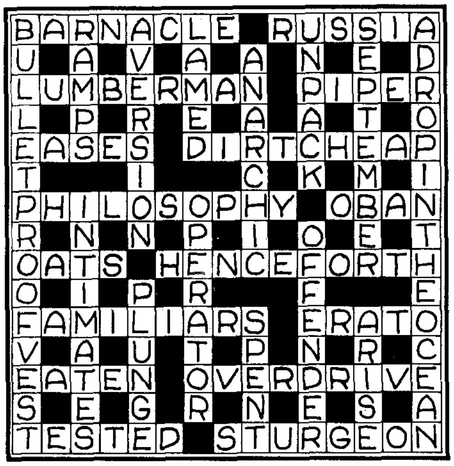
21 Claws put on last perhaps. (6)

22 Ring again, then set aside. (6)

25 Concerning the number of marriages annulled here? (4)

© 1978, Times Newspapers, Ltd., London

Solution to last issue's puzzle:



B A R N A C L E ■ R U S S I A
U ■ A ■ V ■ A ■ A ■ N ■ E ■ D
L U M B E R M A N ■ P I P E R
L ■ P ■ R ■ E ■ A ■ A ■ T ■ O
E A S E S ■ D I R T C H E A P
T ■ ■ ■ I ■ ■ ■ C ■ K ■ M ■ I
P H I L O S O P H Y ■ O B A N
R ■ N ■ N ■ P ■ I ■ O ■ E ■ T
O A T S ■ H E N C E F O R T H
O ■ I ■ P ■ R ■ ■ ■ F ■ ■ ■ E
F A M I L I A R S ■ E R A T O
V ■ A ■ U ■ T ■ P ■ N ■ R ■ C
E A T E N ■ O V E R D R I V E
S ■ E ■ G ■ R ■ N ■ E ■ S ■ A
T E S T E D ■ S T U R G E O N

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Attach present mailing label here and write in *new* address below.

(Please allow 4-6 weeks processing time)

Name ____________________

Street Address ____________________

City ____________________

State __________ *Zip Code* __________

PLEASE ADDRESS ALL SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS AND INQUIRIES TO: NEW YORK, Subscription Department, P.O. Box 2979, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

☐ **NEW SUBSCRIPTION**
☐ **RENEWAL**
☐ **1 year—$18** ☐ **2 years—$32**
☐ **Payment enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

Movies / Molly Haskell

HE'S NO ANGEL

"... *Heaven Can Wait* tries more for comedy than poignancy and Warren Beatty's ultraphysical presence dominates the film..."

As everyone knows by now, Warren Beatty's **Heaven Can Wait** is not a remake of an older movie by that name but of another twilight fantasy of the forties, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*. In the earlier film, Robert Montgomery played a prizefighter plucked to heaven before his time. In the more boisterous Beatty version, written by Beatty in collaboration with Elaine May and co-directed with Buck Henry, the central character has become a star quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams. And I mean star! Beatty's Joe Pendleton not only throws great passes, he turns football into a one-man sport.

Just before an important game he has a motorcycle accident which the fussy new man in heaven (Buck Henry) miscalls as fatal, bringing Joe to paradise prematurely. To amend the error, Henry and his superior, the magisterial Mr. Jordan (James Mason), allow Joe to return to Earth in the body of another. One of the candidates offered is the fabulously wealthy Mr. Farnsworth, who is being polished off by his wife (Dyan Cannon) and her lover, Farnsworth's unflappable secretary (Charles Grodin). Joe is on the point of refusing when an entrancing Englishwoman (Julie Christie) with an ecology bee in her bonnet storms into Farnsworth's office. It is for love of her, not money, that Joe stays on—or so the script would have us believe, though the film's sybaritic emphasis on the perks of the Good Life and Beatty's obvious delight in them tell us otherwise.

The fantasy of two lovers transcending time and their own physical bodies is a fragile one, and even in the forties it hung by a gossamer thread. It was sustained by the make-believe studio world of black-and-white photography—a far cry from the robustly colored, here-and-now world of Super Bowls and Southern California where Beatty's version is set. The poster ad showing a winged Beatty is a double tease, as we know he could neither die nor become an angel. His ultra-physical presence dominates the film, an ego trip in which Death, like everyone else, is on the Beatty payroll. If Beatty were to remake *The Seventh Seal* he would wind up winning the chess game with Death.

Other than as an opportunity to indulge his taste for the grandiose trappings of wealth—a taste also in evidence in *Shampoo*—the mystery is what drew Beatty to a project like this in the first place. Playing an oafish hero does afford him precious extra seconds of close-up time to allow his features to coalesce slowly into delayed reactions. But he leaps out of character whenever his sexual pride or hip image is at stake. For instance, he can hardly utter two complete sentences in a row, but when it comes to divining and exploiting the wife's infidelity he is way ahead of the game.

It is not the character he plays but the disingenuousness with which he plays it that gives Beatty's performance its fascination. As a sex idol, Beatty is too calculating to have the direct appeal of the old stars (as a fantasy lover, you'd want to kiss him—if you wanted to at all—only with your eyes open). But watching him apply the hard and soft arts of self-merchandising is a dazzling spectacle in its own right. As Joe Pendleton tries to juggle his various selves—whispering in a broom closet with his celestial associates, working out with his trainer (Jack Warden) for the upcoming Rams game, courting do-gooder Julie Christie while keeping tabs on the wife and her lover, he resembles nothing so much as a movie hustler trying to keep four deals afloat at the same time, playing a different role for each situation.

This sort of entrepreneurial élan found its perfect vehicle in *Shampoo*, in the slick, sexually promiscuous exploits of Beatty's hero. But the monogamous spirit to which *Heaven Can Wait* is dedicated is, even without Beatty, as difficult for a contemporary audience to believe as the illusion of an afterlife, the realm with which such love is identified. The Beatty-Christie chemistry is sexual. They look at each other in a romantic context and nothing happens, whereas Evelyn Keyes and Robert Montgomery, who hardly spoke a civil word offscreen, brought a yearning poignancy to the original pair of lovers.

Beatty's version tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing creative credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 percent funny. The percentage

Illustrated by Carol Wald

s more like five, and for that most of he credit goes to Charles Grodin. With ne of the funniest deadpan faces in novies, he looks like one of those tuffed animals of indeterminate species whose beady eyes and pursed nouth are fixed in a quizzical expression. And, in a part that has been upgraded from the original and restyled or him, he is hilarious as the obsequious employee with murder in his eart. As he responds to the voice of authority even while hiding behind the draperies, as he observes the forms in he midst of farce, we wait for his seething unconscious to express itself. It does, not in the act of murder but at a football scrimmage in which, with what a cartoonist would draw, and a bad writer might describe, as a "single terrible smile," he fully expects to see his employer crunched. Grodin's portrayal is equal to the great character performances of the thirties and forties, but it also catches the modern absurdist humor we associate with Elaine May and Buck Henry. Although his understated presence is the *pièce de résistance* of the film, it also underlines the noisy stridency of the work as a whole, and the desperation of Beatty's performance as he tries to give Joe Pendleton the one quality he is incapable of conveying: simple, unselfconscious charm.

The Cheap Detective, like *Murder by Death,* is a Neil Simon comedy not so much written for the screen as assembled from old-movie clichés patched up and fitted to a new line of stars.

The Goodbye Girl was at least an attempt to create a contemporary man-woman love story out of whole cloth, while *The Cheap Detective* (directed by Robert Moore) is content to be the 290th parody of *Casablanca* and *The Maltese Falcon,* purveying the sort of familiar wraparound humor that makes audiences who have barely heard of old movies feel "in."

In a fog-enshrouded San Francisco setting, characters gather to compete for a set of Albanian diamonds and the body and soul of cheap detective Lou Peckinpaugh. The women, most of them of the battered-and-been-around-dame variety, with specific roots in forties movies, are nicely played by Eileen Brennan as Bacall, Madeline Kahn as a quick-change version of Mary Astor's Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Marsha Mason as the more dimly remembered Gladys George character, Stockard Channing as the ever-reliable secretary, and Ann-Margret as an all-purpose temptress who reverts to Rumanian dialect when her cover is blown.

The parody isn't consistently funny, and grows worse the closer it gets to waxworks of the originals. John Houseman as a Humpty-Dumpty look-alike for Sydney Greenstreet and Dom DeLuise as an oily, sound-alike parody of Peter Lorre are elaborate mistakes, but Peter Falk is extremely attractive as a detective who acknowledges a debt to Bogart without surrendering his soul to the forties star. Playing the gumshoe relatively straight, he is surprisingly sexy as the magnet for more dames than Bogey ever got in one movie. There is more than a hint of the Neil Simon hero in this henpecked Peckinpaugh, a man for whom life would be simple were it not for these tricky, importunate women who take up residence in the most private corner of his bachelor's lair. The funniest lines are those debunking the male-female romantic myths, usually from the point of view of the victimized male and at the woman's expense. There's a wonderfully Simon-esque routine with a woman trying to tell a man more about her previous affairs than he wants to know. Or the woman insisting their love will be even better this time around, and Lou pleading, "No, no, the same, the same." Indeed, the best and most original stroke of parody is Louise Fletcher's demystification of the hitherto sacrosanct Ingrid Bergman heroine of *Casablanca* as a woman whom one character (a German officer played by Nicol Williamson) describes as "the most beautiful, brave, and boring woman I have ever met." At her secret tryst with Lou, she completes her fervently fatuous political speech and then reveals her other obsession: to redecorate Lou's seedy apartment.

It's a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop their relationship as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor that provides *The Cheap Detective* with its funniest, most resonant moments.

The parody films of Mel Brooks and Woody Allen are as scattershot in form, as full of shtiks, as Simon's, but they have a core, an inner logic born of old and deep feelings about movies which Simon lacks. Too often Simon's gags are less gags than references, like those numbered jokes in the story about joke buffs who sit around calling out one number, then another, and laughing uproariously. When Simon does succeed in grafting the larger-than-life fantasies of movies onto the comically painful deficiencies of real life, he is very, very funny. The mere pairing of Falk and Fletcher tells us that not all the success and glamour of life can compensate for the shortness of a short detective beside a tall woman. ■

LE PARIS BISTRO
48 Barrow St. NYC 10014
Reservations: 989 5460
A charming exercise in good taste

RISTORANTE LA GRIGLIA
117 MULBERRY ST. NYC
Outdoor Champagne Brunch
Sat & Sun 12 to 5
Mon-Thurs 12-12
Fri Noon thru
Sun Midnight
226-8440

Seafood as fresh as you can get
purchased personally and daily by
Carlos Hines
proprietor
Carlos II Restaurant
36 West 48th Street • Tel: 369-0366
The Jamaican Seafood Restaurant
432 6th Avenue • between 9th and 10th
Tel: 982-3260

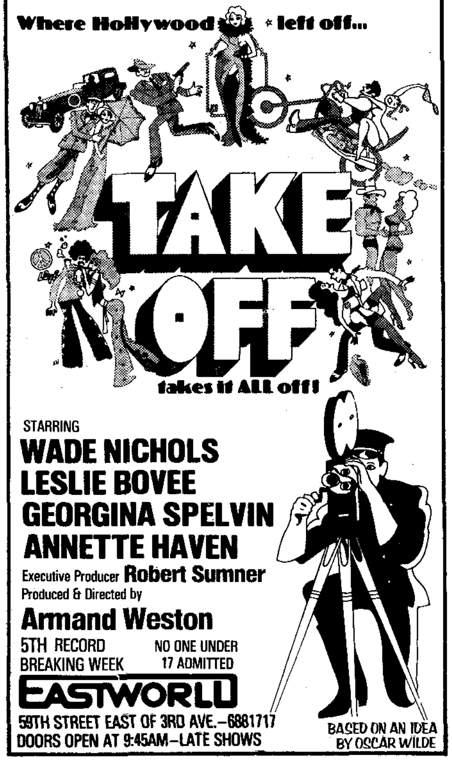
GARVIN'S
A grand cafe and bar.
19 Waverly Place
Open 7 days—4 pm-til late—473-5261

Fonda La Paloma
N.Y.'s FINEST MEXICAN RESTAURANT
Recommended by Cue, Gourmet
LUNCHEON•COCKTAILS•DINNER•SUPPER
256 E. 49 St. 421-5495 Strolling Guitarists

Cuisine Excellent
Ambience Intimate
Continuous Dancing
Denise Delaphena & Cachaca Trio
(Ka-shâh-sa)
CACHAÇA
Nightly 8PM-4AM
Closed Monday
403 East 62nd Street
Reservations 688-8501
No cover—$12 minimum

Life is beautiful at
Ruggero's
In the heart of Little Italy
Strolling Guitar
Italian-Continental Cuisine
194 Grand St., N. Y., N.Y.
925-1340 Valet Parking

"If Paramount Pictures were to make an adult film, 'TAKE OFF' would be it. It contains every essential ingredient for total film entertainment." Gloria Leonard
—HIGH SOCIETY MAG.


Where Hollywood left off...
TAKE OFF
takes it ALL off!
BASED ON AN IDEA BY OSCAR WILDE

STARRING
WADE NICHOLS
LESLIE BOVEE
GEORGINA SPELVIN
ANNETTE HAVEN
Executive Producer Robert Sumner
Produced & Directed by
Armand Weston
5TH RECORD BREAKING WEEK
NO ONE UNDER 17 ADMITTED
EASTWORLD
59TH STREET EAST OF 3RD AVE.–6881717
DOORS OPEN AT 9:45AM–LATE SHOWS

QUARRY
for
Ceramic Tile and Installations
183 Lexington Ave. (31st St.)
(212) 679-2559

The Incomparable
NEW YORK HEALTH & RACQUET CLUB
Sale Rates in Effect
All Membership Plans
at all branches - 2 Midtown;
Uptown and Downtown.
TENNIS & SQUASH, 50% reduction
to HRC members.

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Menswear—A special purchase here offers polyester-gabardine vested suits for $68; four-piece "weekenders" with reversible vests at the same price; tropical-weight polyester-wool-blend three-piece suits in various patterns and silk-blend two-piece suits, $88 apiece. Also, famous-maker all-cotton unbleached western jeans at $13.99; all-cotton ties in solids and patterns, selling elsewhere at $8.50, here $3.50 each, three for $10; polyester slacks with adjustable waist tabs, solids or checks, sizes 28–42, $15.95; all-silk ties in paisleys, foulards, stripes, etc., are $4.95 each; waist-length leather jackets are $49.50; $59.50 for longer leather and suede jackets. Size range in suits is 36 small–46 long; alterations cost extra. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Martin Burns, Ltd., 240 Central Park South, at Columbus Circle (CO 5-4151); Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; open 7/3, 4; while stock lasts.*

Cameras—Here is a special offer on GAF cameras and projectors—mail or phone order only. Although GAF has discontinued this aspect of its operation, we have been assured that GAF warranty-and-service centers will be open for seven more years. All items offered were discontinued this year, but they are factory-sealed, brand-new, and carry the full GAF warranty. All of the first prices quoted are original list prices. Super-8 sound cameras: XL, was $199, now $115; XL/2, 2:1 zoom, was $230, now $125; SS250XL, 2.5:1 zoom, was $365, now $165; 505XLM, 5:1 power macro-zoom, was $485, now $200; 805M, 8.1 power zoom, was $465, now $190. Silent super-8 cameras: ST/602, 6:1 power zoom, was $250, now $125; ST/802, 8:1 power zoom, was $330, now $135; 415 XLM, 4:1 macro-zoom, was $230, now $120; 100A compact, was $70, now $48. Sound projectors (may also be used for silent super-8): 2000S, with zoom and automatic threading, was $270, now $129; 3100S, automatic threading, sound-on-sound, zoom, was $400, now $165. Compact pocket cameras (110 film for slides or prints): 2020, was $22, now $11, two for $21; 2020S kit with built-in electronic flash, film, batteries, was $48, now $25, two for $48. Maste Charge, Visa, checks, money orders accepted. Refunds for unused merchandise for any reason. *Telephone orders Call 232-2080 Mon.–Thurs. 10 a.m.– p.m. and 7–10 p.m., Fri. and Sun. 1 a.m.–1 p.m.; mail orders: F&F Fot Supply, P.O. Box R-R, Brooklyn, N.Y 11219; while stock lasts.*

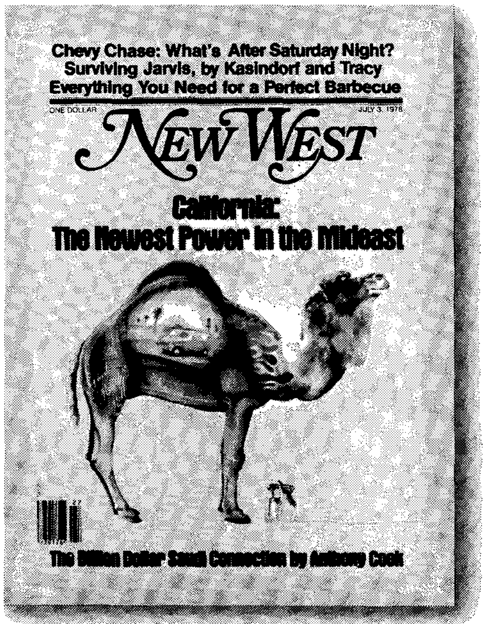
Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Italian fashions—Close your eye and you're shopping in Italy. On th ninth floor of this nondescript offic building is a men's boutique (servin free espresso and cappuccino) that discounts those famous Italian designe labels at all times and is now havin a sale featuring extra values. Among th things we saw: Adolfo jackets, no $135 in silk and wool blends, $225 i Ultrasuede; Adolfo wool blazers, no $125; Giorgio Sant'Angelo wool- an silk-blend jackets, now $135; lined all-wool gabardine slacks, in fifteen colors, now $40; silk-cotton-acrylic-blen short-sleeve V- or crew-neck shirts now $15; 100-percent-cotton-piqué casual shirts, now $25; Pancaldi and Fencia all-silk shirts, $130 elsewhere, $75; Pancaldi and Boulevard all-cotton shirts, $40; Jesus jeans (sizes 28–36), were $42.50, now $25; and incredibly soft waist-length lambskin jackets are $210. The size range is 28–40 for slacks, 36 small–46 long for jackets, S–XL (and a few XXL) for shirts and sweaters. Alterations are free; exchanges are possible on unaltered garments. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *Pasta, 37 West 39th St., ninth floor (221-3780); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.– 6 p.m.; 7/5–31.*

Christmas in July—Boxed Christmas cards from famous makers are half price here through September. These include parchment cards, New York scenes, religious, traditional, and modern designs, all packed 25 to a box and including envelopes. Carol Cards, were $2.75–$9, now $1.38–$4.50; American Artists cards, were $4–$5.95, now $2–$3. There are also American Artists "write your own" cards in overseas-airmail weight, were $3 for boxes of twenty, now $1.50. Master Charge and Visa accepted on orders over $10; checks accepted. *Grolan Stationers, 115 West 57th St. (CI 7-2676); Standard Office Equipment, 1800 Broadway, near 59th St. (CI 7-1684); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.– 6 p.m.; open 7/3; through 9/30.* ■

What do over 1,200,000 Californians do every other week in private?

New West Magazine.
Its circulation puts it ahead of
Newsweek, Sports Illustrated and *U.S. News & World Report* in California.
Catching up with *Time* is only a matter of time.



Chevy Chase: What's After Saturday Night?
Surviving Jarvis, by Kasindorf and Tracy
Everything You Need for a Perfect Barbecue

ONE DOLLAR JULY 3, 1978

NEW WEST

California:
The Newest Power in the Mideast

The Billion Dollar Saudi Connection by Anthony Cook

It's getting to people.

Source: 1978 TGI.

Rock/John Gabree

YOU'LL LOSE THE BLUES WITH CHENANGO

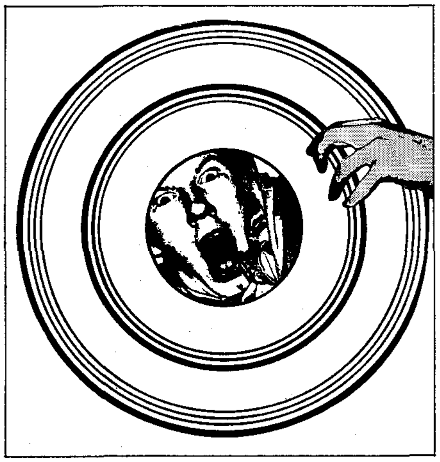
"...Bands like Chenango are why the hyphen circuit is fun. At the better places you can discover them opening the show..."

The Manhattan rock club scene is busier than at any other time in decades. All but the very few biggest acts—Jefferson Starship, the Beach Boys, etc.—visit the clubs, usually the Bottom Line, though other places have their moments. Punk rock was founded and is maintained within a few blocks of Union Square at CBGB's, Max's Kansas City, and a few other garages. And a cacophony of spots, mostly in the Village, traffic in pop hyphenates (country-rock, folk-rock, and so on, even, in at least one instance, country-disco).

At the hyphenate joints—the Bells of Hell, O'Lunney's, Dr. Generosity's, Gerde's Folk City, Kenny's Castaways, and, for class, the Other End and the Lone Star Cafe, come immediately to mind—you can see great performers, past and future, in intimate surroundings for about the price of a movie ticket. And you can't get beer and a sandwich at the movies. Sometimes these acts are famous, sometimes even legendary; rarely are they hot superacts.

More often, you are likely to find the great has-been, the up-and-comer, or the unknown. For example, three acts with records to their credit often seen around town these days and not to be missed are the Roches, a hilarious singer-songwriter team consisting of three sisters; George Gerdes, a brilliant and funny performer of his own songs; and Kinky Friedman, a raunchy performer from the rocking end of country.

An example in the unknown category is **Chenango**, a country-rock sextet that has been working this circuit for a couple of years, in dives that are pretty much alike. The place is usually dark and smoky and smells of stale beer. The tables and chairs are a little too small for normal-size people. The stage is a wide piece of molding along one wall, and the sound system is borrowed from someone's van. When business is booming, nobody has time to clean the tables carefully; when it's not, nobody bothers. The minimal fare is usually booze and pretzels, though a few places manage passable hamburgers and fries, and occasionally something more elegant is done to avocados. The food can vary in quality, but it is universally overpriced.



Bands like Chenango are why the hyphen circuit is fun. At the better places, you can discover them opening the show—for Kinky, for example, at the Lone Star. At the tackier establishments you'll find them topping the bill, with Dan Hill clones as opening acts. The good acts develop loyal fans who follow them from club to club, and it can be a real thrill when an act you've discovered becomes a hit (there used to be a hole in the wall on West 3rd Street with a hostess, Mama Cass, an opening act, Richie Havens, and a house band, the Lovin' Spoonful).

Chenango is a class act. There aren't many groups that can open a set with a tune from the book of Fraser and DeBolt, the legendary Montreal duo, and it plays a set of originals as good or better. Its songs are varied, running from blues to country and folk. Its tunes are original, its lyrics funny and affecting. With three vocalists and five instrumentalists among its six members, it is capable of a wide variety of settings. It has even performed a country-and-western musical of its own devising.

If it's so good, you may wonder, why isn't it more famous? For one thing, there always seems to be more talent than the marketing system can accommodate. You'll find a lot of acts on the circuit today that could certainly support profitable, though not necessarily blockbuster, record sales, if anyone would give them an opportunity. But like television and publishing and the movies, the record business these days is not into modest achievement.

But some of the problems seem to be with the band itself. Its versatility may be its undoing. It is hyphenated right there on stage. Its lead singers, Zivia Flomenhaft and Bob Jewett, joined by Ross Levinson, who plays electrified fiddle, have a mellowed "country" approach, while on the left Jim Ragland (lead guitar, vocals, and songs) and Chris Howard (bass) take a harder, more rocking approach. Drummer Mike Zuckerman, meanwhile, pursues traditional country thumping with the relentlessness of a metronome. Not that it doesn't come together for the band musically. It does, but not solidly enough yet and not all the time.

The other problems, common to the circuit, have to do with presentation. There is a lack of professionalism, inspired by patchy sound systems, overly familiar and undemanding audiences, and often years of playing without recognition that inspire casualness onstage. In jokes and kibbitzing, no matter how much they interrupt the tedium for a band, can undermine a show more quickly than scratchy P.A.'s or untuned pianos. The entertainers that achieve lasting acclaim almost always perform with intensity.

I have no idea if Chenango wants lasting acclaim. The group's members seem to be enjoying what they're doing together and to have other, separate careers as writers and actors. But they have the imagination and the chops to pull off almost anything.

Most of their problems would probably disappear if the band were taken over by professional management, which, if they hang in, is sure to come their way. Managers are very big on professionalism. This is not a matter of sequined jumpsuits, stage routines, or even tuned instruments. No outfit on this circuit is likely to have much future as a lounge band. It is a matter of giving all in performance.

In any case, for a night on the town, you can do worse than the hyphenates. Among their opening acts, you're sure to discover favorites of your own. ■

Illustrated by Julia Gorton

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

ew York Classified is a weekly feature. All classified ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. ates: 1 time ad $3.30/word; 2 consecutive ads $2.75/word; 3 cons. ads $2.60/word; 4 cons. ads .50/word; 13 ads per year $2.50/word; 26 ads per year $2.45/word; 51 ads per year $2.40/word. Min. 10 words. POB #'s, NYM Box #'s, Tel. #'s—2 words each; Abbreviations, ZIP Codes—1 word each. xtra $5 for NYM Box #'s. Classified Display available at $192/inch. Complete rate card available. heck/M.O. must accompany copy & be received by closing (every Tues. by 1 p.m. for following Mon.) hone orders accepted with Master Charge/BankAmericard only. Classified Dept., New York Magazine, 55 Second Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017. (212)986-5894. Reply to NYM Box Numbers at same address.

ART

nly complete collection of Rockwells & Neimans also Moore, Simbari, others - CARLYLE (212) 35-9443.

rt Gallery - Studio 53 Ltd., 424 Park Avenue, YC 10022, (212) 755-6650. Largest collection of orman Rockwell - Boulanger - Folon - Balet - imbari *in the Country - Open Seven Days.*

il Portraits - U.S. Presidents—Washington to arter, painted from White House collection. 38 nits, framed, each 30 x 42 over all. $650 unit, purhase one or more. (212) 686-2840 for appointent. Box 1295 NYM.

ree Steinberg's *New Yorker* poster, with every urchase. NANCY ROTH GALLERY, 223 Katoah Avenue, Katonah, N.Y. (914) 232-4508.

rriving New York June 28th—Selling art noueau, art deco posters. Cassandre, Toulouse Lautrec nd Steinlen. Call 722-5562.

ANTIQUES

itsch No Schlock—30's through 50's dresses, a ery special and exciting antique collection - as ou'd expect only from VICTORIA FALLS, in our ew store - 147 Spring - 226-5099... P.S. - our ictorian lace is still the best in town...

n exclusive collection of antique clothing: New tock every week. Shawls, Silk Lingerie, Tuxedo hirts, Accessories. HARRIET LOVE - 412 West roadway - NYC, 966-2280.

CRAFTS

ncredible selection of loose and pre-strung beads. Design tables... to do it yourself with our free tringing materials... The only boutique of its kind... in mid-town Manhattan. 11 a.m. - 6 p.m. BEAD-L-CARAVAN, *16 West 55th Street (enter* through Lobby), (212) 757-8965.

ENTERTAINMENT

Magician... Madeleine—All occasions, Ages, Participation, Reasonable rates, (212) 475-7785.

Live Music for all Occasions—Have own equipment. 242-5584.

Catholic Alumni Club Dances—Tuesday, July 13th - Cork n' Bottle, 130 East 52nd Street. Thursday, July 18th - Copacabana, 10 East 60th Street. Time: 5:30 to 9:30 p.m. Guests Welcome - All Ages - Admission $4.50.

College Background Singles Only—Newsletter of pre-screened, higher quality singles events plus our own tennis and theatre parties. *Free* sample. PARTY VINE, 202 East 77th, NYC. (212) 861-4424 anytime.

The Entertainers—Mobile Discos, Video Taping, Gaint TV's. (212) 931-4454.

Caricaturist: Funtertainment for your Party. "Chuckles" is back. PL 7-6300.

Elegance is... beautiful refined people... parties... discos... dining. (212) 221-1374.

Disco Systems—Professional Mobil Sound/Light Entertainment for any occasion. (212) 729-7880.

Les Visages—We are an exclusive elite Dating Service; designed to introduce you Now to the most discreet and compatible people. Phone immediately for your confidential rendez-vous. It's only by your communicating now, can we provide you with an exclusive service. Call 223-0382 every day 1 - 11 p.m.

Single? Lonely? Why? Meet the finest selected... Ladies & Gentlemen. Call ANNE BRILL seen in *New York Magazine,* 6/12/78. (212) 347-5395.

See your date before you meet! Introlens - Video Dating. Westchester, Rockland, N.J., NYC. The intelligent alternative. (914) 428-6766.

STOY® Mobile Discotheque... Saturday Night Fever or Friday Night Fox-Trot! Music/Lights... Non-Stop... Since 1964. Make Your Party - Anywhere - The Big One!... (212) 986-4994.

Single? Discover Twelve East!... A highly selective private club providing parties, theatre, lectures, tennis, picnics, backgammon, sailing, trips. (212) 986-1580.

Larry Ozone's Traveling Discotheque—Multi-Media Party Entertainment... Dance Music Of Every Decade. Party Catalysts. Lighting Environments Designed for Homes, Restaurants, Country Clubs, Hotel Ballrooms. (212) 969-2832.

SINGLES MEET

Through IDC, New York's most exclusive club for attractive, intelligent singles.

NEW YORK • BEVERLY HILLS • FT. LAUDERDALE

CALL NOW (212) 682-2040

A touch of elegance for your festive occasion—PENTAPHONIC WINDS plays Bach to Beatles. Woodwind chamber ensemble perfect for indoor, outdoor parties, weddings; seen in *N.Y. Magazine* 4/18/77. (212) 866-4073.

Rolling Records Mobile Disco Raising Rates! For a better deal call before 8/1/78. (212) 361-7540 or 937-3772.

Singles - All Ages—Local and International. Dignified introductions with personalized service. Call KISMET, toll free 1-800-443-4347.

Caricatures... For any kind of party! Call (212) 675-6975.

Caricaturist STEVE BRODNER draws crowds. (212) PL 3-2310.

Original SINGING TELEGRAMS!

"When Western Union discontinued its' singing telegrams, it left a void. . .now there's Musicbox to fill the gap. . .and with a personal touch!" . . .New York Times

Musicbox inc.: 212-857-1821

Flip Side Traveling Disco... New Jersey's personalized and most spectacular Mobile Disco. Euphoria is achieved with our fabulous lighting entourage and sound scheme. (201) 239-1150.

America's Greatest Hypnotist/Mentalist—Hilarious! Amazing! Parties, Meetings, Conventions. (212) 468-9441.

Professional strolling violinists available for parties. Show tunes, pops, continental. Fiddlers Two. (212) 478-2982.

Disco-Van 2000®—The Traveling Discotheque! Spectacular lighting / Fabulous Music / Beautiful people... From the Hamptons to Deal... we have made the greatest summer parties even greater. Celebrity References. (212) 662-6312, 10-6 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENT/CHILDREN

Birthday Parties—Magicians. Our Place - Yours. MAGIC TOWNHOUSE, (212) 752-1165.

Sandy Landsman, The Music Clown—Songs, puppets, balloons, participation! (212) JU 6-6300.

"Children's Delight"... *Post.* Comedy, puppets, participation. "ROGER RIDDLE"... JU 2-4240.

Pineapple presents her Magic and Mime Show for all Occasions. (212) JU 2-8800.

RESTAURANTS

Entertain Your Guests... in our New Private Dining rooms overlooking the U.N. Fountains... LA BIBLIOTHEQUE, 341 East 43rd Street, 661-5757. ***John Canaday - *N.Y. Times Guide To Dining Out - 1976.*

GOURMET SERVICES

Need a Professional Caterer?... Just call... RESTAURANT ASSOCIATES. French and Italian picnics, Italian buffets, theatre parties, fund-raisers, entertainment packages... and more. For that special event call 997-1406.

Dutch woman prepares Indonesian Rijsttafel for parties. Reasonable. 663-3033.

CATERING "NO FINER FACILITIES ANYWHERE!"

WEDDINGS*SWEET 16's*FASHION SHOWS *BAR MITZVAHS*LUNCHEONS*DINNERS *BUSINESS MEETINGS *COCKTAIL PARTIES

Call PETER DORN
Monday to Friday
10 A.M. to 7 P.M.

At The World Famous COPACABANA

10 East 60th St.(5th Ave.)
N.Y.C. Res: PL 5-6010

Le Petit Grenier—Personalized Catering. Business Luncheons. Cocktail and Dinner Parties. TR 9-7298.

Bartender's Ltd.—Professional bartenders/waitresses - Excellent references. 288-9029.

Wine Selection Extraordinaire—Miniscule expenditures. FOREST HILLS LIQUOR (The Wine Merchants), 108-09 Queens Boulevard, BO 8-0800.

Marvin Polansky—Offering Gourmet Excellence. Brochure with tariffs. (212) 868-3370.

MOTOR YACHT Cabaret

Manhattan's Most Unique Catering Concept

SPECTACULAR VIEWS OF MANHATTAN

Cruises year 'round • Heated/air-conditioned comfort
Elegant Foods • Impeccable Service • Groups up to 250

A PERFECT SETTING FOR SPECIAL EVENTS
(212) 929-3585

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

GOURMET SERVICES

In My Fine Townhouse (or Yours). Wedding, Holiday, Corporate Parties catered elegantly, economically. 472-2920.

A Valentine Room Affair—A lovers fantasy dream room - Weddings - Personal and Corporate parties. Fine dining - dancing. 683-0044.

LEISURE ACTIVITIES

Dining Cruises, Sailing Instruction—On 41' Ketch. L.I. Sound. (914) 235-8370.

Tennis Playing Mothers: Free attended nursery-playground at Park West Racquet Club, 795 Columbus Avenue. 11 courts, free parking, games arranged, clubhouse, locker rooms, snack bar, expert instruction. Call 663-6900.

Tennis Court Rentals—Rooftop Outdoors. Weekdays 9 a.m.-12. Weekends from 3 p.m. (212) 685-5135.

Country Cycling Tours—Weekend Bicycling, Berkshires, Catskills, Transportation. (212) 866-0760.

Hate The Singles Scene? Look into SPC, praised by the *New York Times* for its warmth, safety and dignity. For information, call (212) 355-7874 or (212) 490-1041.

Grand Opening

CENTAUR

Archery Lanes

Finally . . . an air conditioned indoor archery range with compound rental equipment is available to all. Archers, Beginners and Pro's alike on a club membership basis.

Centaur was designed to provide enjoyment in a sport that is centuries old. Men & women are invited to investigate this challenging sport.

Learn and Enjoy Mankind's Oldest Sport

Membership is available on an annual or semi-annual basis.

Full line of compound bows sold & rented

Mon to Fri 11am-11pm, Sat & Sun 9am-5pm

2171 Nostrand Ave at Nostrand-Flatbush Junction

252-5779 252-5778

Attention All Meditators—Laurel Ridge, formerly Litchfield Residence Course, has reopened. Groups or individuals are welcome every weekend. Pastoral surroundings, comfortable accommodations, excellent cuisine. Call or write for brochure: LAUREL RIDGE, RR #3 Wigwam Road, Litchfield, Connecticut 06759. (203) 567-5568.

Skin- & Scuba-Diving—Aqua-Lung School of New York. Warm, regulation pool. Individualized instruction starts weekly. Flexible schedules, all equipment. Certification. Fran Gaar, Director - P.A.D.I. - W-M #1. (212) JU 2-2800 - 24 hours.

Water Ski Hang Gliding—Lessons, Sales. Jersey shore. (201) 464-0383.

VACATIONS

Village Latch, Southampton—"A truly beautiful intimate Inn". In town on 5 acres. 101 Hill. (516) 283-2160.

This year - Opt for the best! "The Villas at Montauk" - Where accommodations are spacious - carefree relaxation, an everyday way of life. Luxury 2 bedroom towne house rentals on golf course feature privacy - Beautiful decor - GE kitchens - Outdoor privacy - Central air-conditioning. All rates include unlimited green fees; tennis. Swimming at nearby Star Island pool. $625 weekly. Monthly and long season rates also available. Call Joan Dickinson today (516) 668-2325. MONTAUK IMPROVEMENT, Montauk, N.Y. 11954.

The Improbable Inn—Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538. Artists/vacationers. American plan. Adults. Brochure!

Fire Island—Ocean Beach; "JERRY'S", Monday - Thursday, Bed/Breakfast, $20 daily. Reservations (516) 583-8870.

Martha's Vineyard—A beautiful island escape. 7 miles at sea, easily reached by car / ferry, or direct air. Lovely old villages, snug harbors, beautiful sandy beaches, all recreational activities. Browsing shops, amiable accommodations, restaurants. Send $1 for a pictorial guide and directory of accommodations. MARTHA'S VINEYARD INFORMATION, Vineyard Haven, 9, Massachusetts 02568.

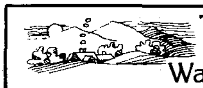
4 DAYS FREE

PAY 7 • STAY 11 Includes all meals, private conferences with our dietician, separate health spas for men & women, water exercise classes, Tennis (day & night), Golf (3 times), Free daily massage, nitely dancing & shows, every resort facility

Harbor Island Spa Resort Hotel

Miami Beach, Fla. Toll Free: 1-800-327-7510

Tennis Clinic in Hamptons—Beginners/Intermediate. All meals, lodging. Pool, ocean. Reasonable. (212) 873-4022.



TUCKER HILL LODGE

Waitsfield, Vermont

Combining refreshingly understated pleasures, an old fashioned essence and outstanding cuisine. Tennis. Pool.

Write: Tucker Hill Lodge, Sugarbush Valley, Waitsfield, Vt. 05673 (802) 496-3983.

The Flying Cloud Inn... 200 acres - 20 guests... the Berkshires... Tennis. Brochure, mid-week rates. New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01230. (413) 229-2113.

Bassett House, East Hampton—Daily, Weekly rates. Near beach, town. Reservations (516) 324-6127.

TRAVEL

Worldwide Discount Travel—Unbeatable Values. Free Catalog. 200 West 51st Street, NYC 10019. 586-0747; 586-4424.

Cruise To: Atlantic City, Nowhere, Anywhere. Short Vacations. (212) 221-6657.

Laura's Tours—One-Day Trips leave from Brooklyn. (212) 252-0616.

Guided Motorcycle Tours—America's magnificent Southwest *on touring-equipped 750cc motorcycles.* Interested? MOTORCYCLE TOURS of AMERICA, 2921 Carlisle NE, Albuquerque, N.M. 87110.

7 DAY CRUISE TO BERMUDA

for single people under 35 only

$395 ON THE SS VOLENDAM Quad Rate • Escort • Parties Guaranteed Shares • Disco

August 6, 13 & 20. Free 32 page catalog: GRAMERCY'S SINGLEWORLD, 758-2433

Airlines and Travel Agents don't tell it all... call JB's WORLD, (212) 582-6670.

Exotic! Papua, New Guinea - Orient - India - Bali - Honeymooners. NASSA TRAVEL, (212) 490-1562.

Club Mediterranee Reservations—Worldwide. Space Available. "Rated 5 Star by CELEBRITY", (212) 354-1600.

Have Your Fantasies Become Reality... Singles, Couples, Lovers. Europe, Club Méditerranée, Villas. Déjà Vu Travel, (212) 221-6657.

Greece—Quality Charter Flights - Greek Island packages - AEGINA TRAVEL, (212) 942-9500.

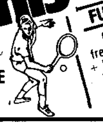
Crazy? Cheapest Charter Flights Europe. Call "Charter Shop," (212) 490-3056.

ADULT CAMPS

total tennis T.M.

the adult tennis camp in the Berkshires

FULL WK-MINI WK-MAXI WKEND



Beginners thru advanced + Unlimited free tennis + 5 hrs daily instr + 4 to 1 ratio + Pvt lesson + Videotape + Excell dinning + Swimming + 2½ hrs NYC. and more, add up to a total tennis vacation.

TOTAL TENNIS

Box 1106 Wall St. Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10005

212-636-6141

AT UNBEATABLE PRICES!

ADULTS ESCAPE!!!

PLAY TENNIS!!!

Get away for 7 days, 5 days or a weekend • relax • have fun • improve your tennis skills • August 6-20. CONNECTICUT ADULT TENNIS CAMP on the Univ. of Hartford Campus. Brochure-Gerry Slobin, Connecticut Adult Tennis Camp, Box 358 NY, Bloomfield, Ct. 06002/(203) 242-8234.

SCHOOLS

The Highcroft School—Summer Session begins July 5th. Boarding Boys 11-19. Individualized instruction in basic skills. Assistance for dyslexics. Sports. Write: Gale Road, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267.

INSTRUCTION

Read Faster - $98—Nationally known professor. Guaranteed course. READING SKILLS, 864-5112.

Going to Israel? Learn basic conversational... Hebrew or any area of Judaica in privacy of your home. Small groups also OK. A reform Rabbinic student. 549-2654.

French... Small or Private Classes. CERCLE FRANCO-AMERICAIN, 490-2068.

Swim-o-phobia? Cure it forever. Our private lessons by professional instructors will have you phobia-free and swimming in no time. We guarantee it! The atmosphere is relaxed, the 60 foot pool is a swimmer's dream and rates are modest. PARC SWIM & HEALTH CLUB, 363 West 56th Street, NYC. JU 6-3675.

COUNSELING

Bioenergetic - Gestalt Therapy — Individual or Group. Licensed Educator: 865-0387.

Sensuality Improvement Seminar—Couples - Room/Meals *inclusive.* SEE, P.O. Box 285, Latham, N.Y.

Sexual Problems? Masters — Johnson Techniques! Sexual Counseling Center, (212) 255-3044.

Short Term Counseling - Effective! With Hypnosis - more effective! Mrs. & Dr. Sloan, (212) 631-1600.

Sex Problems? Single? Help is available. Medical supervision. Professional counseling. 580-8444.

TRANQUILIZER, BARBITURATE AND ALCOHOL DEPENDENCE

is a growing problem that can have tragic effects on family life and personal health.

Evaluation and outpatient treatment by professional specialists are available at:

The Institute for Drug Free Living

509 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

(212) 935-8728

Take your problems to professionals. Certified Psychologists and Psychiatrists at moderate fees throughout Greater New York. New York Consultation & Referral Service for Psychotherapy, 130 West 57th Street, 246-5756.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

Depressed or Anxious? Psychoanalytic Psychotherapy; sliding scale. Call anytime for appointment or further information... PARK CONSULTATION CENTER, (212) 581-1546.

Psychotherapy for Men/Women—Over 30 qualified therapists. FEMINIST THERAPY COLLECTIVE, Since 1969, 787-4600.

Tense? Feeling down? Family/Marital troubles? Psychotherapy helps. Post-mastectomy counseling. Moderate fees. MID-WESTCHESTER COUNSELING ASSOCIATES, (914) 698-9393.

Marriage, Couples, Divorced, Single! I'm OK - You're OK. TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS, (212) 838-0072; (201) 838-6696.

PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT

Hypnosis! Weight, smoking, relaxation, memory! Biofeedback! JEROME WALMAN, PL 5-4363.

Guaranteed Weight Loss—10-20 pounds, one week. Supervised fasting or diet on natural foods. BERKSHIRE MANOR, Copake, N.Y. (212) 769-8089; (518) 329-1228.

Meditation: Seven simple steps to tranquility. Tested method. Send $5.00 to Institute for Personal Change, 813 Franklin Street Southeast, Huntsville, Alabama, 35801.

Biorhythms—Understand your body's cycles. Let them tell you when your efforts are most likely to succeed. Personal computerized one year chart $4.00. Names(s), Birthdate(s) to: RHYTHMS OF LIFE, Dept N, Box 1470, Rockville, Maryland 20850.

Hypnosis! Weight, Smoking, Concentration, Self-Hypnosis! PAUL CAINE, Ph.D., 683-1194.

Weight Loss Guaranteed—*Ultimate Diet.* Famous Traylor Method. Fasting. Juices. Special Diets. Free Daily Massage... Sauna... Whirlpool Baths... Golf... Tennis... Lovely pool on 10 acres of giant pines, ringed by golf course and hiking trails. Only 40 Guests... Distinguished Reputation Since 1959. SETON INN SPA, Lakewood, N.J. (212) WO 2-4360; (201) 363-7733.

Weight Loss Guaranteed: Up to 10/20 pounds/week. Easily. Quickly. True Fasting. Expert Supervision. Educational Program. Successful follow-up regime. Twenty years in operation. Medically Accepted. PAWLING HEALTH MANOR, Hyde Park, N.Y. 12538. (914) 889-4141.

Biofeedback: Stress Therapy! Learn to control stress through cybernetic self-regulation. Professionals. Biofeedback Study Center, (212) 673-4710.

Lose Weight, Stop Smoking! Ear-Acupuncture. Free literature, Licensed Doctors. 534-6800.

Infertility Problem—Fertility, diagnostic and treatment center. (212) 734-5700.

You've had your last food binge! Free consultation. THIN FOREVER! 867-3466

Yoga at Home—90 minute exercise cassette tape. Professional instructor. $8.95 plus 50¢ handling to: YOGA TAPE, Box 34, Midland Park, N.J. 07432.

Southampton—New Horizon - A Health and Tennis Spa. (516) 283-5444.

Natural Appetite Control developed by M.D. UN 1-2234.

Cellulite? Overweight? Comprehensive medical treatment! (212) 288-5585.

Facelift with Acupuncture—Wrinkles? Lines? No surgery. Licensed Doctors. Free literature 534-6800.

Lose 10-20 pounds weekly—fasting at Hubbardsville Manor, Hubbardsville, N.Y. 13355, (315) 691-4051. Rates $125 weekly.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Poetry Wanted for Anthology—Include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, Box 26462, San Francisco, California 94126.

FURNITURE

Abacus Lucite Outlet—Save 50% on furniture, accessories. 102 West 29th. 947-8990. Catalog $1.

Great Scandinavian furniture for young people at THE CHILDREN'S ROOM, 687-3868.

NORTH CAROLINA FURNITURE DISTRIBUTORS

409 FAMOUS BRANDS AT COST PLUS PRICES. OUR NEW YORK SHOWROOM IS PREPARED TO QUOTE YOU COST + PRICES ON THE NAME BRAND YOU DESIRE.
Bedroom, Dining Room, Living Room, Bedding, Sofa Beds, Wall Units. All available for direct home delivery

For information on cost + prices, shipping etc.,

NORTH CAROLINA FURNITURE DISTRIBUTORS
48 East 21st Street. • (212) 260-5850
Master Charge or Visa accepted
Mon. Sat. 10-6, Thurs. 10-8, Sun. Noon-5

Bookcases to fit those Crazy Spaces... Over 2,000,000 sizes... Unfinished... (or we'll finish)... FURN-A-FIT WORKSHOPS, Downtown - 453 Park Avenue South, 689-6634. Eastside - 228 East 51st Street, 755-7707. Park Avenue Open Sundays.

Brass Beds... See the best! JOAO ISABEL, 120 East 32nd Street, NYC. MU 9-3307.

Have you tried the National vice?

New Yorkers are hooked on National Furniture, and it's not just price. Quality, style, service, a 6-floor name brand selection keep 'em coming. Try us!

NATIONAL
Furniture Showrooms
115 East 29th St. (Bet. Park & Lex.) • (212) MU5-9431
Mon thru Sat 9-5 Thurs 9-9 Sunday 10-5/Free Parking • Master Charge • VISA

Sofabed Experts for 30 Years... Best Values! Featured in *Sales & Bargains.* Immediate Delivery! FLAKS CONVERTIBLES, 49 East 34 Street Will Not Be Undersold! OR 9-2322.

Omni Shelf Poles, Cado, Royal. Discount. SHELF SHOP, 1295 First Avenue, 988-7246.

MUSIC

Jane Jarvis—New York Met organist. Teaching Organ, Piano, Theory. 242-1432.

S. Schwartz—Jazz Piano made easier. 879-1153.

Guitar Lessons—Lynn Starling. Group or private. 84 C.P.W. 362-1021; 362-9359.

PETS

Cat Boarding—Home Environment. Pick-up and delivery service. 966-1937.

Pet Sitting Service—Vacationing? Have one of our pet lovers stay in your home to attend to your pet's needs. Personal interviews and references. (212) 431-5451.

Vacationing from Manhattan? Leave your cat happily in your home. CATCARE, 421-5056; 695-8343.

Country Boarding, 25' runs. Pick-up and Delivery. Evenings after 6 p.m., (212) 275-0774.

WANTED

Bokara Rug Company pays top cash for used oriental rugs. Mr. Jan, (212) 532-0787; evenings and weekends (212) 897-2129.

Inflationary Cash Prices paid for Antiques, Furniture, Oriental/Chinese Rugs, Paintings, Silver. Anywhere. ACE GALLERIES, (212) 260-2720.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Two of N.Y.'s great restaurant/club personalities have a concept and want to talk to backers. 832-8592.

SERVICES

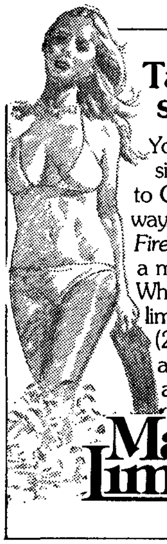
Telephone Answering from $5.00, 24 hours $7.50. Praised in "Sales And Bargains." METROLINES, (212) 691-5800. Direct pickup available.

Change your clothes. I'll help any woman put together a tasteful wardrobe. AMELIA FATT... PL 7-6300.

Party Space Available: Decorator designed loft 3,000 sq.' 255-5713.

$3 Answering Service/Mail Service $3—Pick up on your phone. 24 hours available. Call for money-saving surprise. 799-9190.

Answering - Mail Service—$4.00 per month. 1 month *Free* with this ad. 582-2600.



Take a limo swimming.

You've come a long way since a swim meant a ride to Coney. Now come all the way. The *Hamptons, Montauk, Fire Island.* Why wait till you're a millionaire to live like one. When you can arrive in a limo...now. Just call-a-ride (212) 786-0800. Corporate and personal charge accounts invited.

Manhattan limousine Ltd.

Pet Stains Removed—Recolor carpeting, sofas. CARPETCLINICS, RX 9-9190.

Handwriting Analysis. Send sample and $15. Elisabeth King, Box 1290 NYM.

From $4.00 a Month! Live, 24 Hour Answering Service, Direct Pick-up Available, Mail Service. ACTION, (212) 279-3870.

Professional Carpet Service—pick-up, clean, relay, repair, installation & sales. 24 hour service. 743-2744.

Tours through D. & D. Building, other showrooms, etc. By appointment only, JAMES MUELLER, Interior Design Consultant, (212) 832-7953.

Heavy Cleaning—For your apartment. Waxing, carpets, windows, etc. SPRING CLEANING, (212) 765-4750.

Houseboys. Our professionals love filthy apartments! Fabulous service providing bartenders, movers, painters, hostesses, secretaries, etc. to homes and offices. Free brochure. LENDAHAND INC., 362-8200.

Research, Writing, Editing by Professionals. ACADEMIC RESEARCH, INC., (201) 939-0252.

Xerox—Absolutely cheapest in town - 3.5 per copy with this ad. Minimum $1.00. 595-1567.

RESUME SERVICES

The Correct Image: Resume/Career Service. RITA WILLIAMS, (212) 687-0890.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

RESUME SERVICES

Resumes and Cover Letters Determine Interviews. For the First and Best Impressions - Linda Layton RE●SPONSE CAREER COUNSELLING, (212) 228-8908.

LEGAL SERVICES

Bankruptcies, General Law—Reasonable. Law Offices, G. Oppenheim, (212) 682-7642.

New York Legal Consultants—Debra Nussbaum, Managing Attorney. Uncontested Divorces $150.00. Personal Bankruptcy $200 complete. Other fees on request. (212) 220-4510; (212) 349-3483.

HEALTH/BEAUTY SERVICES

Suzanne De Paris—Waxing, Facials, Make-up Lessons; Individual Eyelashes, Eyelash Tint, Sculptured Tipped Nails, Pedicures. Praised by International Beauty Editors. 509 Madison Avenue, 53rd Street, 838-4024. Credit cards accepted.

Gigi Honee Hair Removal—Fast, expert. Full legs including bikini line $18. Pedicures. Open till 8 p.m. Wednesdays, Thursdays. ESTÉTICA, 305 East 53rd, 753-0475.

Cellulite Treatments for firmer, prettier legs. Free consultations. HARROLD BEAUTY CENTER, 342 Madison, 986-3111.

Hair Today...
None Tomorrow.
Lucy Peters
THE UNIQUE
ELECTROLOGISTS
TM
UTILIZING THE REMARKABLE
INSULATED BULBOUS PROBE
PROVEN, IMMEDIATE AND
PERMANENT RESULTS
Editorialized Nationally in The N.Y. Times
Magazine, Vogue, L'Officiel & American Home.
Manhattan 486-9740 Queens 830-0330

Waxing, Manicure, Pedicure, Hair Remover Experts... Men's Division... Ladies Division... INDIVIDUALLY YOURS, 14 East 60th, (212) 593-2240.

HOME/BUSINESS IMPROVEMENTS

Vertical Blinds Wholesalers – 12 ft - $169! Mini-blinds - Unbeatable Discounts! Hamptons... N.Y... N.J... (212) 244-4270.

Painting Service—Apartments, Cooperatives, Houses. Quality craftmanship. References. 777-8901.

Professional Wallpaper Hanging—All work guaranteed. Call ARTHUR, 763-0135.

Interiors Designed from $50—Styled to suit you. 362-3543.

Kitchen Cabinets—European Styling - Realistic Prices. CHARLES J. JAVUREK, (212) 582-4310.

Fine Painting—Very neat, excellent references. DENIS CLEARY, 254-4244.

Floor Metamorphosis—Wood flooring, vinyl tile installations. 5 year guarantee. Shop around - We'll beat any professional price! NEW YORK FLOORMAN, INC., 289-2900.

Architects, Decorators and Individuals desiring quality Cabinetwork. UNDERWOOD, 966-2546.

The Kings Paperhanger—Expert Installation. Fabrics, Papers, Vinyls. MARSHALL, 924-8403.

Lighting for artwork, ambiance, aesthetics! Track lighting specialist. Discounted prices, at home consultations, meticulous installations! Immediate delivery. LIGHTING BY LEWIS, INC., 897-9109.

Ben Alper Paperhanger—Twice written up in Magazine. (212) 373-3450.

Contracting & Kitchen Centre—Designer / Builder / Contractor offering complete remodeling service, *custom kitchen, baths, alterations. 20 years professional* service. References. (212) 994-1205.

Painting - Decorating—Interior, Exterior, Wallpaper Hanger. MOSHE LEVY, (212) 435-8315.

Custom Wallcovering/Painting for finest quality Interior Decorating. 942-7524.

General Contractors—Apartments, Brownstones, Townhouses. Ferris Construction Co., 247-7799.

Painting, Paperhanging, Cabinetry, Floors—Top Quality, Servicing Decorators Extremely Reasonable. CI 6-9477.

Decorating with Paint—Murals, Graphics, Windows, Awnings. References. 850-5373.

Floor Professionals—Gratis estimates on scraping, staining, waxing, installation. Work Guaranteed. NEW YORK FLOORMAN, INC., 289-2900.

Golden Floors—Professionally scraped, stained, waxed, polyurethaned. Call 654-7687.

Track by Jack, Inc.—Track Lighting Specialist. Designs, Layouts, Expert Installations. Big discounts. Everything in stock. 868-3330.

Levolors - Vertical Blinds—One Week Only Levolors discounted at the old prices (pre 6/26). Always Guaranteed Lowest Prices. KHP INC., (212) 238-5353.

Feeling bad about endless promises to do those odd jobs around the house? Why even do them? A *couple of handyman hours helps busy people relax* on their weekend! PROFESSIONAL HANDYMAN, 532-3030.

Fine Cabinetry—At competitive prices. Serving all Manhattan. Please call: PETER SPINELLI, 868-3330.

REDWOOD
HOT TUBS
the ultimate of spas
from the little ol' tub maker
ROSENWACH
complete packaged systems at
manufacturer's introductory prices
Long Island City 40-25 Crescent Street
New York 11101 (212) 729-4903

Compulsive Perfectionists will paint your apartment flawlessly. Expert wallcovering. Excellent *References. Reasonable Rates. (212) 362-9763.*

Kitchen—Bathroom Remodeling direct from factory. Experienced Designers/Contractors... N.Y. License #731904 - CLASSIC INTERIORS, 631-9380.

GREENERY

Professional Plant Care—Homes–Offices: Maintenance, Repotting, Treatment. Terraces - Vacations. GREEN GREER®, (212) GR 5-4846

Terracescape: Indoor/Outdoor Plant Care - Commercial, Residential, Design. Best rates. (212) 586-3700.

The garden you want indoors/outdoors. Total Services. Residential/Commercial. TROPIC SPACES, 625-5967.

Native Southwestern Cactus—10 plant starting collection $5.95 postpaid. NUTTER, 702 Carrol, Laredo, Texas 78041.

LICENSED MOVERS

Modique Inc. (The Dependable Mover) serving New Yorkers since 1948. Household, commercial, fine arts & antiques. All estimates guaranteed. Weekend services. #1053, 54 West 16th Street, NYC. 929-5560.

Day Moving & Storage, Inc.—109 East 2nd Street, D.O.T. #1042. Household & Commercial Moving. Personal Estimates. Immediate Service. 677-7930.

Imperial Van Lines—Long Distance, Overseas, Containerized Storage... California, Florida Specialists. Packing, crating. 125 Barrow. I.C.C.# 65665. (212) 622-5858.

Covered Wagon, Inc. Moving, packing, storage. Licensed, Dependable, reasonable rates. 255-1788. #742. 675 Hudson St, NY.

Bloomingdale's Quality; Woolworth Prices. Pianos to Penthouses. BROWNSTONE BROTHERS, 323A East 89th, #1665, 289-1511. Mastercharge.

American Van—Moving & Storage: We use only professional moving men, give honest estimates, and have excellent references. Agents for Van Gogh Movers, D.O.T. 895. Call for a free estimate 226-6675.

Metro Movers: Transition without trauma. #1711, 260-4013, 219 Bowery.

West Side Movers Inc.—Courteous, professional service at reasonable rates. 222-2691. #670. 17 West 96th Street, NYC.

Established 1895. Local, long distance and international moving, storage and packing. SIEGLER BROTHERS, INC., ORegon 5-2333. Reasonable, Florida and California specialists. #256, 264 West 11th, NYC. I.C.C. #106384.

Moving?... You'll love our low rates. S & D QUICK MOVERS, #399, 91 East 2nd, NYC. 228-1900.

Van Gogh Movers. All our men have concave backs and a highly developed sense of aesthetics. CA 6-0500. #895, 126 Wooster Street, NYC.

Result Movers—"We try softer." #1675, 928 Broadway, (212) 475-6544.

Hud Movers. Licensed. 3 men and van. $30 per hour. 461-0428; 461-0429. #281, 264 10th Avenue, NYC 10001.

Star*Trek Movers Inc.: Dependable, bold, efficient. Household and commercial. Storage in our modern, fireproof warehouse. 425 West 13th Street, (212) 929-5252. #1645.

Morris Vans. Since 1898. Packing, Handling Fine Furniture, Paintings, Glass, Pianos. Offices. Reliable, Efficient. #303, 572 Grand, NYC, 379-0031.

Town and Country Moving and Storage—very careful, reliable service. Licensed, estimates guaranteed. #33, 230 West 16th Street, NYC, 777-8774.

Van Gogh Movers. Careful, responsible, courteous. Call for free estimate. CA 6-0500. #895, 126 Wooster Street, NYC.

Graduate—Often recommended. Local / Long. #1706, Storage. 420 West 119th, 864-7640.

The Padded Wagon—Antique & fine arts specialist. Fireproof storage vault, our own warehouses. Pack*ing, crating. Household and commercial. Free Esti*mates. Master Charge. #709, 692 Greenwich Street; 120 West 107th Street, Manhattan. 222-4880.

Nice Jewish Boy with Truck and Warehouse, storage, pianos. Phone estimates. "I care". 7 days/ Nights. 925-1043. #1678, 157 Hudson, NYC.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

Freedman Moving & Storage—Try us and save your friends the trouble of finding a great moving company. Free estimates, credit cards accepted. #339. 211 West 28 Street, NYC. 594-3535.

The Mother Truckers. 3 hour minimum. Household, Commercial. Storage. 741-3380–1; 475-2421. You can count on MOTHER. She knows best! #1330, 155 West 18th Street, NYC.

TRUCKERS

Light Truck—Safe Handling & Transportation... Guaranteed... 940-0011 Anytime.

Student Group—household; commercial. Ethical, Reliable. 925-0944; 925-0913.

Gay Truckers—Local, Long Distance, Storage, Packing, Crating. 622-5944.

Light Panel Truck—Trucking, pick-ups/delivery. 679-6423 anytime.

American—Good, honest Trucking - Anywhere, Anytime. Home-Office. 477-5660.

University Truckers—Household or commercial. Professional work—Ethical people. 228-6726.

Truckers' Cooperative—Hard working, experienced, long distance, storage, anytime. 864-0151.

#1 Truckers—Careful, responsible, courteous. Call for free estimate. CA 6-6670.

Moving within the N.Y. area or to any of these cities?

Albany, N.Y.
Alexandria, Va.
Baltimore, Md.
Boston, Mass
E.Hartford,CT
Landover, Md.
Manchester, N.H.
Pennsauken, N.J.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pleasantville, N.J.
Portland, Me.
Providence, R.I.
Trenton, N.J.
Washington, D.C.

Do it yourself with a Hertz truck and save!

Call for Hertz low rent-it-here/ leave-it-there price: 800-654-8444.

Hertz®

HERTZ RENTS FORDS AND OTHER STURDY TRUCKS.

©HERTZ SYSTEM INC. 1978

MERCHANDISE OFFERINGS

Levolor Rivieras, Vertical Blinds—We'll beat any prices in the Metropolitan area. (212) 745-0501.

Designs by Dís—Original made to order clothing by one of 7th Avenue's top designers. By appointment only. (212) 840-2156.

Vertical Blinds... Professionally Installed Within 72 Hours... Horizontals too!... Consultants to Designers... Decorators... Architects... WINDOW FASHION FACTORY... (212) 435-6326.

Trishop Thrift Store—Summer clearance sale. 50% off everything including new shipment men's suits/womens designer label clothing. 1642 Third Avenue corner 92nd Street, 369-2410. Tuesday - Saturday, 9:30 - 5:00.

Tiffany style lighting—All handcrafted in genuine stained glass... Low Low Prices... Wholesale/Retail... TIFFANY HOUSE Factory Outlet Stores... Westbury, L.I. (516) 333-7272; Paramus, N.J. (201) 845-7750; Derby, Connecticut (203) 735-2050.

Unbelievable Buys on Video, TV's, Hi-Fi TELLAPHONE MART, 268-8861.

Call W.E.L. Distributing—Discounts. Major Appliances. A/C. TV's. 423-4170.

Air-conditioners, Television, Appliance Bargains... New... Warranteed... Call for quotes... HOME SALES ENTERPRISES... (212) 241-3272.

Wallcoverings; Grasscloth; Handprints! Thousands of rolls in stock of firsts, seconds, discontinueds 40%-70% off. Photowalls, Murals, Brick, Paint, Floor Tiles. 300 Book Wallcovering selection. Service or Free Instruction. WALLPAPER MART, 187 Lexington, 889-4900.

Fireplace Accessories. Everything—anything for your fireplace. SIEGLER BROTHERS, 62 Greenwich Avenue, near West 11th Street and 7th Avenue. 924-0761. Free gift.

Daniela Discount Shoes announces Fantastic Sale on designer shoes. 1186 Madison Avenue (86th-87th).

T-Shirts, Sweatshirts, Bags, Umbrellas—Your advertisement silk-screened. Designed to order. 3 dozen minimum. GALE GRAPHICS, 729-1515.

Abacus Lucite Outlet—Save 50% on furniture, accessories. 102 West 29th. 947-8990. Catalog $1.

T-Shirts, T-Shirts—We specialize in promotional shirts. SERIGRAPHICS, 362-6320.

Sunday Shoe Sale at Pappagallo OUTLET SHOPS

On **Sunday, July 9th**, from 9 A.M. till 4:30 P.M. we will be open and will offer most of our current summer shoes and sandals, including well known brands other than Pappagallo, at

50% OFF RETAIL.

Only a very few standard styles will be excepted, and these will continue to be sold at our usual **"at least 20% off"** prices.

Master Charge/Visa over $50. No Checks.

ALL SALES FINAL.

NEW YORK—59 FOURTH AVE. (Corner E. 9th St.) 242-0490

Baldwin - 1883 Grand Ave. - 623-8817

Nyack - Route #59 - 358-4613

Career Woman's Boutique —New... "Great Looks"... hard-to-put-together. Let *"Us"* do it *"For You"* professionally... with inseparable separates! "Total-Image Outfits"... "Lifestyle Wardrobe Building". Sportswear, dresses, accessories. Incredible values: $15 - $100. THE PALACE, (212) 849-1312. Free Car Pick-Up.

National Brands—Air Conditioners, Appliances, TV's, Typewriters. Factory Sealed - Guaranteed. Give Model. PRICEWATCHERS INC., (212) 337-6633.

EMPLOYMENT

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Is there life after college... outside of a typewriter... Creative Job Campaigns, professional resumes, unique cover letter individually designed to obtain interviews. Linda Layton-RE●SPONSE CAREER COUNSELLING, (212) 228-8908

Secretaries-New School For Social Research—We anticipate a variety of interesting secretarial jobs after Labor Day. If you have skills and experience, we have excellent tuition, vacation, and other benefits, and pleasant surroundings. Why not speak with us before you go on vacation. Call 741-5673. Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Employer.

REAL ESTATE

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

Apartment Sharing for Particular People—Call LESLIE HARPER, LTD, 794-9494. As featured in... *N.Y. Times*, Careful screening, brochure. 127 East 69th Street.

A Comfortable Approach for Selective New Yorkers—PREMIERE MANHATTAN ASSOCIATES, 581-6976. Emphasis on lifestyle. Thorough screening. Ask about our "fee refundable policy". Midtown at 119 West 57th Street.

APARTMENT WANTED

Apartment Sitter Manhattan—July - October. Medical Student. References. LT 1-8500.

U.N. Diplomat and Wife need 1 bedroom, furnished Eastside sublet October, November, December. Patricia (212) 689-6148 days.

Responsible Businesswoman seeks furnished 1 bedroom sublet Manhattan, 3-6 months. Box 1295 NYM.

CO-OPS/CONDOMINIUMS

Upper East Side—4½ room co-op around corner from the Guggenheim. $49,000, low maintenance. Call 986-4600, x341 days, 534-6843 evenings.

East Tenth/University—Spacious, converted loft, unusual features. (212) 674-8608.

Elegant pied-a-terre in The Dakota. $233 maintenance; $60,000. (212) 557-4343 weekdays.

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

Candlewood Lake—Unique 3 bedroom quality home, 2/3 acre, balconies, terraces, privacy! $77,900. CORPREX, (203) 775-0493.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

Lakeridge, Torrington, Connecticut—Multi award condo, indoor/outdoor swim pools and tennis, ski lift, stables, lake. 3 bedroom striking contemporary on state forest. Completely decorator furnished. $77,000. Days (212) 753-2205.

Sussex County—Lakefront, 4 bedroom, 2 bath Ranch. $70,000. (201) 342-2670 evenings.

Manhassett, L.I.—5 bedrooms, 3 baths, furnished, water view, fireplace, excellent schools and commuting. August 1, 1978 to June 30, 1979. $800 a month. (516) 627-5547.

COUNTRY HOMES/FARMS

Rustic Mountain Hideaway—Hunters paradise, 2 story farmhouse, 207 acres, unspoiled woodland, Catskills. $145,000. Owner (212) 362-1123.

Expanded Ranch with Tennis Court, Rockville Centre. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths. Owner, $102,000. (516) 766-5093.

SUMMER RENTALS

Westhampton—Week, weekend. Private tennis, beach rights, swimming pool. (212) 935-1583; 832-3357.

East Hampton—Architect's own new 3 bedroom, 2 bath. Walk to Gardiners Bay Beach. July $2,750; August $3,000. (212) 249-0232 evenings.

Spacious cottage on beautiful Ox Pastur Lane, Southampton, L.I.: available early July to August 10th; walking distance to beach. Rental $4,000. Call (203) 324-6021.

Fire Island, Seaview—Luxury beach house with pool, expansive deck, near ocean, 5 bedrooms. 8/1 - 9/8. (212) 758-5045; (516) 583-7206.

Suffolk, L.I.—Waterfront 4 bedroom overlooking Southold Bay. Lifeguard beach and boat ramp. $600/week; $2,000/month. (914) 969-6216; (914) 271-5696.

Amanganset, Dune area—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, attractively furnished, full utilities, 4 houses from beach. August 1st thru Labor Day - $3,000. (516) 267-8888.

FOREIGN REAL ESTATE

Dominican Republic—Tropical caribbean paradise. Houses, lots, condominiums, beach and city rentals. (212) 989-0404.

TRAVEL SERVICES

This is a biweekly Section for Travel Agents & Tour Operators, limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads —$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

The Best French Atmosphere
In This Hemisphere

A full sports program. Disco. Pool. Private beach. Great French food. All at great prices. And everything at Hotel Callinago on Guadeloupe comes with French dressings.
See your travel agent for more details.

Hotel Callinago
La Belle Caribe Vacations

Maine Windjammer
Sailing Vacation
Coasting Schooners
Isaac H. Evans
Lewis R. French
$265 weekly.
Brochures CAPTAINS LEE & FOSS, Box 482Y
Rockland, Me. 04841 Tel. 207-594-8007

ALASKA CRUISE TOURS

Space Available Now
7-17 Days From
$496
Roundtrip
From
Seattle

Cruise the Inside
Passage and tour.
Also Alaska Fly/Drive
Tours... Low family rates.

LEISURE

LEISURE CORPORATION
207 Main Street
Ketchikan, Alaska 99901
See Your Travel Agent or Write for Brochure

CHINA - 2 Tours August
and September 1978

28 days $2,759 includes air from N.Y., hotels, all meals, touring. 16 days in Peking and Manchuria. 9 days in Romania.

Very limited visas available.

SIMONE TRAVEL BUREAU INC.
Ste. 1210, 200 West 57 Street
N.Y., N.Y. 10019 **(212) 541-9690**

Club

The Ultimate
Weekend Vacation
The Style is Club Med....
The Spirit is summer camp....
The High is pure Getaway!

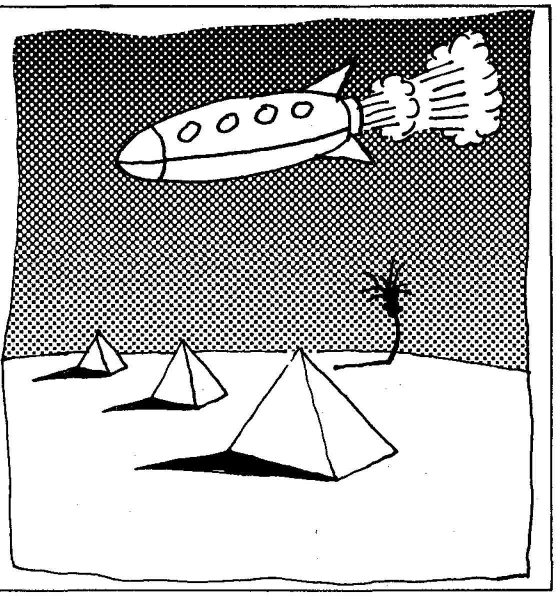
Play tennis with pro instruction, ride horseback, ski, sail, climb our mountain, canoe the Housatonic, try pottery or yoga. Choose up for a zany game of volleyball or softball. Relax on an airbed afloat on our own lake or in our huge redwood hot tub. Disco, entertainment, great food, wine, a barbecue $115 pays for it all including a party bus to and from Kent, Conn. in the Berkshires. For more information and free brochure

(212) 935-0222
Getaway

Our Readers
Are Really Going Places

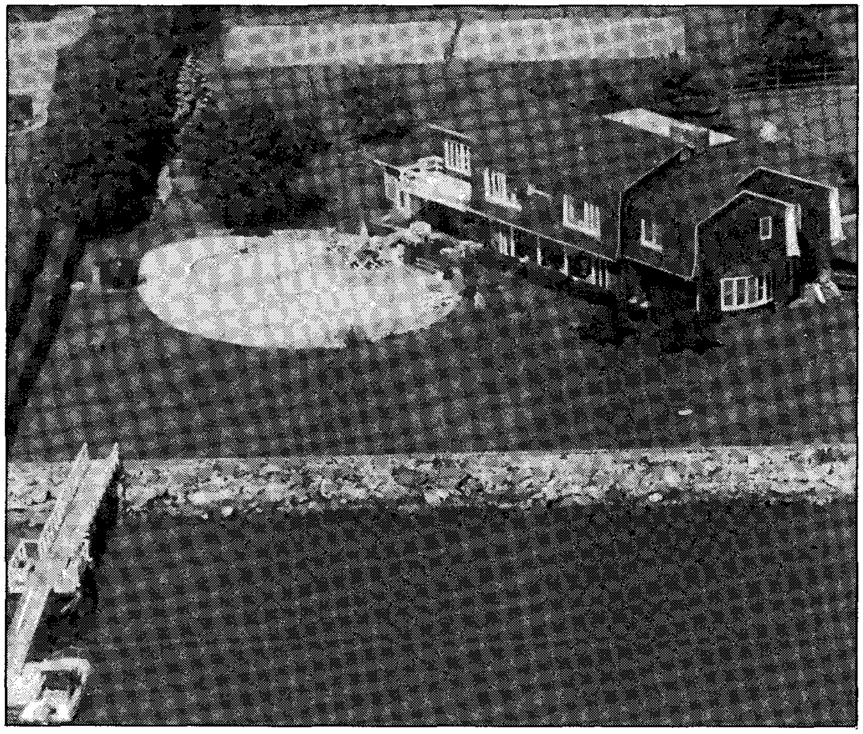
Catch them on their way by advertising in our biweekly advertising section, Travel Services.

Travel Services
A service from
NEW YORK
The Working Classified



TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.



RYE, NEW YORK - FOR RENT

40 minutes by Train, 50 by Car to mid-Manhattan. Superb waterfront home for rent. Dock, tennis court, heated pool, central air conditioning. Ground floor comprises living room, dining room, kitchen and breakfast room, library, guest suite and separate maids quarters; 2nd floor has master bedroom with dressing room and ensuite bathroom, 4 other bedrooms each pair interconnect with one private bathroom. Lavish built-ins throughout and all appliances.

2 year lease available with immediate occupancy at $36,000 per annum.

Call Mrs. Flaum, (212) 355-2887.

TUXEDO PARK

Spectacular, newly renovated English Manor on 3½ completely private acres. 27 x 30 reception room with handsome fireplace, sunken living room with fireplace, sitting room, garden room, the most beautiful dining room we have ever seen. Sparkling large modern kitchen, breakfast room, pantry and laundry. Five bedroom suites with fireplaces and own bathrooms. Ceiling moldings wood and brass used throughout are indescribable. $245,000.

Alan P. Howell
REAL ESTATE

605 North Maple Avenue Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J.
(201) 444-6700

CLASSY SHELTERS

SMASHING, lavish one level dream, tip-top area. 5 Bedrooms, 5 Baths, $275,000 - ELEGANT aristocrat, majestic proportions. 5 Bedrooms, private beach rights, $279,500 - 4 BRAND NEW HOMES. Uniquely functional, structurally rugged & mighty artistic. Low $200's - EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE.

THE COUNTRY AGENCY

Call Collect Night or Day

Westport, Conn. (203) 227-0823

ROXBURY, CONNECTICUT

Early 19th century miniature Colonial, greenhouse-linked with old converted barn to form unique 3 bedroom house on 7 acres. Wide planked floors, chestnut beams, loft, cobblestone terrace. 90 minutes from NYC. $185,000.

Owner Evenings (203) 354-9652

1820 Colonial on 161 A.

ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES: 8 rm., 4 brm. home, 5 frpls., beautifully maintained; lodge w/studio, frpl.; one rm. log cabin; garage & wkshop w/frpl.; sugar house. 2 ponds, on open town rd. Fire & burglar alarms. Beautifully landscaped. COULD DIVIDE TO SUIT BUYER. $200,000.

Gracious Sound View

Marvelous 11 rm. cape, 1 BLOCK FROM WATER IN PRESTIGIOUS MADISON, CT. On quiet cul-de-sac, coastal marshes, full view of Long Island Sound. 5 brms., 4 baths, lg. liv. rm., magnificent tennis court. Walk to beach, beach club & town. $165,000.

Luxurious Ct. Seclusion

Easy contemporary on 4 A., on Greenwich lakefront. 10 rms., 5 brms., lots of space, 2 frpls., fam. rm., vaulted beamed ceiling in liv. rm., att. 3 car garage. GREAT WOODED LOCATION FOR ARTISTS-WRITERS. 15 mins. to town. Adjacent to riding trails, sm. paddock. Good for teens. $185,000.

Winter Resort Site

13 rm. Colonial home on 250 gorgeous sloping acres w/2,000' ski-tow equipment. IDEAL FOR WINTER SPORTS. Brook & expandable pond for ice fishing-skating. Located in secluded Deerfield Valley, Mass., on town maintained rd. Currently caters to small groups for skiing & instruction. POTENTIAL FOR DEVELOPMENT. $250,000.

Cape Cod Land

Variety of choice building lots ranging in price from $18,000 to $60,000. Many with either fresh water or salt water frontage in the towns of Orleans, N. Falmouth, Brewster, Eastham. Also unique and exciting 4.6 acre compound in S. Orleans offering 320 FEET OF PRIVATE SANDY BEACH and 875 feet on 2 private ponds for $450,000.

Our subscribers are the leading Brokers in the areas they serve. Contact us for any type of Real Estate.

The Settlers Corporation
100 Constitution Place
Hartford, Conn. 06103

(800) 243-8998

In. Conn. Call:
(800) 842-4326

the settlers CORPORATION

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

PREVIEW

AN EXTRAORDINARY CONDOMINIUM IN THE CENTER OF WESTCHESTER ACTIVITY, OVERLOOKING THE CHARMING BRONX RIVER VALLEY AND CONVENIENT TO EVERYTHING.

Special pre-opening prices: one and two bedroom units from $34,985. to $55,000. NY Th'way to exit 5 (rt.100, Central Ave.) North on Rt. 100 1½ mi. to Underhill St., make right. Bear rt. at fork onto Colonial Parkway. Oak Hill is 3 blocks on your right. (914) 793-1114.

This ad is not an offering which can only be made by formal prospectus, NY CD78-037.

Rustic large lakehouse, 200' shoreline on private spring-fed Mt. lake. 22' x 30' living room with fireplace and beamed ceiling; 10' x 20' enclosed porch off 10' x 30' master bedroom. 3 other bedrooms, ideal for entertaining. Comes furnished (some antiques) and completely equipped including boats. Immaculate! Full price $75,000.

DELAWARE LAND OFFICE
Hancock, N.Y.
(607) 637-2966 or Eves: (607) 467-3338

BERKSHIRE ACREAGE

Seven beautiful acres with stream in West Otis, Massachusetts. Heart of Berkshires. Near Otis ski lifts. Walk to 60 acre private lake. $14,533. 5M down and assume payments. Principals only. Call (212) 661-3322. 9 AM - 5 PM.

TRY GREENWOOD LAKE

Less than 1 hour from NYC by commuter bus or car, Greenwood Lake is the nearest Mountain & Lake year round vacation spot to NYC at prices far lower than comparable areas. It boasts a 9 mile lake with pure waters, a ski lift & the Appalachian Trail. Good year round homes sell from $25,000 to $175,000. A few examples (call us for many other details):

1.) Rustic 7 Bedroom Chestnut log lodge, 125' of lake frontage. Unusual main floor emphasizes view from all angles, including 50' sweep of gallery, wide center hall & cathedral square Living room, past 150' lawn down to lake. Asking $78,900.

2.) Two modern custom homes: the main one a 1½ story Colonial-style Ranch with 3 Fpls, huge drop Living room, circular stairs, Library, formal Dining room, several Terraces. The ultimate in Kitchens, 4 baths, 2 Fam. rooms, 3-car gar. The other: a complete Dr's ofce adequate for a small clinic (or lawyers or other professionals). Asking $175,000 for both.

3.) Reduced to $59,000; thrilling 10 mile view in a charming house lovingly & expensively expanded to 4 Bdrms just 1 year ago. Absolutely move-in condition.

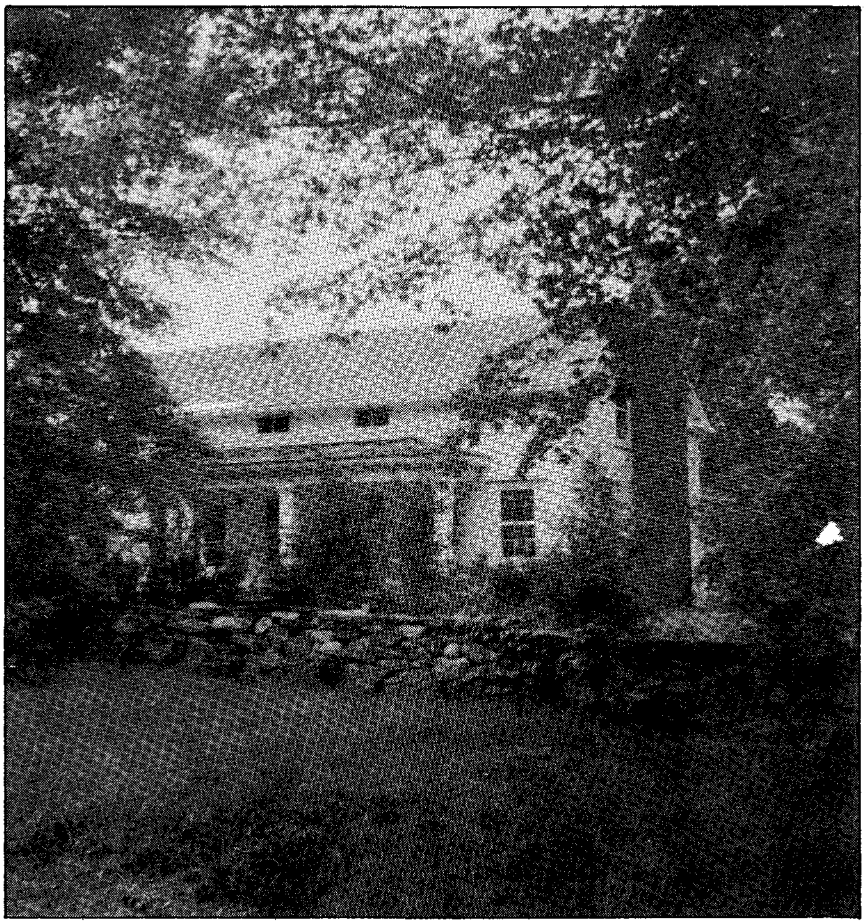
Bernard G. Wolpin, Broker
(212) 724-3115

Treetop House - Waitsfield, Vermont

Enter unique house via 50' covered footbridge: 3 bedrooms; 2 baths; 2 fireplaces; all major appliances; all furniture built-in; easy maintenance, magnificent views, near shopping, restaurants, all sports, cross country trails, 3 major ski areas. $58,000.

GRAVES REALTY COMPANY

Waitsfield, Vermont 05673 (802) 496-2523

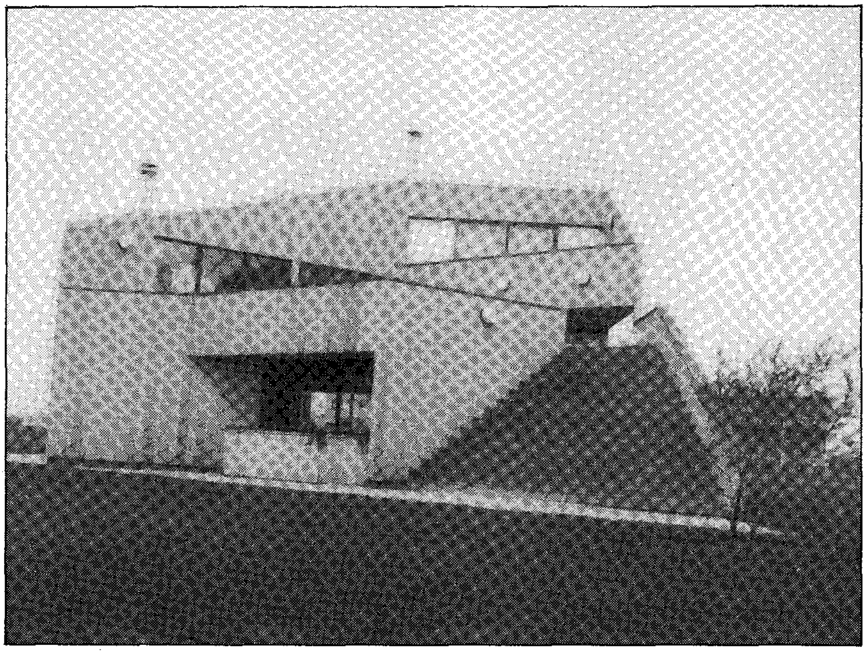


COUNTRY COLONIAL FARMHOUSE

Situated on 5 acres of lush grounds, beautiful rolling hills and woods, this home has been completely modernized from top to bottom in exhaustive detail and impeccable taste, retaining 250 years of character and charm. Also 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, and barn with additional acreage available. This prime property is located 20 minutes from Danbury, Ct. and 1½ hours from NYC. $175,000.

CORPREX (203) 775-0493

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES



BRIDGEHAMPTON

One of our finest contemporaries, plus the roar of the ocean only steps away - superior detailing, innovations that only come with years of architectural experience. Five bedrooms and three baths, dispersed on several levels. Realistically priced at $215,000.

JACK DOUGLAS REALTY, INC.

Main Street (516) 537-3272 Bridgehampton

SALISBURY, CONNECTICUT, TWIN LAKES

400' frontage on Lake Washinee. 4.7 acres of lightly wooded land with good gravel frontage. The view of the lake and mountains to the West is spectacular. Near Tanglewood.

DAVID E. PRESTON, REALTOR

Undermountain Inn Salisbury, Conn. 06068

(203) 435-9835

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Deerfield reproduction sitting high on 2 private acres with flowering shrubs and towering trees. Spacious square living room with fireplace, cozy den, dining room sealed for entertaining, large kitchen with breakfast area, sunny master bedroom with tiled fireplace, 3 additional bedrooms, 2½ baths. Custom built for original owner.

NEWHALL & OGILVY
(203) 869-8100

NEW YORK

NEW YORK MAGAZINE, 755 SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017

Here is my ad. I enclose $ ____________ for ____________ words

☐ 1 time rate ☐ 2 time ☐ 3 time ☐ 4 time

Please run my ad on the following date(s): ____________
(published weekly).

COPY: ____________

NAME ____________ ADDRESS ____________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ ZIP ____________

TELEPHONE ____________

SIGNATURE ____________

☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ BANKAMERICARD

CARD NO. ____________

EXPIRATION DATE ____________ INTERBANK NO. ____________

Post Office box number and telephone number count as two words each; abbreviations and Zip Codes as one word each. We will also assign a NEW YORK box number for an additional $5.

THE WORKING CLASSIFIED

TO PLACE YOUR AD CALL 986-5894 AND YOU CAN CHARGE IT ON MASTER CHARGE OR VISA

1 Time Insertion
$3.30 a word—$33.00 minimum (10 words)

2 Consecutive Insertions
$2.75 a word—$27.50 minimum (10 words)

3 Consecutive Insertions
$2.60 a word—$26.00 minimum (10 words)

4 Consecutive Insertions or 13x (year)
$2.50 a word—$25.00 minimum (10 words)

26x During Year
$2.45 a word—$24.50 minimum (10 words)

51x (1 year)
$2.40 a word—$24.00 minimum (10 words)

Page of Lists / Terry Clifford

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

"...There's more than subways and pipes and wires beneath New York's pavements: There is (or was) treasure beyond price..."

It's so crowded beneath most of the streets of New York that it has been said there isn't even room for a pencil. Among the more interesting things underground are gold, silver, gems, and mysterious spaces with shady histories.

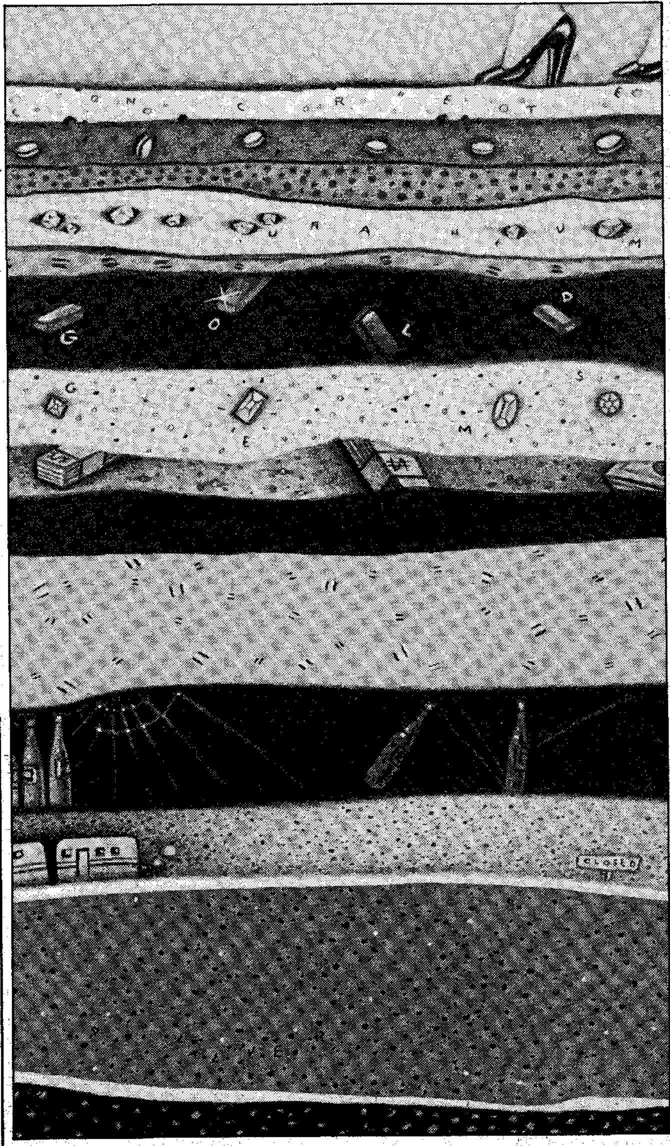
1. Gold and silver coins. Fourteen carts of chests of gold and silver worth over $4 million were said to be on the HMS *Hussar* when it sank in 1780 after hitting Pot Rock near Hell Gate in the East River. None of the frantic attempts to recover the trove was successful: The last effort was made in 1937 by Simon Lake, a submarine pioneer. Experts on such things think that the hoard is now part of the Bronx landfill and is buried under the Con Edison Hell Gate power plant or under the area around Locust Avenue and 135th Street.

2. Uranium. There are uranium deposits under parts of the West Side Highway. If you drive along it with a Geiger counter, you'll hear some brisk clicks. But don't start thinking about digging up this valuable element. It is illegal to mine anything in most parts of New York City.

3. The Atlantic Avenue tunnel. In Brooklyn, a half-mile-long tunnel runs under Atlantic Avenue from Boerum Place to Emmett Street. It was originally built in 1850 as an underground railroad tunnel, but the plan backfired when sparks, smoke, and gas found their way into the homes above, so the tunnel was sealed off. Some people have surreptitiously tried to grow mushrooms there, and murderers have been hunted in its shadows. It was last opened during World War II, when the FBI was looking for a German saboteur, who, it turned out, wasn't there.

4. Gold bullion. Bars of gold worth about $65 billion are stashed away 80 feet below Nassau Street in the U.S. Federal Reserve Bank's vault, which is half the length of a football field. It is the official gold of foreign countries, each of which keeps its bullion in a cage. When the guards transfer gold from one cage to another, they wear magnesium-covered shoes to protect their feet in case any drops.

5. Cash and securities worth $40 billion. These valuables are buried in an enormous steel-and-concrete vault 90 feet below the Chase Manhattan Bank in lower Manhattan. Perhaps Chase constructed this vault, the largest in the world, to prevent the repetition of an earlier disaster. Soon after the American Revolution, a flood devastated the downtown banking neighborhood and ruined much of the currency.

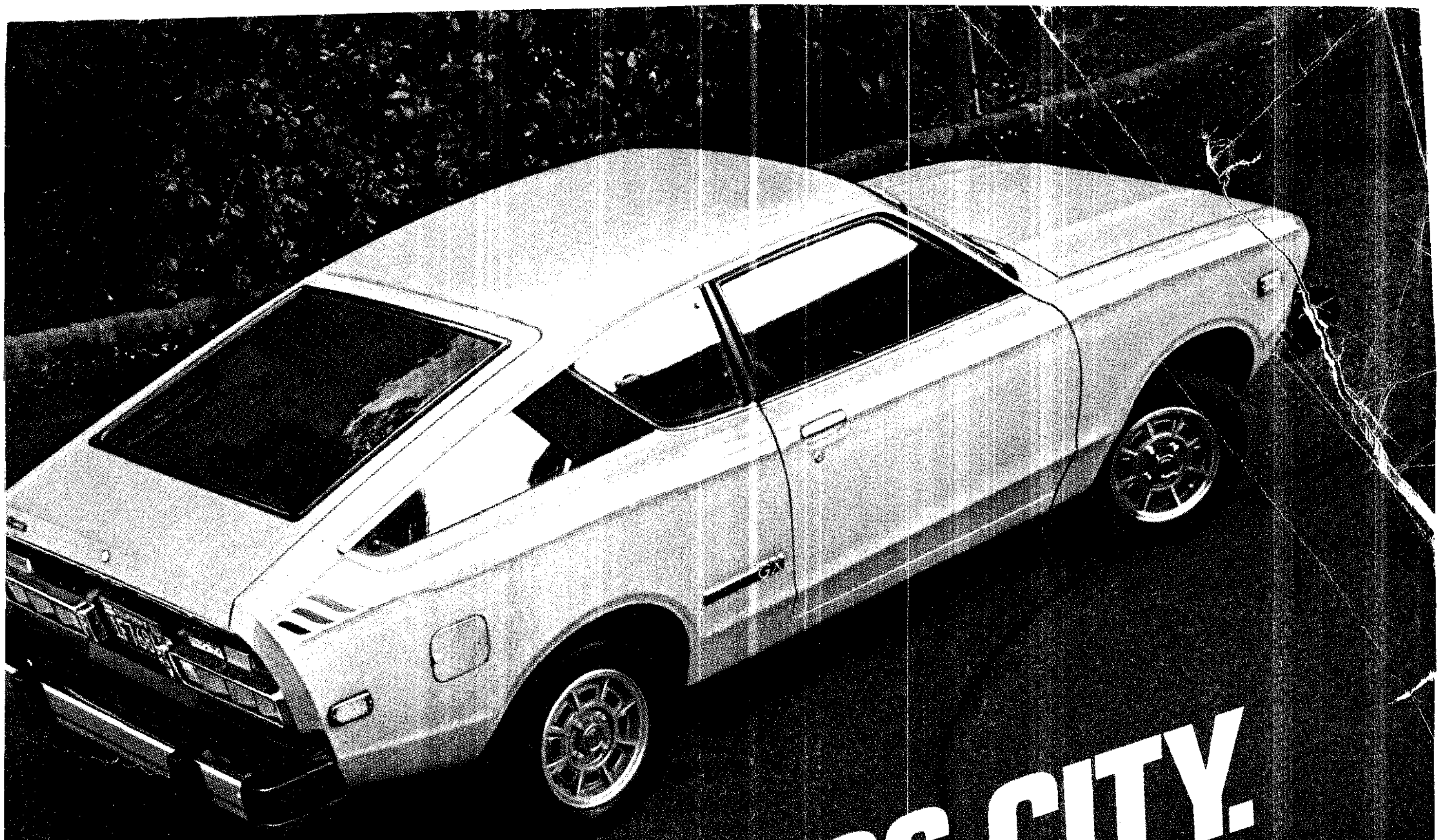


6. The "Tijger." Dutch explorer Adriaen Block docked his vessel downtown in 1613, but it burned and sank, later becoming part of the landfill that extended lower Manhattan. Discovered in 1916 during excavation for a subway extension at Dey and Greenwich streets, it is now immovable, buried beneath the World Trade Center.

7. Semi-precious gems. North America's largest garnet crystal was found in a ditch on 35th Street. Garnets abound in Washington Heights and can be found flickering red in the rocks of Central Park. A gem-quality tourmaline was turned up when the Harlem River ship canal was being dug. And a large piece of smoky quartz was discovered when Bloomingdale's was being excavated. It was made into a ring and presented to Mayor Jimmy Walker.

8. A wine cellar. A space between two arches of the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge was known as the "Blue Grotto" because of a statue of the Madonna that someone placed in a niche to bless the booze. It once held the finest supply of champagne and wine in the city. During Prohibition, the liquor was removed and the vault was used to store rolls of newsprint. On the walls of this vault, which is underneath William Street and Park Row, are fading frescoes and the following wise inscription: WHO LOVETH NOT WINE, WOMEN AND SONG, HE REMAINETH A FOOL HIS WHOLE LIFE LONG. ▬

Illustrated by Dave Calver



48 HIGHWAY, 36 CITY. IT RUNS ON QUALITY.

DATSUN B-210 GX. It took Datsun dedication to create this champ. With its optional five-speed stick, B-210 GX is rated the No. 1 highway gas mileage car. An astonishing 48 highway, 36 city.

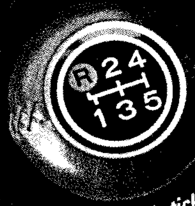
And built to endure—with an engine that has won five straight SCCA racing championships; with an aluminum cylinder head to reduce weight; with a front end that never needs alignment for caster or camber in normal use; with devotion to detail—even painting the inside of the air cleaner. If you think that sounds zealous—you're right. That's exactly what we mean when we say "We Are Driven."

And every mile is comfortable, solid, sporty…because of B-210 GX standards: steel-belted radials, power front disc brakes, fully reclining front bucket seats, tinted glass—and a lot more. Want more? Automatic transmission and factory air conditioning are available options.

B-210 GX. Quality like this is no accident. It took Datsun ingenuity to conceive it—and Datsun determination to achieve it.

48 MPG HWY	36 MPG CITY

EPA estimate. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. California mileage lower.



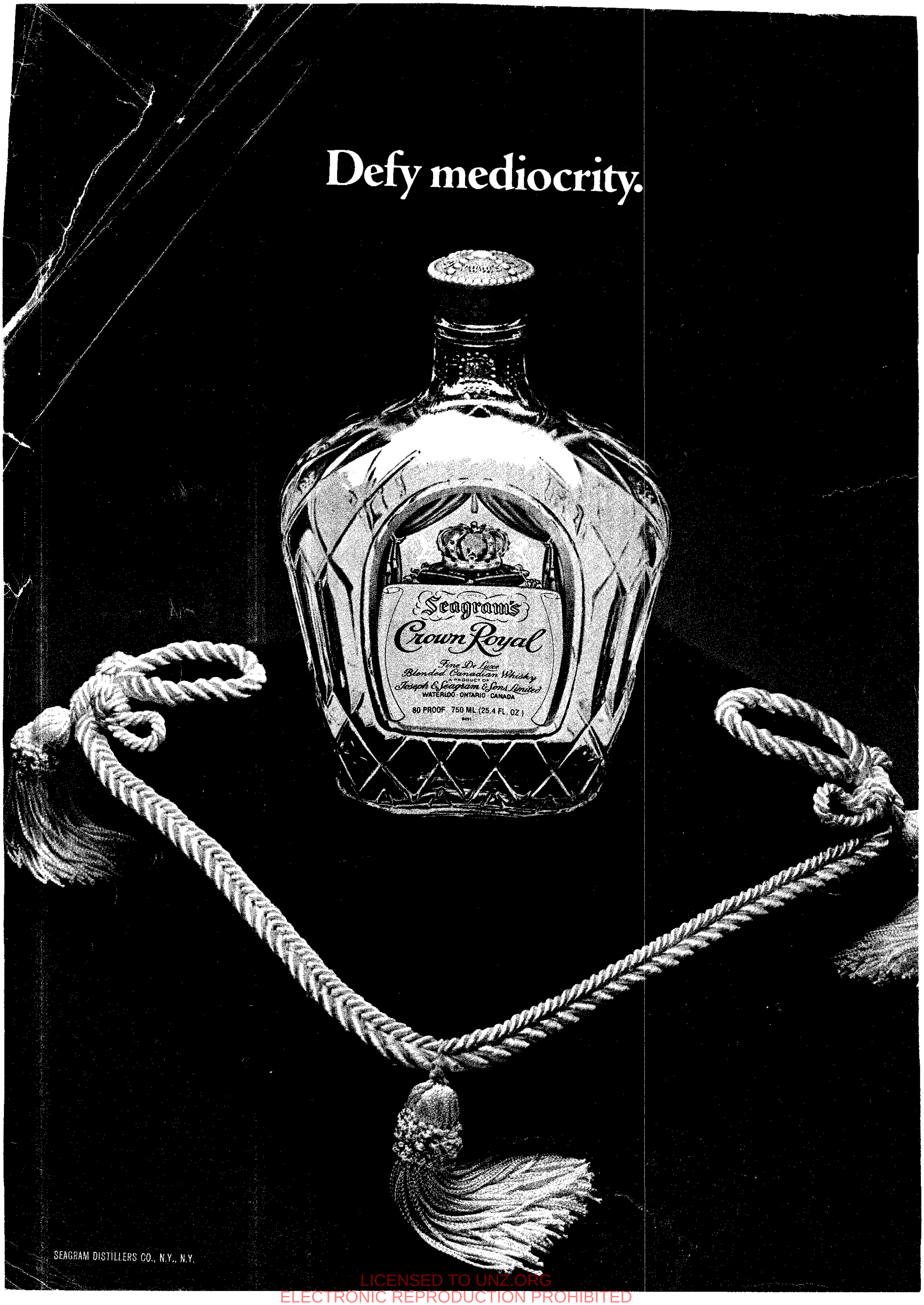
Sporty 5-speed stick

Fade-resistant power front disc brakes

NOBODY DEMANDS MORE FROM A DATSUN THAN DATSUN.

DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

THE NAME OF QUALITY
NISSAN
NISSAN MOTORS


Defy mediocrity.
Seagram's
Crown Royal
Fine De Luxe
Blended Canadian Whisky
A PRODUCT OF
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA
80 PROOF 750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.)
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.